

December - 25 Cents

SMART SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*

\$1,000
for your
PICTURE
Page 82





No
C. O. D.
to
Pay

Send for
Free Style Book

\$1⁰⁰ down!

All Wool Blocked Polo

Rich
Fur
Collar
and
Cuffs

One of the most popular coats of the season for only \$1.00 down! Here's the material you want—splendid quality, rich, all wool blocked Polo. Here's the fur trimming you want—collar and cuffs of long haired serviceable Mandell fur usually found only on much more expensive garments. And here's the style—this beautiful coat is a direct copy of an ultra-fashionable model now being featured in the exclusive Fifth Avenue Shops. Careful tailoring in every detail, too. Style in every line, and silk finish sateen lining throughout. All this for only \$1.00 down and six months to pay our bargain price! Colors: Reindeer tan or gray. Sizes 34-44. Length 47 inches.

Order by No. W-2. Terms, \$1.00 with coupon, only \$4.00 a month. Total price, only \$24.95.

6 Months to Pay!

Now you won't have to wear an old, out of date coat another season. You can have just as nice clothes as the best dressed woman you know and **never miss the money!** Because with our easy payment plan you pay only a little each month. Send only \$1.00 now. You take no risk. We'll send you this stylish coat on approval. See for yourself how stunning—how fashionable—and what a bargain it is. Then, if you are absolutely satisfied in every way, pay only \$4.00 a month for six months.

**You Don't Risk
ONE PENNY**

We ask you to judge this latest style Coat for yourself. Examine the fine materials, the finished workmanship and the popular style. Try it on and see how becoming it is—ask your friends about it. Compare the low price, consider the easy terms. Don't keep the Coat unless you are satisfied in every way. You take no risk!

**Send Coupon—
Your Dollar Back
If Not Satisfied!**

Send Only \$1 Now!

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. 1919 West 35th Street, Chicago

I enclose \$1. Send me the Polo Coat No. W-2. If I am not delighted with the coat, I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise, I will pay \$4.00 a month until I have paid \$24.95 in all.

Size _____ (Check color wanted) Tan ☐ Grey ☐

Name _____

Address _____

P.O. _____ State _____

The most intimate concern of a woman's life— should not be shrouded in secrecy

IGNORANCE of physical facts never brought happiness to any woman.

Wrong information is often worse than no information, and feminine health is too important, too vital a matter to be regarded in a haphazard way. Unless there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment. The modern woman wants to know the truth and then judge for herself. She wants the benefit of every new idea.

Recent advance in practice of feminine hygiene

The recent advances in the practice of feminine hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the *evil of poisonous antiseptics*. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient cleansing agent—who


demand a true antiseptic insurance against disease germs.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But fortunately this state of affairs is now a thing of the past. No longer need a woman run the risk of using powerful poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home—a calamity all too common when the poison bottle is left within reach of little children who can not read the "skull-and-crossbones" warning. No longer need she face any of these dangers, for Zonite has arrived.

Zonite is a powerful antiseptic. In fact, Zonite is a real germicide, for it actually *kills* germs. It doesn't merely *check* germ-growth temporarily like the mild sweet-tasting and bubbling antiseptics. It kills all the germs present and prevents their multiplication. But besides being a powerful antiseptic, Zonite is an antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human beings.

The most remarkable feature of Zonite is its great germicidal strength. It has more than forty times the strength, for instance, of peroxide of hydrogen, and is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.



A WHOLE MEDICINE CHEST IN ITSELF
Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.
For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.
For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.
For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.
For use as a deodorant.
Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

In bottles, 50c and \$1
at drug stores
Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

Zonite



No wonder then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic that can even be held in the mouth! In fact, dental authorities are recommending it highly for preventive oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask your physician for his opinion of Zonite.

A booklet that every mother will want to give her daughter

The important subject of feminine hygiene is thoroughly covered in a dainty booklet prepared by the Women's Division expressly for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it should be. Send for it. Read it. Pass it on to others who need it. Thousands of women are today running untold risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. This book will bring all such women abreast of the times in a very important matter of health and comfort. The booklet is free. It is daintily illustrated and mailed in social correspondence envelope. Use the coupon below.

Zonite Products Company
Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto



ZONITE
PRODUCTS CO.
Postum Building
250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared (S-71)

Name.....

Address.....

True Stories from Real Life

Contents

	Page
Cover portrait by Henry Clive from photograph of Miss Agnes Maine. See page 82.	
The Biggest Thing (Editorial)	12
Red Lights (Editor's Page)	14
Thanksgiving (Verse)	17
By HARRY LEE	
Acting the Part	18
By DR. FRANK CRANE	
1,001 Nights on Broadway (Part I)	20
For the First Time	24
SMART SET Girls (Pictorial Section)	29
The Hidden City (Conclusion)	33
The Little Tin God	38
When a Girl Needs a Friend	42
By MRS. HELEN ROBINSON	
The High-Water Mark	44
My Friend's Wife	48
When I Came To! (Midnight Story)	52
The Seventh Player	54
The Two Hour Stop-Over	58
Four Scores (Theatrical Section)	61
The Ancient Fool (Conclusion)	65
Don't Destroy Illusions	68
By ELINOR GLYN	
A Pagan Bargain	70
\$5,000 for Your Stories (Contest)	72
Mosgrin's Dog	74
The Funniest Stories (Humor)	78
Possibility! (Problem Story)	80
Our Cover Girl	82

Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable



Beyond the Breakers

Here was a love too perfect to be broken; too delightful to question—and yet, as always, there were breakers ahead.

The biggest love is the one which asks the least and gives the most; the one that gives until it hurts deep down inside and makes you glad it hurts.

"Beyond the Breakers" is a story that will carry you out of yourself. It will bring again the thrill that comes once in a lifetime.

She didn't have the right to love him, and yet she KNEW he was her life's one love. Could she let the memory of it be spoiled, or would she fight her way "Beyond the Breakers"?

Read this great story of life in the January SMART SET

Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

R. E. BEELIN, President and Treasurer; JOHN BRENNAN, Vice-President; R. T. MONAGHAN, Secretary.
Vol. 77, No. 4.
Copyright 1924, by Magus Magazine Corporation, 25 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, \$3.00 a year; Canada, \$3.50; Foreign, \$4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter, March 27, 1900, at the Post Office, New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Chicago, Illinois.

As the Salesman—

would you
accept defeat?
... Or?



*The prospect's emphatic tone and
curt manner are unmistakable
"I'm NOT Interested!"
As the salesman facing this situation,
what would you do? Accept defeat? Or?*

SUPPOSE a man you called on greeted you in this fashion. Would you know how to remain completely the master of the situation? Would you still feel reasonably sure of an opportunity to tell your story?

It is no disgrace to answer "No" to these questions—to admit that this and similar problems have blocked your progress.

But, it is an injustice to yourself, a rank injustice, to continue indefinitely on the same path, when the means are at your command to handle such situations easily and surely—to use *deliberately* the successful methods which others use only once in a while, by chance or accident.

For—*mark this well*—there is a fundamental rule of action that teaches exactly what to do to win the confidence of the man who has just said, "I'm not interested."

Why "trust to luck" when—

"Back of every successful action in business there are guiding principles, unchangeable laws."

Naturally you ask, "If this is true, how can I quickly acquire these principles?" The answer is, simply thru training that deals in *basic* principles—training that brings within your grasp not merely cold facts, not merely a fund of information, but the live, vital forces that mark the difference between success and mediocrity.

The LaSalle Problem Method of training for salesmen (and for men in every other branch of modern business) deals in such essentials, and *only* in essentials. Intensely practical, it combines the best that has been learned by thousands of salesmen in the "school of experience."

How Are Big Incomes Earned?

Isn't it true that the difference between, say, the \$50-a-week salesman and the \$200-a-week man lies chiefly in greater ability to meet just such situations as we pictured at the top of this page? Think that over a moment. Then consider that many of the men who take LaSalle training are successful before they enroll. Yet within a few months after starting they report their earning capacity doubled, tripled and often quadrupled, while those without previous sales experience become pace-setters for the "old-timers."

The secret, if it may be called a secret, is the fact that they learn to recognize the *causes* underlying success instead of blindly following the methods by which others have achieved success.

1500 Master Business Minds Always at Your Service

At the instant command of every LaSalle member is its entire force of business specialists—sound and practical business allies, at their best when the emergency is greatest. To them he is privileged to turn—at any time—for counsel regarding any problem in any department of business, whether that problem be concerned with production, management, finance, accounting, selling, transportation, business law. This Free Consultation Privilege does not cease with the completion of his training; it is his as long as he stays in business.

Learn the principle and method that turns "I'm NOT interested!" into a receptive attitude.

Ask yourself this simple question: "Have I the necessary knowledge of the science and strategy of selling to make of myself the fullest success of which I am capable?"

For example, can you put down on paper the basic laws underlying every successful sale, the violation of any one of which unfailingly reduces or destroys your chances to make the sale?

These four principles—together with *the plan* which has enabled thousands of men and women to double their incomes—are fully explained in the interesting booklet which will be sent *free* to any earnest man or woman interested in the science of selling.

Compressed into this booklet, which may be slipped into the pocket and read during odd moments, you will find the most inspiring and helpful matter you ever read on this great subject of salesmanship. An application of the fundamental laws which this booklet discloses will result in an immediate increase in your selling power.

This booklet is our contribution to the general cause of better salesmanship. Fill out and mail the coupon.

— INQUIRY COUPON — LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Dept. 1250-SR Chicago, Illinois

Please send me outline of your salary-doubling plan and full information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have marked below, all without obligation.

☐ Modern Salesmanship

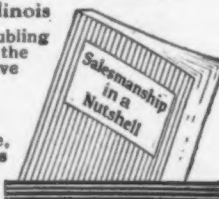
Leading to position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

Other LaSalle Opportunities LaSalle opens the way to success in every important field of business. If more interested in one of the fields indicated below, check here:

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Higher Accountancy
- ☐ Railway Station Management
- ☐ Law—Degree of LL. B.
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Efficiency
- ☐ Banking and Finance

- ☐ Modern Business Correspondence and Practice
- ☐ Modern Foremanship and Production Methods
- ☐ Personnel and Employment Management
- ☐ Expert Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name _____
Present Position _____
Address _____



B.W. COOKE
Directing
Engineer

BE AN AUTO EXPERT

\$300 in a Week! Only Half Way Through My Training

You want Raises in Pay—then take the **Quickest** way to them. Think of it!—from \$91.00 in a whole month to **\$300 in a single week**—only a few short months' time!—that's what B. W. Cooke "Job-Way" Auto Training did for 18-year-old Joseph Woronecki, 186 Affick St., Hartford, Conn. *And he's no exception!* Clip coupon now for my Free Auto Book. Find out how dozens and dozens of men **boosted their pay**—started right in making *Big Extra* spare time *Money* in the very first few weeks of their training. That's the kind of action you want. That's the kind of **ACTION** Cooke "JOB-WAY" Training offers you.

Get a
RAISE
in **PAY**
Quick!

See What I Can Do For You!

Did you ever hear of a Training Institute in the whole world that can show such **REMARKABLE QUICK RESULTS**? Did you ever hear of a field that offers you such wonderful opportunities to boost your pay so **QUICK**? It's **POSITIVELY AMAZING**! Just look here—Bernard Rumble, 365 Edison Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., *less than half way* through my training **made \$225 in one week** as boss of his own garage. That's what I mean by **QUICK RESULTS** and **BIG RESULTS**. Get my Free Auto Book today. Learn what I can do for you. See how I train you **RIGHT** in your **OWN HOME** for **BIG PAY** quickly, easily! Clip coupon now.

The World's Biggest Business Needs You!

Not millions—but *Thousands of Millions*—**BILLIONS** spent every year for Auto Upkeep alone! Marvelous opportunities for **Quick Raises**—*Big Jobs* paying up to **\$150 a week**. Countless opportunities to get into your own **Business QUICK** and make up to **\$10,000 a year**! Thousands of trained Auto Experts needed. The demand for B. W. COOKE "JOB-WAY" trained men grows bigger and bigger every year. This Auto Business is the **ONE** Business for the live wire—the man who wants to make *big money QUICK*. It's the **ONE** business for **YOU**! Get all the facts today.

Get the Proof

I don't care where you live—city or town, country or village—I don't care how many years you've spent in the Auto business or how little Auto Experience you've had—if you want **BIG PAY** and want it **QUICK**—you need my Training! Don't guess about the most important thing in your life—your success. Get all the facts about this amazing **QUICK RESULTS** training today!

Now Free
This
BIG
Auto
Book



JOBS! I Help You Get the Good Ones!

I back you up with the entire resources of this Big Institution—help you to **BIG PAY JOBS** through my Employment Department—give you Consultation Service as long as you live absolutely **FREE** of a penny's extra charge. Get the full details. Send Coupon Now.

I'LL TRAIN
YOU
AT HOME

KEEP YOUR JOB! Stay home!
Start out for **Big Pay** and **QUICK Raises RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME!**
My training includes everything that you need to become a **BIG PAY MAN**—All Electrical Work—All Mechanical End—Welding, Brazing, Vulcanizing—also Business Course, Salesmanship, Advertising, Buying, How to Keep Simple Books—also Automotive Magazine, also 4 Wonderful Outfits, including Tools, Tool Bag, Electrical Test Bench, Radio Set—all Equipment—also 293 Wiring Diagram Charts. Send Coupon for Particulars.

Send Coupon Now

Get the Book that shows the way to a **QUICK RAISE**, a **BIG JOB** paying up to **\$150 a week**—or a money making Business of your own. It's **FREE** to you. No obligation whatever. Mail coupon now.

The Only "JOB-WAY" Training on Earth

Remember B. W. Cooke is in no way connected with any person or training of similar name. Nowhere else can you get the original genuine, copyrighted "JOB-WAY" Training. Nowhere else will you find Training that can show such **Amazing QUICK RESULTS!** Learn what this remarkable Training method can do for you. Get the proof!

Make Money Quick!

Put an end to low pay right now. Change **QUICK** from empty pockets to stuffed pockets. You too, have a right to enjoy the **Big Pay**. **Be an Auto Expert**. Get into the class of men who earn up to **\$10,000 a year and more**. Common schooling all you need. Age is no drawback. I have students as young as 8 and as old as 60. If you can read and write plain simple English, clip coupon at once! I'll give you **Proof** that you can raise your pay **QUICK**. Mail Coupon Now.

B. W. COOKE DIRECTING ENGINEER
CHICAGO MOTOR TRAINING CORPORATION
1916-1926 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 937 Chicago

MAIL "JOB-WAY" COUPON
THIS

B.W Cooke

Directing Engineer
Chicago Motor Training Corp.
1916 Sunnyside Ave.
Dept. 937, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Cooke:
Send me your Big Book "AUTO FACTS" Absolutely Free. Also PROOF that you will show me the **Quick** way to a **BIG JOB** and a **RAISE IN PAY**. Also full particulars of your **BIG 4 Outfit Offer**. It is understood that this obligates me in no way and no salesman is to call on me.

Name.....
Address.....

There is not enough room on this page to properly show you the **WONDERFUL 4 BIG OUTFITS** which I give you **FREE** of any extra cost. COUPON BRINGS FULL DETAILS

FREE 7 Pieces Genuine Cut Glass



As an extra special offer to those who hurry their order for the 77-piece combination outfit offered below, we shall include in addition, absolutely free, this entire 7-piece set of GENUINE CUT GLASS, Pitcher of 2 qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparklingly clear, thin and dainty. Hand cut decorations

consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Useful for water or other beverages; set makes a handsome display with your other glassware. A limited number given FREE—as an introductory offer during this special sale. Send coupon today while this offer lasts.

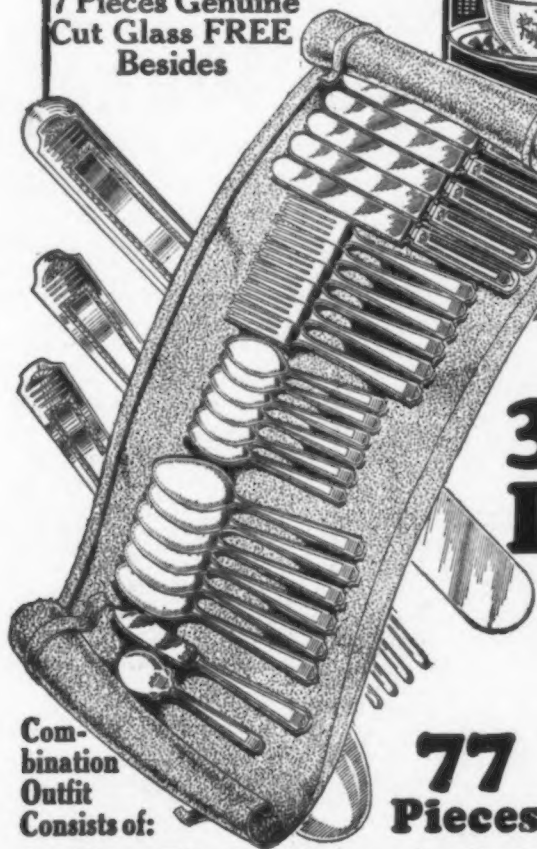
84 pieces—all for \$1.00 Down

44 Piece Bluebird
Dinner Set

26 Piece Sheffield
Plate Silver Set

7 Piece Bluebird
Tablecloth and
Napkins AND

7 Pieces Genuine
Cut Glass FREE
Besides



30 Days Trial

Com-
bination
Outfit
Consists of:

77 Pieces

44-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set Has delicately tinted design of Bluebirds and foliage in natural colors. Each piece is twice fired and has a snow flake white glaze of great brilliancy which cannot craze. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 9 in. diameter; 6 fruit saucers, 5 in. diameter; 6 oatmeal nappies, 6 in. diameter; 6 salad plates, 6 in. diameter; 1 meat platter, 10 1/2 in. long; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 in. diameter; 1 cream pitcher, 1 pt.; 1 sugar bowl and cover, (2 pieces); 1 butter plate; 1 utility bowl, 1 pt.; 1 pickle dish, 6 in. in diameter. Each piece has a dainty blue edge and is beautifully shaped.

26 Piece Silver Set A silver service of Sheffield Plate that will give years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each piece heavily silver plated. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Packed in a convenient flannel roll as illustrated.

7 Piece Tablecloth and Napkins Large table cloth 60x60 in. and 6 napkins, 18x18 in., made of strong, durable linen finished cotton in pure snow flake white that will launder beautifully. All edges neatly scalloped with overlapped stitch in blue. Both tablecloth and napkins have handpainted design of Bluebirds and Apple Blossoms in their natural color, absolutely guaranteed fast colors. Harmonizes perfectly with dish set.

And remember—The 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set is FREE, if you send at once. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 60 lbs.

Order by No. G8498A. \$1.00 with coupon; \$2.00 monthly. Total Price \$19.90.
Free Bargain Catalog of Home Furnishings on credit sent with or without order. See coupon.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1919 Chicago, Ill.

A sensational offer—to show how Straus & Schram smashes the spot cash price while giving almost a year to pay! Here's an outfit of 77 pieces, things you need and use in your household every day—and a 7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE, if you order now—at a price you could not equal in your home town. We'll ship this complete outfit—84 pieces in all—direct to your home on 30 days trial for only \$1.00 down. Examine the quality, the beauty, the durability of each piece. Then compare prices—see how much more the local dealer asks for cash. After 30 days trial and use, if you're not delighted with the bargain, send the outfit back and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid. No obligation—not one penny of risk to you!

\$2.00 a Month

\$19.90—and almost a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and on such liberal terms?

Send Coupon Now

We have made up only a limited number of these combination outfits for this special sale. Send the coupon quick, while this offer lasts. Only \$1.00 deposit brings the outfit on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (We do not ship C. O. D.)

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1919 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised 77 piece Combination Outfit, with 7-piece genuine cut glass set FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you \$2.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight or express charges I paid.

☐ 77 piece Combination Outfit, No. G8498A, \$19.90.
7-Pieces Genuine Cut Glass FREE.

Name.....

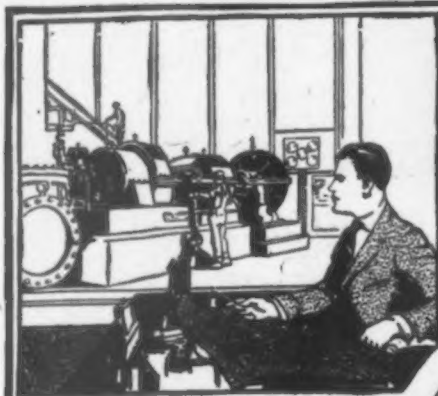
Street, R. F. D.
or Box No.....

Shipping
Point.....

Post Office.....

State.....

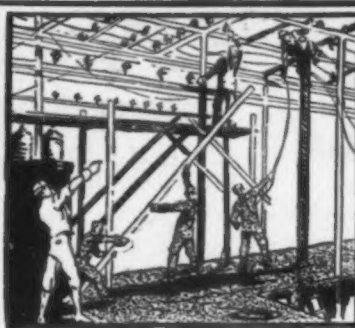
If you want ONLY our free catalog
of home furnishings, mark X here ☐



Be Superintendent of an
Electrical POWER PLANT



Own Your Own Electrical
REPAIR SHOP



Boss Electrical
Construction Jobs



Be an Electrical CONTRACTOR

Train At Home for a fine ELECTRICAL JOB and a big RAISE IN PAY!

Go into ELECTRICITY! —the Business of a Million Opportunities

Be an Electrical Expert. Go into the one great industry where it's easy to get to the top, to make money, to make a real success. You don't need money in the bank or "pull" to get ahead in Electricity—all you need is training, honest, complete training, such as I guarantee.

BIG JOBS OPEN Everywhere!

Look at the building business. Thousands of Electrical Contractors are getting rich. Their men are making \$10 to \$20 a day. Look at the fortunes being made in Radio. Look at the great factories building every kind of Electrical machinery. Why, the work of the world is being done by Electricity and the call for trained men exceeds the supply!

**\$10 Motor—4 Big
Outfits Given to
every Student
Not a Penny Extra Cost**

If you're now earning less than \$40 a week

—if you want to be an ELECTRICAL EXPERT— if you want to step quickly into the class of men earning from \$60 to \$250 a week—*write me at once!* This million dollar school offers ambitious fellows their big opportunity to learn every branch of Electricity at home in spare time by a new, practical JOB-METHOD.

Learn Electricity Quick by Dunlap "Job-Method"

My training so simple a school-boy can grasp it instantly. Common schooling all you need. No previous experience required. But my students make rapid progress because I train them on actual Electrical jobs with standard-size tools and materials which I supply without extra cost. The first half of my training is APPLIED ELECTRICITY—a complete course in itself. In the second half I give you Electrical Engineering subjects. I give you Electrical Drafting, Radio, Automotive Electricity, and many other valuable subjects, all for one small price, and on easy terms.

Train for These Jobs

Power Plant Superintendent, \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year; Construction Foreman, \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year; Chief Electrician, \$3,000 to \$12,000 a year; Electrical Draftsman, \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year; Automotive Electrical Expert, \$3,500 to \$12,000 a year.

EARN MONEY While Learning

Dunlap-training combines money-making, practical experience, and instruction IN A NEW WAY. I call this "JOB-METHOD" and it gets results—more quickly and easily than old-fashioned ways of teaching. Early in your training I give you special instruction in house-wiring, Radio-building, Electrical Repair Work, etc. I show you how to get spare-time work—you'll be well paid for.

THESE 4 BIG ELECTRICAL OUTFITS GIVEN

to you without one penny of extra charge. Not a "premium"—not something "FREE" to induce you to enroll. But costly, standard, full-size tools, materials and equipment. The man-size motor of the same type as the big-fellows in a power plant. Not a toy, but a regular power-motor. Runs on Alternating or Direct Current, or 32-volt farm electric system. Comes to you knock-down. It's part of your job to wind the armature and assemble it. That's the way you learn every branch of Electricity by the Dunlap Job-Method.

Get My PAY-DOUBLING OFFER!

Before you put your time and money into home-training, you want to know if it will lead to a better job and bigger pay. I will answer that in plain English. Get my catalog, my wonderful new guarantee, my sensational offers—quick! Get the facts about your opportunities in Electricity when you are Dunlap-trained and when you have the backing of the American School. Before you enroll for any home-training, get the facts about my training, so you can compare it intelligently with others. Write me today!

JOB SERVICE

At No Extra Cost to STUDENTS and GRADUATES

jobs FREE, not only to graduates, but to STUDENTS also. This JOB-SERVICE keeps in touch with great Electrical employers all over America. The day you enroll, this Job-Service Department registers you, finds out what kind of job you want, where you want to work, etc.

And when you apply for the job you want, we back you with our recommendation and help you make good in it after you get it.



THE AMERICAN SCHOOL is chartered under the laws of Massachusetts, as an educational institution NOT FOR PROFIT. Established 29 years. Over 200 Executives, Engineers, and Educators have prepared the texts used in these wonderful home-study courses. The success of our graduates has made us one of the largest VOCATIONAL TRAINING Institutions in the world. You will be astonished at the many ways we help our students and graduates progress to success.

I WANT TO BE AN ELECTRICAL EXPERT!

Chief Engineer Dunlap
AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. E 9251
Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

I want to be an Electrical Expert. Please rush guarantee, job-service facts, complete information, money-saving offers.

Name.....
St. No.....
City..... State.....

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

CHIEF ENGINEER DUNLAP, ELECTRICAL DIVISION
American School
Dept. E9251, Drexel Ave., and 58th St. Chicago

Chief Engineer DUNLAP

23 Training Built by NOTED ENGINEERS

This is not a one-man, one-idea school. 22 famous Engineers and Executives of the following corporations and universities helped me make Dunlap-training the most complete and up-to-date:

1. General Electric Co.
2. Commonwealth Edison Company
3. Crocker-Wheeler Co.
4. Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Company
5. American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
6. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.
7. Western Electric Co.
8. Underwriters Laboratories, Inc.
9. Columbia University
10. Dartmouth College
11. Massachusetts Institute of Technology
12. Lehigh University
13. University of Vermont

AND MANY OTHERS

Ask any well posted Electrical Engineer about the quality and standards of AMERICAN SCHOOL home-training in Electricity.



They Called Me a "Human Clam" But I Changed Almost Overnight

AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam", he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder—a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible—learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

In 15 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion,

popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by

everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

What 15 Minutes A Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to address Board Meetings
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a

salesmanager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send For This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer

stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

Now Sent
Free



NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE

3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 3189, Chicago, Illinois

North American Institute,
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 3189,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your famous book, *How To Work Wonders With Words*.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Photograph by
Paul Thompson

I Can Teach You to Sing Like This!

—Eugene Feuchtinger

I do *not* mean I can make a Caruso out of every man—or a Mary Garden out of every woman,—but

I can teach you in a few short months a basic secret of voice development which Caruso discovered only after years of persistent effort.

HERE IS THE SECRET!

This is a picture of the human throat, showing the all important Hyo-Glossus muscle. Biographers of the great Caruso tell us of his wonderful tongue control. Caruso himself speaks of it in his own writings, as the basic secret of vocal power and beauty. But tongue control depends entirely on the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle.



The Hyo-Glossus in your throat can be strengthened just as surely as you can strengthen the muscles of your arm—by exercise.

Professor Eugene Feuchtinger, noted vocal scientist, famous in Europe before coming to America, was the first man to isolate and teach a method of developing the Hyo-Glossus.

If you are ambitious to sing or speak, or merely improve your voice for social or business purposes, here is your opportunity. If you suffer from stammering, stuttering or other vocal defect, here is a sound, scientific method of relief. Under the guidance of Prof. Feuchtinger himself, you can practice these wonderful silent exercises in the

privacy of your own home. For Physical Voice Culture is ideally adapted to instruction by correspondence.

100% Improvement Guaranteed

Thousands of men and women have already received the benefits of Physical Voice Culture. If you will practice faithfully, your entire satisfaction is guaranteed. In fact, if your voice is not doubled in power and beauty, your money will be refunded. You alone are to be the judge.

Free Book Send today for the wonderful new book, "Physical Voice Culture". It will open your eyes to the possibilities of your own voice. It will indeed be a revelation to you. Get it without fail. Mail the coupon now.

Perfect Voice Institute 1922 Sunnyside Avenue, Studio 20-69 Chicago, Ill.

Perfect Voice Institute, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio, 20-69 Chicago
Please send me FREE, your new book, "Physical Voice Culture". I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....



**PARTIAL LIST
of States, Cities and
Institutions
in which
Graduates of U. of A.S.
Hold Positions as
Finger Print Experts**

State of Iowa
State of Idaho
State of Colorado
State of Washington
State of Michigan
Duluth, Minn.
Detroit, Mich.
St. Paul, Minn.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lincoln, Nebr.
Birmingham, Ala.
Columbus, Ohio
Havana, Cuba
Calgary, Alta., Canada
Pensacola, Fla.
Houston, Texas
New Haven, Conn.
Great Falls, Mont.
Galveston, Texas
Albany Co. Penitentiary
Albany, N. Y.
Waterloo, Iowa
Wilkes Barre, Pa.
El Paso, Texas
Everett, Wash.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Alhambra, Calif.
Livingston, Mont.
Saginaw, Mich.
Tampa, Fla.
York, Pa.
Fort Collins, Colo.
Windsor, Ont., Can.
Pueblo, Colo.
Idaho Falls, Idaho
Lorain County, Ohio
Ogden, Utah
Gainesville, Texas
Walla Walla, Wash.
Indiana Reformatory
Jeffersonville, Ind.
St. Joseph, Mo.
Mingo Junction, Ohio
Okmulgee, Okla.
Hazelton, Pa.
Yakima, Wash.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Des Moines, Ia.
East Lansing, Mich.
Globe, Arizona
Hamtramck, Mich.
London, Ont., Can.
Henryetta, Okla.
Seattle, Wash.
Oak Bay, B. C., Can.
Ferndale, Mich.
Negaunee, Mich.
Lawton, Okla.
Bay City, Mich.
Roanoke, Va.
Glendale, Calif.
Joplin, Mo.
Drumright, Okla.
Lima, Ohio
Victoria, B. C.

\$2500 Reward for the Capture of an Unknown Man!

TWICE he had entered the St. Clair Mansion. What was he after? Who? What was in danger? Berteau, the famous detective, had warned St. Clair *that the mysterious marauder would come again*. And now—a noise in the passage! The creak of an opening door. A shot in the dark! A capture!

Is this wounded stranger the mysterious intruder? Who could tell? Yet Berteau identified that man without hesitation and won the \$2500 reward.

How did he do it? Easy enough for the Finger Print Expert. He is the specialist, the leader, the *cream* of detectives. Every day's paper tells their wonderful exploits in solving mysterious crimes and convicting dangerous criminals.

More Trained Men Needed

The demand for trained men by governments, states, cities, detective agencies, corporations and private

bureaus is becoming greater every day. Here is a real opportunity for YOU. Can you imagine a more fascinating line of work than this? Often life and death depend upon finger print evidence—and big rewards go to the experts. Many experts can earn regularly from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per year.

Learn at Home in Spare Time

And now you can learn the secrets of this science at home in your spare time. Any man with common school education and average ability can become a Finger Print Detective in a surprisingly short time.

Course in Secret Service FREE

For a limited time we are making a special offer of a professional Finger Print Outfit; absolutely Free, and Free Course in Secret Service Intelligence. Mastery of these two kindred professions will open a brilliant career for you. Write quickly for fully illustrated free book on Finger Prints which explains this wonderful training in detail. Don't wait until this offer has expired—mail the coupon now. You may never see this announcement again! You assume no obligation—you have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Write at once—address.

University of Applied Science
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 20-69, Chicago, Ill.

University of Applied Science

1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 20-69, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Without any obligation whatever, send me your new, fully illustrated FREE book on Finger Prints and your offer of a FREE course in Secret Service Intelligence and the Free Professional Finger Print Outfit.

Name

Street Address

City and State

What Is That LURE *of*

Peggy Joyce?



Would you like to know the secrets of Peggy's world famous charm? Then read Photoplay for November.

Do you ever hope to be so attractive, so appealing, so wistful, so desirous that any man would say "Here, darling, have a pearl necklace and don't look so sad?"

Wouldn't you like to know what goes on behind Peggy Joyce's limpid blue eyes that brings fortunes to her feet, that has made her the favor of royalty, the toast of Europe, and who our newspapers call our most fascinating American vampire?

Then read about her in Photoplay before you see her on the Screen. Perhaps you will get some ideas.

Get the November issue of Photoplay from your newsdealer today

Photoplay Magazine
for
November
ON SALE NOW





**Sallow
Complexion**

Has your skin that
sallow, faded, washed-
out appearance? Does
it seem dark and
"muddy," to lack tone,
to be colorless, murky
and lifeless?



**Sagging
Muscles**

Are the muscles of
your face and neck be-
ginning to sag? Do you
see signs of "jowls"
and premature aging?



Blemishes

Are you beginning to think
you will never be free from
pimples, blackheads, blem-
ishes or enlarged pores? Has
your skin begun to lose tone
and become rough and coarse?
Are you constantly worried
as to whether you can get
your skin into passable con-
dition for certain dances and
parties that you want to go
to?



Pouches

Have you pouches
beneath the eyes—
puffiness at the
sides of the chin—
flabby bags below
the cheeks?



Wrinkles

Are deep lines
forming near the
nose and corners
of the mouth?
Little groups of
crows-feet at the
eyes? Tired lines
of worry starting to
crease your face?

Which of These Five Skin Worries Hide Your Beauty?

Here are five definite skin worries that make naturally attractive women look commonplace—that make young women look middle-aged and make middle-aged women look old. Which of these five hide **YOUR** beauty—make you look older than you really are? Read how easy it now is to banish these worries—to regain the natural beauty that lies hidden in your skin.

DO you know why these are trying times for the woman who doesn't bring out and make the most of her natural hidden beauty? Because there are more beautiful women in America today than ever before—and people *will* make comparisons! And why are there more beautiful women? Because women today don't *accept* obstacles standing in the way of their attractiveness—any more than men accept obstacles barring their success!

The best knowledge that the scientific world can offer has massed right behind

women in their search. Here, for example, are five dread skin worries which every woman knows can rob her of her true beauty and make her look years older than her real age.

"These five—Blemishes, Sallow Complexion, Sagging Muscles, Wrinkles, and Pouches—rob me of my birthright of youth and loveliness," women say. And now Science has stepped forward and said: "Here, then, is a new and easy way to rid yourself of these five worries—to quickly bring out your hidden beauty!"

If This New Secret Does Not Bring Out Your Skin's Hidden Beauty in 15 Days— Then Pay Nothing!

No matter how blemished your skin may be, how dull and sallow, how spoiled by lines, open pores, sagging muscles or pouches—no matter how many methods you have tried in vain—this new secret either brings out your skin's hidden beauty or costs you nothing!

Practically every woman in America has heard of Susanna Cocroft and of her tremendous health and beauty activities. 600,000 women know from wonderful personal experience. And now this famous woman, in co-operation with other experts, has just developed an easy and radically different way for any woman to recapture the clear, fresh complexion of childhood, free from unsightly sallowness, pimples and blemishes, and the age-signs of sagging muscles, pouches and wrinkles.

The new discovery is entirely different from anything you have ever seen or heard of—taking only three minutes before bedtime and accomplishing its amazing results while you sleep. Knowing that, in spite of the gigantic growth of beauty preparations of all kinds, complexion worries were still prevalent, Susanna Cocroft approached this

problem from an entirely different angle—and the complete story of the new idea is given in a beautiful 24-page booklet, which will be sent without any obligation whatsoever.

Take a mental inventory right now and see which of these five skin worries are hiding your own beauty and attractiveness. Mail the coupon at once. Read why Susanna Cocroft's new method is guaranteed to end these troubles or cost you nothing whatever. Today it has almost come to a point that if a woman is not attractive—if she looks older than she really is, then it is to some extent due to her own failure to investigate the methods developed to solve these very problems for her. Don't tolerate any of these five worries because of any inaction on your own part. Mail this coupon at once.

Thompson-Barlow Co.
Dept. F-14912
130 West 31st St., New York City



FREE!

The Coupon below will bring you a beautifully illustrated 24-page booklet describing this new method developed to end these Five Skin Worries—or cost you nothing. Just jot down your name and address and mail this coupon today. No obligation. No risk. No representative will call upon you. This Coupon just gives us permission to send you this valuable booklet with our compliments.

Thompson-Barlow, Inc., Dept. F-14912
130 West 31st Street, New York City

Please send me your new book, "The Overnight Way to a New Complexion." Also full details of your special free proof offer that enables me to test this new home treatment without risking a penny.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



The Biggest Thing

EDITORIAL

THE biggest things in the world are the littlest things. The biggest lives are often the humblest.

Late fall has always brought a peculiar sense of rest and peace to me. Somehow it seems as if all nature has paused for a moment in its constant struggle against the elements. Spring and summer have come and gone. The harvests have been gathered and the fields are sere and brown. The whole countryside seems to be waiting for something. Another cycle of life has passed and the winter is coming.

No one outstanding thing has caused this change. No sudden growth, nor single day can be accounted as more important than any other. This thing, this change which we all feel, which we see has taken place, is made up of ten thousand times ten thousand little things. It is the glorification of the commonplace.

That to me is the greatest thing in the world and one of the hardest things in the world to realize. The biggest thing in the world is the glorification of the littlest things.

WE HAVE a magnificent custom in our United States. Once each year we pause in the midst of our busy lives to give thanks for the bounties of the year. We do not pick a single gigantic thing which the Creator has done, but the myriad little things which have led to another winter, and another plentiful harvest. We are taking our own, peculiarly American way to glorify the commonplace. And so far as I know, every religious faith in the whole nation, takes part in this great day of homecoming, and of Thanks.

I think it is wonderful that once in a while we pause to take stock of the blessings we are too apt to take for granted. There may have been a drouth—but it ended before it was too late to save the crops! There may have been a terribly wet season—but there were days when the planting could be done, and the harvesting completed!

Do you grasp the thought that I have tried so hard to convey to you? The biggest thing in the world is the littlest thing. And the biggest lives are often the humblest.

THAT is why SMART SET has cause for Thanksgiving this year. We have chosen the little dramas of everyday life—the little lives of ordinary people and given them to you. Every life has its purple moments if we stop to recognize them. Every man has a soul which rises to great heights when the occasion demands it. If he doesn't—he is a pitiful craven.

And because it is glorifying the littlest things in the world, SMART SET has grown into one of the biggest. We have dared to keep our stories clean in spite of everything—because we believe in YOU. We believe that worthwhile people are idealists and that they love to see anyone fight for an ideal. I know I do. And I believe that you will help me to carry the idea of the new SMART SET to other people. If they read it they will enjoy it. I think the fact that we have grown to half a million circulation in a little over a year proves that. But we mustn't let up in our efforts on the littlest detail—because the littlest thing in the world, properly done, is oftentimes the biggest.



"Doesn't she begin to show her age dreadfully?"

What ARE the things that "show age" in a woman?

By Annette Kellermann



ONE can see tell-tale signs of "approaching age" in nine out of ten women between the years of twenty-five and forty-five. In fact, I have seen girls of eighteen who exhibited signs of age that should not appear even in a woman of forty.

In some women, lines appear around the mouth or eyes. In others, there is a slight sagging of the skin beneath the chin. In others, there are tell-tale "creases" in the throat. The fine satiny skin of youth begins to look unhealthy and drawn. The busts become heavy and hanging. In some women, unlovely layers of fat appear in different parts of the body. The hair greys prematurely, or becomes thin. Eyes, instead of being clear and bright, are "muddy" and lack luster. Often there is a protruding abdomen. These are only some of the

apparent physical effects of "ageing".

Women Old Before Their Years

Worse than these, are the indirect effects. For all the "zip" and zest of life seems to have departed from a woman in this condition. She is only "half-alive". She arises "tired" in the morning, and remains "tired" all day. Often, with nothing organically wrong with her, she is really a "sick woman". She is a prey to constant petty ailments; she is subject to headaches or to indigestion or to nervousness. She becomes ill-tempered and irritable. Her whole attitude toward life changes. The bubbling laughter and gayety of youth no longer well up within her. She no longer wants to play; to see people, to go places, to dance, to engage in sports. She ceases to love, and of course to be loved. She acts old, seems old, feels old,—and IS old.

Yes, she is old, no matter what her years. For here is a simple truth that few women realize: youth, with all its glory and charm, is not determined by years, but by the condition of one's body. And such women, either because they do not care or do not know better, allow their bodies to become "old".

It is unnecessary. It is UNNECESSARY! I

Is it necessary for a woman to show early signs of approaching age? Annette Kellermann says emphatically, "No!" She has proved it in her own case and with many thousands of women. Find out about her methods. Send for her free book, "The Body Beautiful."

should like to repeat that a thousand times and to engrave it in the hearts and in the minds of women everywhere. You can control your "physiological age"—so easily. If you will but give a little thought to it, a little time to it—no more than fifteen minutes a day!—not only can you eradicate the unhappy signs of "premature age" that may have already appeared, but you can prevent them from appearing for years. True age ultimately is inevitable, yes; but why not grow old sweetly and gracefully, instead of prematurely, grossly and tragically!

Once An Invalid

I always cite myself as the most striking example of the fact that a woman can have exactly the kind of body she wants, as lovely a body, as youthful a body, as strong a body!

I have had the happiness often of being referred to as "the most beautifully-formed woman in the world." My achievements in the world of athletics and in the world of the theater, are well-known. But few people know that when I was young, I had to wear braces on my limbs; that my body was puny and weak; that I was practically a bed-ridden invalid. I made my body what it is today.

And by the same methods you too can make your body what you want it to be. Perhaps you haven't exactly the same ambition that I had. If you had, you could accomplish what I did. But at any rate your ambition must be not to grow old before your time; not to let your body deteriorate into a misshapen, malformed thing; not to be forever subject to unnecessary pains and weaknesses.

And that mild ambition is so easy of attainment, with a little effort and a little attention, that I say that women who "grow old before their time"

deserve every drop of the dregs of unhappiness that they suffer. For it is all their own fault.

How Many Actresses "Keep Young"

My methods of "keeping young", of developing the body, of molding it as one desires—are entirely my own! They have arisen from my own study and experience. They have worked, not only in my case, but with many, many thousands of women. Innumerable actresses, to whom youth and loveliness are economically so important, have been "keeping young" for years by my methods. This is true, also, of many famous society women.

Is it presumptuous to think that if I have helped so many thousands of other women—in every strata of life and of every age, from sixteen to eighty!—that I can be of real help to you in this direction? I promise to make a "new woman" of you. In fact, if you will let me, I will prove to you—by a ten days' trial of my methods—that I can make a "new woman" of you; and if you are not convinced, the trial will have cost you nothing.

Send For Free Book

If you feel that your body is not what it should be,—not so strong nor so healthful—that it has defects of form that should be changed—above all, that it is an ageing body, ageing unnecessarily before its time—I suggest that you send for a copy of my little book, "The Body Beautiful".

This explains in detail what my methods are; it shows you what you can hope to do by showing what other women, in your condition, have done. To send for it involves you in no obligation to take instruction from me. That will be left to your judgment. Simply mail the coupon below or a letter, and a copy of the book will be sent to you forthwith. Address:

Annette Kellermann, Inc.,
Suite 4012, 225 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 4012,
225 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

I am interested in your announcement. Please send me, entirely free of cost and without obligation, your book "The Body Beautiful" and explain the "trial plan" you mentioned.

Name

Address

City State

Red Lights

*Danger Signals Were Invented to Save Lives.
When You See One It's Time to Stop!*

RED, throughout all recent history, has meant danger. It is symbolic of war and bloodshed. Whenever we find people using it as a symbol it is well to avoid them. But that isn't what I want to talk about.

We have been going through a series of lightning changes in our views of life. Some are strong enough to withstand the wildest of the results, but for a large number of people who seem to be carried away by influences they are incapable of understanding, it is time we began to hang red lights at the danger points.

If I had my way there would be a red lantern swinging before the door of every divorce court. If people stopped and looked and listened first -there would be a more sanely conducted proceeding on the inside. Of course divorce is necessary sometimes; but that isn't the point either.

When we get to thinking so much about our individual rights that we forget everything else, the world is in pretty bad shape as a working proposition. This year we have seen the spectacle of a great ballteam going to pieces because certain players got exaggerated ideas of their own importance. Some of us even remember a man who got it into his head that he could conquer the

world. He lives in Holland now. And it's such a relief to get a story which tells us how people worked together for the good of all, instead of every man for himself — *catch-as-catch-can* — that I don't want anybody to miss the same feeling of exultation I got.

It will do you good to read "*The Third Angle*" in the January issue. You can't help feeling better toward the whole world when you see the whale of a fight that some real live, flesh-and-blood people in this country of ours put up playing square with each other.

Another Slant on a Problem We've All Worried About.

There's another story, too, entitled, "*Part Music and Part Tears*," that's going to make you think a lot about

this life of ours and the way we are headed. And there's a touch of Christmas in the story, "*The Mother Who Went to Heaven*."

I CAN'T tell you too much, because it would spoil your pleasure in reading them; but if you enjoy them as much as I did, I know you'll pass them along to someone else after you're through.

Don't think I'm trying to moralize, for I'm not. All I'm trying to do is to get you to do a little thinking about certain influences which appear a whole lot stronger than they really are.

THE EDITOR.



Miss Georgia Ingram
Rainbo Gardens
Chicago

"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

Sergei Marinoff

"And you can study under my personal direction right in your own home."

FEW PEOPLE living outside of New York, Chicago, or the great European capitals have the opportunity to study dancing with any of the really great masters. And the private, personal instructions of even average teachers range upward from \$10 an hour.

But now, the famous Sergei Marinoff has worked out a system of home instruction. You can learn classic dancing in all its forms—interpretive, Russian, ballet, aesthetic, Greek—at a mere fraction of the cost of lessons in the studio.

A Fascinating Way to Learn

It is so easy and so delightful. Just put the record on the phonograph, slip into the dainty little dancing costume (furnished free with the Course) and you are ready to start. Now comes the voice of Marinoff himself instructing you, telling you what to do, while the spirited rhythm of the music inspires grace and confidence in you. And guided by the charts, the photographs of Marinoff and his students and the easy text, you master the technique of the dance.

Your progress is rapid and soon you develop confidence so that you are eager to dance before an audience.

FREE

Dancing Costume, Phonograph Record, Complete Studio Outfit

A dainty costume designed so as to permit free use of the limbs, ballet slippers, everything you need to help you with your lessons comes FREE with the course. Simple charts and beautiful photographs illustrate every lesson while phonograph records and simply worded text teach the essential points of technique. You can learn to dance, as you have always longed to dance, and your lessons will be pleasant and easy.

Charm and Grace

The natural beauty of the body is developed, an exquisite grace and flexibility cultivated by correct training in classic dancing. For better health—for greater beauty—for poise—for slenderness—dance! Dancing is the pleasantest form of exercise.

As a means of developing grace in children, dancing is unsurpassed. And with my method, mother and daughter can grow graceful together.

And Fortune—and Glory

The popularity of classic dancing grows greater every day. It has won its place in American life.

For the theatre—vaudeville—the movies—civic and college pageants—for private social affairs—everywhere

the dancer is in demand. Startling salaries are paid. And those who can dance for charitable entertainments or for the pleasure of their friends quickly become social favorites. In addition, one is so much more desirable as a partner in ball room dances when she has developed a sense of rhythm, and cultivated suppleness through classic dancing.

Write to Sergei Marinoff

Everyone interested in dancing should write to Sergei Marinoff at once and get complete information concerning his splendid system of home instruction in Classic Dancing. This information is *free*. Send the coupon today.

M. SERGEI MARINOFF

School of Classic Dancing

Studio 20-69, 1924 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago

M. Sergei Marinoff,
School of Classic Dancing,
Studio 20-69, 1924 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Please send me full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing. I understand that this is absolutely FREE.

Name

Address

Age



They say it behind your back

THAT'S when they talk about you—when you're not listening or when you're not present. And, if you're a sensitive person, these are the things that irritate you most.

He knew—or felt—that he was being talked about. And by two men whom he had regarded as his best friends. The thing began to prey on his mind—made him very uncomfortable.

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the malicious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses: note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—never in bulk. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1 1/4 ounce. Buy the large size for economy. Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

VOL 77
NO. 4

SMART SET

DECEMBER
1925

True Stories from Real Life

Thanksgiving

By HARRY LEE

"Thanksgiving again!" Maw says, says she,
Knitting across the hearth from me,
Fire crackling, sting of the snow
On frosty panes, winds whining low—
All of 'em married and gone away,
Keeping their own Thanksgiving Day.
"Thanksgiving's a sad day,"
Maw says, says she,
"For folks that's forgotten,
Like you and me!"

Somehow the words seemed so awful true—
Wasn't much left, I could say or do—
Wasn't much left, but to hitch my chair,
Up close beside her, and just sit there!
Then sudden—the wind—a whirl of snow—
Bells and hoofs—and a shouted "Whoa!"
The door flew open,
A rousing cheer:
"Ho, Dad! Ho, Mother!
We're here—all here!"

There was all of 'em, big as life,
Nell with her Tommy, Ted with his wife,
The twins we'd nick-named 'Rub' and 'Dub,
Elmira's baby, cute as a cub;
Our oldest, John, with the scars he's bore,
And the empty sleeve, since the foreign war!
And Maw and me!
We was young folks then!
Young! And the children—
Little again!

The old house seemed like it laughed out loud!
And the old stairs, too—with that trampin' crowd!
And after they all was tucked in bed,
And Mother and me was alone, she said—
We was stirrin' batter and kneadin' dough,
And choppin' raisins and that, y'know—
"Thanksgiving's a glad day."
Maw says, says she,
"For folks that's remembered—
Like you and me!"





Acting

DR. FRANK

THACKERAY once said: "Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him, 'Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society.'"

So much advice has been given about "acting naturally" and "being yourself" that perhaps a word may be said in favor of "putting on" what you ordinarily are not.

When you are in the company of inferiors or those you feel are no more educated, or cultured, or capable than you are, you feel at ease.

You do not feel under any strain to make a good showing or to appear your best. Without any effort at all you can be as good as those around you.

BUT in the company of your betters you feel the necessity of showing only your best qualities. You put on your company manners; you watch your step and talk as intelligently as possible.

Consequently, you have given yourself practical schooling in being better than you naturally are. Enough such lessons and you begin to become that kind of a person.

g the Part

CRANE

We first learn the lines, then act the part, then live the role.

The oftener we play the part the sooner it claims us as its own.

Socrates said: "The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear."

An old fable tells of a cat changed by Jupiter into a beautiful young woman.

SHE charmed everyone and was the belle of the ball until a mouse ran across the floor. She made a leap for it and her true nature was shown. It had remained unchanged, although her form had been altered.

There is no successful way of being transformed in the wink of an eye from the kind of a person you are to the kind of a person you would like to be.

It comes about only by a process of slow evolution.

It requires a conscious effort to act the kind of a person you desire to become, and gradually you will acquire its characteristics.

One of the best aids in this evolution is to frequent the society of recognized superiors.

Here your best qualities crop out, and soon you will be acting the part.





... for weren't they all high-bred children, from families of the elite?

1001 NIGHTS

NONE of us paid much attention to Jane Handerson when the stage manager motioned her to step into the Palm Beach number at one of the routine rehearsals. Follies girls may still be a novelty to out-of-town buyers, pop-eyed working girls, Johns, and fiction-writers, but to the other Follies girls they are just people until the human equations have had their chance to operate and each one makes her place among her sisters, according to her individual characteristics and real ability.

The personnel keeps changing in so numerous a group. So there is nothing unusual about one girl dropping out and another dropping in.

This one, in her professional practise clothes, obviously no tyro at the game, though new to the ranks of the "glorified," seemed to answer to type, one of the several molds in which all Ziegfeld-selected girls will be found.

Jane was a "medium," trim, brunette; young enough but not underdone.

She seemed to understand the language of stage technique and dance direction, and had palpably served her season or more in a swift show. She was replacing a

girl who looked and acted very much like her, and who had been given her two-weeks' notice for insubordination and impudence.

So this new one would work next to me in several of the formations, as she must step into all the spaces left vacant by the other.

She asked me a question under her breath in the action, something about the angle at which the parasols were carried. I showed her. After that we were acquainted. She picked up the complicated details of the whole revue readily, and worked in a staccato, clean-cut manner. I rather liked her. She didn't push forward, didn't "wise-crack," didn't borrow my make-up and didn't strut herself.

Her backstage etiquette was easy and her attitude affable.

SHE told me she had been in a night-club cabaret outfit, one of the gyp-and-trim places of *papier mache* and synthetic champagne. Broadway and its immediate side-streets have dozens of them, and some reap fortunes with their combinations of pretty girls, forbidden drinks,



"Just a minute, dearie! Where are you going?"

*The First
Chapter
of the
Greatest
True Story
Ever
Written*

on Broadway

"hot" orchestras and the appeal to men of the dangerous ages—under thirty and over forty.

To be one of the group in that particular club set Jane out as being almost "glorified" already. That resort came nearer to giving a girl that certain stamp than any other institution had ever approached in the quarter of a century during Flo Ziegfeld's hand-picked beauties have remained in a class unique.

So the transition was a natural one, and Jane became one of us. She had worked in several musical comedies before her elevation into night-life aristocracy, therefore, knew the shifts and signals of "the racket," as we called our profession between ourselves.

Jane wasn't unusually talkative. At times I fancied she seemed a bit reticent, even morose. But when she had her streaks of conversation, she let me into her private life enough to make me tut-tut a

bit—to myself. The girl was "stepping." She was no child, who didn't understand what she was doing. This was perhaps worse—she was a girl of mature consciousness, who had seen the peaks and depths of the storied temptations of wine, men and song, and was traveling the place with eyes open, not because she knew no better.

I have seen so many youngsters, in my brief years on Broadway, swept dizzily off their feet by the glittering, persistent lures which are thrust at all attractive girls in "show business," most especially those who wear the

proud Ziegfeld brand, and to be seen with whom establishes a rounder, a cake-eater, a spender, a wine-buyer, a cradle-snatcher or a nice old boyfriend as being in the big league of the big burg.

Some of them get over it after they have reaped a few consequences; some keep at it, changing only their views and motives, but not their ways.

"I'm fed up on this dive, anyway . . . I've lost my appetite for high s'ciety . . . an' that goes for your fat mug, too, Mrs. Queen. I want to get out o' here, where I can breathe fresh air."

*The
Author
of This
Amazing
Story
of
Broadway
Life*



RUTH FALLOWS

Here was a girl who knew what it was all about, who drank too much and too often because she loved it, who lived at a rate a dozen times her honest income because she had an urge for extravagant luxuries, and who had to get the money somehow; who worked in theatres and cabarets only because she had learned that the sort of men who lay carpets across sidewalks for pretty girls wants them theatrical—the same one who would smile a smart man out of a pearl necklace couldn't cry him out of a pair of woolen stockings if she were plugging a switchboard, running an adding machine or otherwise selling her time in some conventional, irreproachable occupation.

Jane lived at a tippy hotel. She had a string of "live ones," most of whom she had met in the quick intimacy of the night-club, where the girls are encouraged to "mingle," and where the pulsating syncopes, the alcoholic "kick," the atmosphere of roistering and the intriguing camaraderies of cheating the commandments and the amendments radiate that "good fellowship" which isn't always as good as it rings when one talks about it—or hears about it.

There was no preferred one among her admirers.

Whichever of them 'phoned first for her open time, if he were the sort who didn't forget the basic truth that a lady must live, was welcome.

THEY dragged her about after the performances—to roadhouses, restaurants, speak-easies, apartment parties. Over Sundays she usually week-ended somewhere on Long Island, the fastest piece of earth on this continent, with others of her sort and their male complements. Mondays she always had a headache, and Mondays we always had rehearsals. There was nothing surprising to me in Jane's habits of life—except that she didn't crack under the strain. I had seen many other girls go the same gait; and had seen more than a few wreck their strong young bodies as well as their weak young souls.

Half the season went by and I grew to know Jane quite well, and grew to be decidedly fond of her. Despite my disapproval of her ways, which I did not stress in our discussions, that being regarded as out of order in the best dressing-room circles of glorified aristocracy, I formed a spontaneous and genuine affection for my naughty side-kick. I had never associated with her any

further than the end of the stage-door alley or a bite in a nearby cafeteria between a late drill and show-time. but I felt I knew her well. And Jane surely warmed to me and confided to me her most sacred secrets.

I lived in a plain little apartment, all by myself, and saved enough from my salary to substantially help keep my mother and our flock. But I was in tune with Jane, despite our diametrically different views on so many things; I understood, even if I couldn't approve.

Jane paid me the compliment not to take issue with my choice of conduct, and, if I didn't try to reform Jane, neither did she attempt to corrupt me.

My concern about her physical well-being, however, truly disturbed me. And it was not far-fetched. For, one night, at the height of a difficult and strenuous dancing number, Jane gave way, wilted and fell limply into my arms.

The formation by the practised chorus was instantly switched to cover us and I got her off without the audience ever noticing anything. Jane was what we call "out." The head wardrobe mistress administered smelling salts and the rest of the restorative appliances. But

Jane did not respond vigorously; she had no come-back.

"Take her home," said the stage manager. "You're excused from the rest of the show. Get that girl out of the house."

The doorman called a taxi and two of the scene shifters helped me carry Jane in. She was partly conscious now. I was about to name her hotel, but a sudden impulse made me change my mind, and I gave the driver my address, instead. [Turn to page 123]



"Take her home," the stage manager was saying. "You're excused from the rest of the show. Get that girl out of the house."

*Here Is a Strange
Story of
Mother Love
and Pride.
It Will Give You
a New Thrill.*

NOW that it is all over, I am moved to write this love story because I can't help wondering what other women would have done in Dora Ravenwood's shoes. Or if all girls would have acted like Margaret. At the time I was extremely bitter, condemning Margaret with every breath I drew, and yet in calmer moments I'm not so sure she is to be censured. As for Dora, she is either the bravest mother or the most imaginative woman in the world.

Nowadays when love is mentioned the younger generation right away thinks of Valentino or of one of the cinema stars with a million admirers. The older folks, perhaps, are reminded of Romeo and Juliet, Abelard and Heloise, or the tragedy of Beatrice and Dante. Young love and frustrated happiness! Yet there is human affection which isn't just passion, and thinking it over I'm not so sure that a mother's isn't the greatest love of all—even when it spells loneliness and heartbreak.

Professionally, Dora Ravenwood was the Princess Fedora, a charming and cultured woman, who spoke half-a-dozen languages and had appeared before the crowned heads of Europe. In her spare moments she read serious books and she had even contributed to various magazines, her poetry being especially liked. I had known her for sixteen years, and while she did many things which I characterized as foolish—foolish because she always got the worst of the bargain—Dora was, to me, the one woman in the world, the only woman I ever loved. Perhaps this feeling makes me take the Princess' part, and condemn the daughter, even when I know that Margaret was blissfully unconscious of her mother's history.

To go back twenty years, Dora had married her manager, Jack Ravenwood, at the very beginning of her career when she was regarded in show circles as a gold mine. I never saw him, but from his pictures he was the dark, dashing type of man, the very kind to fascinate a romantic young girl, and from her portraits, Margaret is much like her father. Before I appeared on the scene Ravenwood had squandered all the money Dora had saved, deserted her several times, and finally had gone to Australia to claim a fortune which an old uncle had left him. When he came into this money, Ravenwood grew unbearable, ridiculing his wife's profession and even going so far as to make fun of Dora to her face.

But he was a gentleman by birth, with excellent family connections in England, and with his uncle's fortune to



"Come along, Garry! Really, I don't care for

For the
F.irst

command, Dora began to dream big dreams for her little girl. Margaret, of course, would never follow in her mother's shoes. She was Ravenwood all over again—a fine, lusty baby even at two. From the day of her birth, Dora worshiped her daughter, and so it was only natural, perhaps, that she should let Ravenwood take Margaret to Australia with him.

"I didn't want my baby to grow up in this atmosphere, Martin," the Princess said to me, years afterward. "Yes, the show business is good enough for me, my friend, but Margaret—Jack's people are gentlefolk and I wanted my little girl to be a lady."

I can understand that, though if the Princess Fedora isn't a lady, then I'd like to see one.

In less than five years Jack Ravenwood gambled away every penny of his inheritance at the tables on the Riviera and then he got into a drunken brawl and was shot to death. Margaret was eight years old at the time and



her portrait. It really

Tim

Dora was "showing" at the Fair in San Francisco, thousands of miles of continent and ocean between them. Dora cried a little over her husband's tragic end, but it was her daughter, alone and without money, who gave her the greatest concern.

"What must I do, Martin?" she asked me, and I'm afraid I wasn't very sympathetic, because all I could think about was that Dora was free at last.

Free to love, free to love me, with a happy, prosperous future in store for us,—that was my dream. We "worked" next to each other at the Fair, the Princess Fedora, the richest of all concessions, and Captain Ivanhoe, not to be sneered at, myself. Dora was teaching me Italian, then, I remember. Both of us spoke French and German, as well as English, and she had mapped out a course of study for me which was especially inviting

because Dora was to be my teacher. I was selfish enough not to want Margaret entering our Eden, and when Dora showed me her daughter's latest photographs I was speechless with surprise and dismay.

"She is like her father," the Princess said proudly. "Isn't she adorable, Martin? Sometimes I can scarcely believe she is mine. But she is, all mine, now. The question is, what's to be done about her future?"

Although eight years old, Margaret had never been to school, having wandered during her father's lifetime from Monte Carlo to Ostend and from Biarritz to Carlsbad, with the gaming tables rather than the class-room her daily portion.

At Ravenwood's death, the good sisters of St. Mary Magdalene had taken charge of his little daughter, and after considering the case Dora decided to allow Margaret to remain at the convent until she came East in the spring at least.

MARGARET, however, remained with the sisters for five years, during which time mother and daughter never met. In fact, the Princess hadn't seen her baby since she went to Australia with her father, a roly-poly youngster of three, but she was saving for her, banking most of the money she earned against the day of Margaret's home-coming.

"By the time my little girl is eighteen, Martin, I shall have enough put by to last us the rest of our lives," Dora whispered happily. "I shall retire

then, and Margaret and I will spend our days together in the country. Books, my poetry, and my baby,—what more could any woman desire, Martin?"

"I had hoped," I pointed out, "that there might be room for me."

But she wouldn't marry me then, nor make any promises for the future. Everything depended on Margaret; the sun rose and set with this little girl.

It was when Margaret was thirteen that Dora considered bringing her home. They were corresponding regularly now, and her daughter's letters were the most prized possessions that she owned. George and Mary of England had given the Princess Fedora a beautiful

brooch, and King Humbert's gift was a diamond star, while emperors and dukes and presidents had been pleased to lavish costly gewgaws on the *artiste*, but more precious than these were Margaret's school-girl letters.

AT FIRST Margaret wasn't very inquisitive; I've often wondered since what her idea of Dora was. All mail was addressed to Mrs. Dora Ravenwood, of course, and was sent to the office of the Princess' lawyer in New York. From time to time Dora enclosed copies of her published poems, good poetry, it was, so that Margaret must have been proud to show the verse to her school companions; and then they always corresponded in French. With the generous allowance which the Princess made her daughter, Margaret surely must have imagined her mother to be a wealthy woman, just as her poetry and her charming letters proclaimed her a cultured one.

Then, one day, Margaret wrote, asking Dora if she were a poetess. She meant a professional writer and it pleased Dora immensely. Yet, she answered at once that she only composed her verses for amusement, or because they were in her heart and had to be put on paper; she was, the Princess explained, an *artiste*. That is what we call ourselves. Why not?

Just before her fourteenth birthday, then, Margaret Ravenwood crossed the Atlantic and arrived in New York on the very day the Princess was hurried to the hospital with pneumonia.

"Don't tell my little girl; she mustn't be worried, Martin," Dora gasped, clutching my hand imploringly. "Telephone to Mr. Norcross to meet her—and have him say I've gone on tour. I'll be all right in a little while."

Norcross was the lawyer and when it was plain that the Princess was very, very ill and would remain at the hospital for a considerable length of time, he took Margaret to a fashionable girls' school on the Hudson. Dora mended slowly and she looked a wreck. She had aged ten years in two months and she knew it.

"I can't have my baby see me looking like this, Martin," she cried, clinging to my arm. "After all these years—why, I'll frighten her to death! My eyes look like burnt holes in a blanket, Martin, and . . . are those gray hairs? Let me see: of course I'm not forty! Martin, I don't approve of a woman's dyeing her hair, but surely a little color restorer—eh? Of course! You're a very sensible fellow, my friend."

The Princess went to Hot Springs and remained there a month, and by that time we had to go to California to keep some dates we had contracted for last summer. Dora would have gone to New York then, to see Margaret, only the doctor warned her against the treacherous winters in the East. So instead, Margaret received

a beautiful original poem, the one that has been quoted everywhere, "Daughter o' Mine," and Princess Fedora went to Southern California for the next six months.

Some rogue or philosopher has said that life is as funny as anything, and I'm very much inclined to agree with the gentleman. Life is funny. After all these years Margaret Ravenwood had crossed the Atlantic Ocean to join her mother in America, and yet four years passed without their seeing each other. I don't know why, exactly. It just happened, I suppose. Margaret remained at the school up on the Hudson and spent her vacations with girls she met there. Charming girls, from excellent families, and that pleased the Princess, of course. Dora wasn't a snob, but she did plan big things for her daughter.

"I did want to have my baby with me this summer.

I'm sure there wasn't in all the land a pampered daughter of a millionaire who received such a Christmas box!



Martin," she'd say to me; "but Helen Waterbury has invited her for July, and there's a week-end at Newport in August on the books. I want Margaret to enjoy herself, and I—if I work this summer again it will mean so many extra dollars in the bank. Yes, that will be best, I fancy."

I was always glad and sorry when Margaret's letters arrived—glad because they made the Princess happy,

and despondent because I firmly believe those letters came between Dora and me. For I haven't a doubt in the world but that Dora would have married me if it hadn't been for Margaret. I was an old friend, trusted, even loved in a way, but Margaret . . . was her god. This is what made me so bitter, so hard, when the crisis came.

Margaret was at Newport, where I think she had met everybody worth while but King George and Mary Pickford, when Dora put into words a thought which I'm sure had been in her mind a long, long time.

"I'm going to quit this business, Martin," she said of a sudden, in a crisp accent. "I'm going to clear out and then——"



I nodded. "And then Margaret need never know, you mean."

The Princess colored with annoyance at my crudeness, but she was honesty itself, and in a moment she was smiling because she could see that I was provoked.

"Yes, I guess I do mean that, Martin," she admitted. "There's no need for my little girl ever to know about . . . this. She's never seen me here, and I suppose there's no love in her heart for the tinsel and greasepaint.

You and I are different, my friend, and this is our life. Frankly, I'll miss it, but . . . with Margaret——"

"With Margaret you wouldn't even miss Heaven," I said coldly.

She smiled and shook her head. "Don't be jealous of my daughter, please," she implored. "I can't help it if Margaret is half of me—and more. She's a darling. This last letter—and her new photographs——"

Dora handed me the letter and, yes, it was the kind that any mother would have raved about, while the girl herself, her likeness,—she was lovely, just that. Slender and patrician, with beautiful hands and feet. The Princess always said that Jack Ravenwood came of good stock, and, looking at Margaret, one felt that she had excellent blood in her veins. Dora's blood, too, and Dora isn't tall and slender and patrician looking, but Margaret resembled her dead father.

"Dora," I said, on the spur of the moment, "does she *know*?"

"Know—what?" the Princess returned, while the flush crept under the skin. "Do you mean——? You know what I've told Margaret, Martin. I've never tried to hide behind my poetry; I've admitted I'm . . . an *artiste*——"

"An *artiste*, yes," I answered, steeling my heart against the look of fear, of dismay, on her face. "Are you sure you understand what the word '*artiste*' signifies to many persons, probably to your school-girl daughter? If Margaret hasn't placed you beside Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Fiske——"

"Oh, *no*, Martin!" Dora's voice was shrill with anguish and she wrung her hands. "I've never told Margaret that—anything to lead her to believe. But you're right: she might think that, Martin. Yes, I've got to quit; I'm going to quit at once."

"It would be best, certainly," I said, and turned and walked away.

In less than a minute she was after me, tugging at my sleeve.

Although she was chalk-white and breathing heavily, she met my eyes without faltering.

"It isn't that I'm ashamed of . . . the side show," she ventured. "If Queen Mary received me, and the President . . . why, it can't be so—so terrible, Martin. I've worked hard and made a lot of money—honestly. I've appeared in vaudeville, too. Maybe—maybe that makes me an *artiste* in spite of the circus side-show. What do you think, Martin?"

AN OLD fool, perhaps, but I couldn't control my tongue. Remember, I had loved the Princess for nearly sixteen years. Right after Jack Ravenwood took Margaret to Australia, from the day I joined the circus side-shows—all that time I've adored this woman.

"You're an *artiste* if you want to be, Dora," he said, after the first rhapsody; "and anyone who intimates you're not, will have to answer to me."

At which the Princess drew a deep breath, smiled, and murmured, "You're nice, Martin," thereby sending me to the seventh heaven of bliss.

As usual we went to California for the winter, for the Princess Fedora was threatened with a law suit when she attempted to cancel her Coast time. Rather than pay a big sum, Dora decided to play out her contracts, which would carry her through January and leave her her own mistress well before spring. Since Margaret was back at school again, her mother felt perfectly safe and commenced her last season torn between joy of the future and pain at saying good-by. After twenty years the show business was part of her, of course, but then Margaret was Margaret, and Dora was going to have her daughter home with her at last.

THEIR home was to be a delightful little castle which the Princess had built on an island in the St. Lawrence River—bought and paid for years ago for this very purpose. Dora said there was a room in the house for me, and I'd be very welcome—Margaret's Uncle Martin and all that; but every day of that last month in California reminded me of a doomed man drawing closer and closer to eternity.

I'm sure there wasn't in all the land a pampered daughter of a millionaire who received such a Christmas box as went east to the school on the Hudson, addressed to Margaret Ravenwood. For weeks Dora had been devoting all of her spare time seeking out beautiful and unique gifts and into the selection of each article went a mother's whole-hearted love. A beautiful Spanish shawl, with embroidered roses you could fairly smell, exquisite filigree work from the missions, and a gorgeous mandarin's robe from the shops of Chinatown. Then there were silk stockings by the dozen, hand-made lingerie of which I only caught a glimpse, and handkerchiefs which I was assured were of real lace. Jade ornaments, conserved fruit, and a de luxe edition of Elizabeth Browning's poems were mere bagatelles, according to the Princess, who enclosed a generous check with her letter saying the Christmas box was on its way, and at the last moment added the King's brooch.

"Margaret might like it for a bar pin," Dora observed simply, just as if the thing wasn't worth its weight in gold and didn't happen to be the Princess' favorite souvenir.

"Yes, and Margaret might like the stars to wear in her hair, or Windsor Castle to live in," I pointed out, rather ungraciously. "If that girl ever marries a poor man, you're making it pretty hard for him."

The frightened look she gave me had the stricken expression of a dumb animal in its depths. All at once I realized that Dora had never considered the possibility of her daughter's marrying some day, and I had to turn away from the mute inquiry of her glance. I shouldn't have said what I did, and I cursed myself for a blundering idiot, but just the same the thought lingered with us both. Margaret was a beautiful girl, and it seemed highly improbable that spinsterhood was to be her fate.

That night, when the various concessions on the lot were doing practically no business, around the supper hour, the Princess came over to my platform and intimated by her manner that she wanted to talk. Wanted to talk about Margaret's future, and I wished she wouldn't, because I didn't know how to answer her.

Dora wore a long black satin cloak over her gay "receiving" costume and perhaps it was that which made her look white and pinched.

"Martin," she began, "I never considered such a thing as my girl's falling in love and marrying some day. What a silly creature I am, but then no one can ever call me a match-making mamma, can they? It isn't at all improbable that Margaret will get married one of these days, but now—she is merely a child, just eighteen. Modern girls don't marry so young, Martin; there is so much to see and to do before one settles down. Still, I suppose it is just as well that I'm retiring now. In a very little while the Princess Fedora will be but a memory and at Margaret Meadows, on my island in the St. Lawrence, there will be only Mrs. Dora Ravenwood, poetess. No man, regardless of who he is, could object to a poetess, Martin."

"No man, regardless, could object to you, Dora," I answered her, a bit thickly. "And if I know human nature, once Margaret sees you, it will be many years before she has time to think seriously of a mere man."

"Flatterer!" she cried, but my words brought the color back to her cheeks. "Jack was like that—Jack Ravenwood—at first," she continued, after a moment. "We had the most fun! He said I was the most amusing person he had ever met, and, Martin, I—I believe I'm even more entertaining today. You see, then, in Jack's time, I knew only a smattering of French, and no German or Italian. I hadn't read the Scandinavians and I'm afraid I knew little or nothing of music or art. Now—well, I've studied hard. I never

went to college, but I believe I can match Margaret—frankly, I do."

She was like a small boy who whistles in the dark to keep up his courage.

"My wager's on you, and not Margaret," I told her.


I could understand Dora's anxiety to get away from the show business before her daughter was ready to come home, although our profession to me had never seemed a thing to be ashamed of. And the Princess, being a woman, has enjoyed a more distinguished career than I. Surely no opera singer or dramatic artist has known such homage. The pet and plaything of royalty, she has numerous gifts and decorations to prove her triumphs at the courts of Europe. Cultured, refined, gifted, the Princess has charmed everyone with whom she ever came in contact, and if Margaret found it difficult to become reconciled to the show tent and photograph seller, why, her mother's fortune had been accumulated by these methods. Still, if Dora wished to put the old life behind her, I was there to help her to the best of my ability.

When I say that neither the Princess nor I ever once considered the fact that Margaret Ravenwood might object to the woman herself, you [Turn to page 121]

Our New Contest

We are trying to interest you every month in a big way. The variety of our stories is becoming greater as time passes. We are planning surprises for you month by month. I know you're going to like them as they come—but right now I want you to read the announcement on page 72.

Smart Set Girls



THIS IS MISS WOLCOTT of Syracuse, New York, who won the SMART SET GIRL contest conducted by the Syracuse Telegram. She was one of the many applicants, and was chosen out, and been taken on the most theatrical and musical tour of New York City on a trip arranged by the Telegram and SMART SET.









At Father's invitation, Clyde came home to Christmas dinner with us. I cannot remember what happened during that meal. I know. I did not talk to Clyde, nor he to me.

*The Conclusion of the Story
About What Happened In*

The Hidden City

FULLY five minutes elapsed before I could grasp the significance of Father's words. It hardly seemed possible that he could have found Clyde drinking and gambling and using such language.

"And on the Sabbath!" echoed Mother sadly.

Although the thought of such a possibility flashed through my mind, I could not really bring myself to say aloud that Father must be mistaken. Considering that he had gone to Clyde because of my love for him, I knew Father would go to great lengths to establish these facts before repeating them.

The structure of my new hopes, having been raised too rapidly, collapsed about me with a deafening crash. In the estimation of Martinsville, drinking and gambling represented the lowest depths of worldly wickedness. Both were utterly unknown in our simple little secluded community, even in the days before the Federal government took affairs into its own hands.

"It is not bad enough that they will make it possible for the world to invade our privacy," Father said. "They

mean to bring their vices right into our very homes."

But everything swam before my eyes. Hot and cold waves swept over me. I wanted to die rather than to face my parents.

When the objects in the room stopped their hideous dancing, I felt Mother's arms holding me tightly.

"Eden darling!" she begged with unaccustomed display of affection. "Daughter—open thine eyes."

Father stood beside me with a glass of water which he held to my lips. Then he chafed my hands briskly, until I felt the warmth of life surge back into my face.

"He is not worthy of thee, Eden," Father was saying. "I know that it will be hard to tear his image from thy heart. Thou must try to forget."

Forget. There was so little to remember, after all—a kiss, an embrace, a few moments in which our bodies turned as one, swayed and whirled to the cadence of forbidden music, throbbed to the rhythm of the forbidden dance, and glowed with an inner fire as bright as the blazing lights overhead.

So little to remember, after all! Perhaps it would be easy to forget.

I told my parents that I would face the Lord's decision with humility and fortitude. I did not want them to worry over me. The next morning I resumed my care of the Fullerton children just as if nothing had happened to me.

Outwardly I maintained that forced air of courage and cheer. Inwardly, I was like an empty vessel. After trying to fulfill this assurance of fortitude for several days, I realized I had set myself an impossible task.

Bitterness against Clyde kept him constantly in my

his friends, I might still have cherished one desperate hope. Now, not only would marriage be forever impossible, but even the solace of friendship.

Not because Father would forbid it. I did not need his judgment to guide me in this instance. I myself felt that this created an impassable barrier between us.

Oh, I was bitter! I do not want you to think that my love had suddenly become converted into hate. So many generations of Friends behind me had stamped out my capacity for any such malicious emotion. I would not have injured Clyde for any reason under the sun. Indeed, I was willing to suffer any loss, any pain, any agony, if my sacrifice would do him some good. So far as I could see, the desolation could be of no ultimate advantage to either of us.

Bitterness is the only word I can use to express my feelings—bitterness at his having destroyed the last wistful longing for "what might have been."

I began to doubt Clyde's love, too.



*"No, Herman, I am afraid
we Friends cannot join thee
in asking him to leave town,"
Father said to him.*

thoughts. I had known his standards were not mine from the very beginning. I had dreamed of a sort of compromise, but with this new manifestation of his worldliness, the situation became different.

Even according to our rigid beliefs, drink and cards were far more wicked than dancing. They were the very incarnation of the Devil himself. I could not even picture them in my imagination. I knew them both as unworthy pursuits of a man of character. Drink was a sin of the flesh—vile, and wasteful of physical strength. Gambling was a sin of the spirit, for men grew content to make money by chance rather than by muscle and brain.

THERE was something unclean and revolting in the thought of such habits and, try as I might, I could not reconcile my knowledge of Clyde's wholesomeness with the scene Father had described.

Better to have left well enough alone! Had Father not sought him out, and interrupted him in his revels with

Had I meant as much to him as he insisted I did, my way of living would have influenced him. I did not expect him to abandon his world. But to drink, to gamble—how could he after the white passion of that night at the dance?

I, who had committed no unpardonable sin in all my life, had felt newly-created, spotlessly pure after his first kiss. It came as a shock to me that our brief romance of that night had made no change in him.

The Fullerton children were no longer the consolation they had been. Their very devotion seemed to taunt me. I could not even know the comfort of a drive with Cosmo, the pony, as he became quite lost in the snowdrifts the instant we started out.

Christmas was fast approaching. Whereas neither the Friends nor the Mennonites celebrated this day with the gorgeous ceremony observed by the rest of the world, nevertheless it was a time of simple festival for us, too. I had no heart to throw myself into the preparations. At

best I hoped to gain a little spiritual peace at Yuletide. Joy, except for that which comes of good-will, lay beyond my expectations.

Certain rumors began to be whispered about town. I had thought that my parents and I were the only ones to share the secret of Clyde's behavior. It seemed, shortly, that I was mistaken.

Anthony Carlisle, having come home to find Clyde and his friends still at their boisterous pastime, communicated his displeasure to Clyde. Clyde, so the story came to me, refused to discuss the matter. As far as he



was concerned, he said, what went on in the privacy of his room was his own business.

After sitting up through that night, his companions left at dawn, and from all that could be learned, did not intend to come back. Nevertheless, Friend Carlisle considered it his duty to warn Elder Leffelbach of the Menonite church that danger was at our doors.

Elder Leffelbach, who was invited to the Hebrew Feast of Candles, then in progress, promised to convey the

message to Abner Gordon, with whom Clyde boarded.

A storm of excitement broke over our snow-bound community. Martinsville was agog, and no righteous citizen felt justified in keeping silent. Another town might have magnified the story. The plain, unadorned facts were terrifying enough:—A stranger to whom we had given shelter had abused our hospitality by bringing vice into one of our most honored homes. Who could tell how often he might repeat the offense?

I had lived so completely in the solitude of my disappointment that I did not realize how strongly public opinion was turning against Clyde until that Sunday when Elder Leffelbach preached his fiery sermon against the Flesh and the Devil. He did not mention Clyde's name, but pictured his subject with such accuracy that his congregation could not be left in doubt.

Tillie Dunnbecker visited me at Aaron Fullerton's the next afternoon for the express purpose of repeating the sermon to me.

"WILT tell me something, Eden?" she asked, coming closer, and casting a swift look behind her as if to guard against eavesdroppers. "Everybody says it's true. Did—did he really leave a trail of—of brimstone in his room after he left? Like—Satan?"

Something hot pounded in my temples. "Who?" I asked in turn, to gain time.

"Mr. Orsay," she whispered.

God forgive me for the unkind thought, but in that moment I wanted to slap Tillie's face, her round, shining face with its big, foolish blue eyes. There is nothing so certain to fan a last spark of love into flame, as criticism of the loved one. Whatever I might feel toward Clyde, I was furious at Tillie's intimation.

"Art silly!" I cried in provocation. "When our elders tell us that the Evil One leaves a trail of fire and brimstone—only the little children believe that. The story is symbolic. And besides, with the birthday of our Lord so near, I think it is wrong for thee to entertain such cruel thoughts toward a man who has not done thee or anyone else in Martinsville aught of harm. Hast best look to thine own soul, Tillie."

"Well," she answered, taken aback by my outburst, "my father says he is glad that the stranger did not live in our house, anyway."

Particularly among children, stories of this kind spread like wildfire. A few days after this, I saw little Esther Gordon and a playmate stop short in fear before Friend Carlisle's home. Then, joining hands and shutting their eyes tightly, they ran past, as if Satan really dwelt within.

EVEN the Hebrews, whom we considered touched by the world because they danced at festivals and weddings, and drank wine in the performance of certain ceremonies—even they had warned their children against Clyde!

I cannot easily describe the feelings which all this suppressed excitement aroused within me. My bitterness toward Clyde had by no means lessened, but along with it, if such is possible, I had a vague feeling that I ought to defend him from injustice of the town's attitude.

Although he had outraged our ideas of morality, people had no reason to believe that he meant to teach the young people of Martinsville to do the same. I who knew him better than the rest, understood this too well. To declare that he was a menace before he showed any desire to spread his iniquity seemed very unfair.

It sounds contradictory for me to entertain these two emotions side by side. I daresay it was, especially since I certainly did not believe that he could ever redeem himself in my eyes. Still, for the sake of what had once





At Father's invitation, Clyde came home to Christmas dinner with us. I cannot remember what happened during that meal. I know I did not talk to Clyde, nor he to me.

*The Conclusion of the Story
About What Happened In*

The Hidden City

FULLY five minutes elapsed before I could grasp the significance of Father's words. It hardly seemed possible that he could have found Clyde drinking and gambling and using such language.

"And on the Sabbath!" echoed Mother sadly.

Although the thought of such a possibility flashed through my mind, I could not really bring myself to say aloud that Father must be mistaken. Considering that he had gone to Clyde because of my love for him, I knew Father would go to great lengths to establish these facts before repeating them.

The structure of my new hopes, having been raised too rapidly, collapsed about me with a deafening crash. In the estimation of Martinsville, drinking and gambling represented the lowest depths of worldly wickedness. Both were utterly unknown in our simple little secluded community, even in the days before the Federal government took affairs into its own hands.

"It is not bad enough that they will make it possible for the world to invade our privacy," Father said. "They

mean to bring their vices right into our very homes."

But everything swam before my eyes. Hot and cold waves swept over me. I wanted to die rather than to face my parents.

When the objects in the room stopped their hideous dancing, I felt Mother's arms holding me tightly.

"Eden darling!" she begged with unaccustomed display of affection. "Daughter—open thine eyes."

Father stood beside me with a glass of water which he held to my lips. Then he chafed my hands briskly, until I felt the warmth of life surge back into my face.

"He is not worthy of thee, Eden," Father was saying. "I know that it will be hard to tear his image from thy heart. Thou must try to forget."

Forget. There was so little to remember, after all—a kiss, an embrace, a few moments in which our bodies turned as one, swayed and whirled to the cadence of forbidden music, throbbed to the rhythm of the forbidden dance, and glowed with an inner fire as bright as the blazing lights overhead.

So little to remember, after all! Perhaps it would be easy to forget.

I told my parents that I would face the Lord's decision with humility and fortitude. I did not want them to worry over me. The next morning I resumed my care of the Fullerton children just as if nothing had happened to me.

Outwardly I maintained that forced air of courage and cheer. Inwardly, I was like an empty vessel. After trying to fulfill this assurance of fortitude for several days, I realized I had set myself an impossible task.

Bitterness against Clyde kept him constantly in my

his friends, I might still have cherished one desperate hope. Now, not only would marriage be forever impossible, but even the solace of friendship.

Not because Father would forbid it. I did not need his judgment to guide me in this instance. I myself felt that this created an impassable barrier between us.

Oh, I was bitter! I do not want you to think that my love had suddenly become converted into hate. So many generations of Friends behind me had stamped out my capacity for any such malicious emotion. I would not have injured Clyde for any reason under the sun. Indeed, I was willing to suffer any loss, any pain, any agony, if my sacrifice would do him some good. So far as I could see, the desolation could be of no ultimate advantage to either of us.

Bitterness is the only word I can use to express my feelings—bitterness at his having destroyed the last wistful longing for "what might have been."

I began to doubt Clyde's love, too.



"No, Herman, I am afraid we Friends cannot join thee in asking him to leave town," Father said to him.

thoughts. I had known his standards were not mine from the very beginning. I had dreamed of a sort of compromise, but with this new manifestation of his worldliness, the situation became different.

Even according to our rigid beliefs, drink and cards were far more wicked than dancing. They were the very incarnation of the Devil himself. I could not even picture them in my imagination. I knew them both as unworthy pursuits of a man of character. Drink was a sin of the flesh—vile, and wasteful of physical strength. Gambling was a sin of the spirit, for men grew content to make money by chance rather than by muscle and brain.

THERE was something unclean and revolting in the thought of such habits and, try as I might, I could not reconcile my knowledge of Clyde's wholesomeness with the scene Father had described.

Better to have left well enough alone! Had Father not sought him out, and interrupted him in his revels with

Had I meant as much to him as he insisted I did, my way of living would have influenced him. I did not expect him to abandon his world. But to drink, to gamble—how could he after the white passion of that night at the dance?

I, who had committed no unpardonable sin in all my life, had felt newly-created, spotlessly pure after his first kiss. It came as a shock to me that our brief romance of that night had made no change in him.

The Fullerton children were no longer the consolation they had been. Their very devotion seemed to taunt me. I could not even know the comfort of a drive with Cosmo, the pony, as he became quite lost in the snowdrifts the instant we started out.

Christmas was fast approaching. Whereas neither the Friends nor the Mennonites celebrated this day with the gorgeous ceremony observed by the rest of the world, nevertheless it was a time of simple festival for us, too. I had no heart to throw myself into the preparations. At

best I hoped to gain a little spiritual peace at Yuletide. Joy, except for that which comes of good-will, lay beyond my expectations.

Certain rumors began to be whispered about town. I had thought that my parents and I were the only ones to share the secret of Clyde's behavior. It seemed, shortly, that I was mistaken.

Anthony Carlisle, having come home to find Clyde and his friends still at their boisterous pastime, communicated his displeasure to Clyde. Clyde, so the story came to me, refused to discuss the matter. As far as he



was concerned, he said, what went on in the privacy of his room was his own business.

After sitting up through that night, his companions left at dawn, and from all that could be learned, did not intend to come back. Nevertheless, Friend Carlisle considered it his duty to warn Elder Leffelbach of the Menonite church that danger was at our doors.

Elder Leffelbach, who was invited to the Hebrew Feast of Candles, then in progress, promised to convey the

message to Abner Gordon, with whom Clyde boarded.

A storm of excitement broke over our snow-bound community. Martinsville was agog, and no righteous citizen felt justified in keeping silent. Another town might have magnified the story. The plain, unadorned facts were terrifying enough:—A stranger to whom we had given shelter had abused our hospitality by bringing vice into one of our most honored homes. Who could tell how often he might repeat the offense?

I had lived so completely in the solitude of my disappointment that I did not realize how strongly public opinion was turning against Clyde until that Sunday when Elder Leffelbach preached his fiery sermon against the Flesh and the Devil. He did not mention Clyde's name, but pictured his subject with such accuracy that his congregation could not be left in doubt.

Tillie Dunnbecker visited me at Aaron Fullerton's the next afternoon for the express purpose of repeating the sermon to me.

"WILT tell me something, Eden?" she asked, coming closer, and casting a swift look behind her as if to guard against eavesdroppers. "Everybody says it's true. Did—did he really leave a trail of—of brimstone in his room after he left? Like—Satan?"

Something hot pounded in my temples. "Who?" I asked in turn, to gain time.

"Mr. Orsay," she whispered.

God forgive me for the unkind thought, but in that moment I wanted to slap Tillie's face, her round, shining face with its big, foolish blue eyes. There is nothing so certain to fan a last spark of love into flame, as criticism of the loved one. Whatever I might feel toward Clyde, I was furious at Tillie's intimation.

"Art silly!" I cried in provocation. "When our elders tell us that the Evil One leaves a trail of fire and brimstone—only the little children believe that. The story is symbolic. And besides, with the birthday of our Lord so near, I think it is wrong for thee to entertain such cruel thoughts toward a man who has not done thee or anyone else in Martinsville aught of harm. Hast best look to thine own soul, Tillie."

"Well," she answered, taken aback by my outburst. "my father says he is glad that the stranger did not live in our house, anyway."

Particularly among children, stories of this kind spread like wildfire. A few days after this, I saw little Esther Gordon and a playmate stop short in fear before Friend Carlisle's home. Then, joining hands and shutting their eyes tightly, they ran past, as if Satan really dwelt within.

EVEN the Hebrews, whom we considered touched by the world because they danced at festivals and weddings, and drank wine in the performance of certain ceremonies—even they had warned their children against Clyde!

I cannot easily describe the feelings which all this suppressed excitement aroused within me. My bitterness toward Clyde had by no means lessened, but along with it, if such is possible, I had a vague feeling that I ought to defend him from injustice of the town's attitude.

Although he had outraged our ideas of morality, people had no reason to believe that he meant to teach the young people of Martinsville to do the same. I who knew him better than the rest, understood this too well. To declare that he was a menace before he showed any desire to spread his iniquity seemed very unfair.

It sounds contradictory for me to entertain these two emotions side by side. I daresay it was, especially since I certainly did not believe that he could ever redeem himself in my eyes. Still, for the sake of what had once

passed between us, I could not endure the town's hysteria, which seemed to mount day by day.

Yet what could I say? The least word in his favor might be taken to mean that I approved of his course. Emphatically, I did not. Accordingly I kept silent, with the result that my conflicting emotions threatened to undermine my health as well as my nerves.

From various sources, I heard that he was meeting his neighbor's disapproval with the most astounding coldness. I did not suppose for a moment that he was unaware of the change toward him. As events proved later, he was, but he preferred to maintain that aloofness, to impress upon Martinsville that his life was quite unrelated to others.

Had he but assured Friend Carlyle that the disgraceful scene would not be repeated, the matter would have been dropped. When this nonchalance amounted to genuine defiance, Elder Leffelbach came over one night to find out if the Friends would join the Mennonites in asking Clyde to leave town.

FATHER did not tell me so. Just by accident I overheard the conversation. The two men were alone in the living-room. Mother asked me to go in quietly and fetch her darning basket, which she left on the fireside bench. She was mistaken, however, and I had to hunt for the basket. Thus I was forced to listen to a few snatches of their talk, and from them I pieced together the purpose of Elder Leffelbach's visit. Perhaps I learned more than was good for me.

"But he is here on business of the state, and must perform his duties as promised!" Father protested.

"It's boarding-houses in Madison, too," replied the other, rather thickly.

After all these generations many of the Mennonites still preserved a trace of their ancestral language. "And when it's snow everywhere," he continued, "he can't do nothing on the road, anyhow."

"That is true," Father agreed, "but if he stays he must have some purpose in doing so. No, Herman, I am afraid we Friends cannot join thee in asking him to leave town. That would hint of persecution, and thou knowest that persecution is an evil we have always avoided. We must let him abide with us, and can only strengthen our inner selves to resist that which he finds pleasurable."

Hugging the basket to me, I went out, strangely moved. Clyde did not leave town after all.

The next Sunday he appeared at Meeting as usual, but

no mention of the problem, either direct or indirect, was made by Charity Simmons, who spoke. On the Friday meeting before Christmas, Father delivered a short message. In his simple but eloquent fashion he talked of the personal aspects of sin. "Whereas sin is a matter between God and sinner," he said, "let him who steps aside from the path of righteousness remember that he cannot live entirely independent of his fellow men. Somewhere there is one, perhaps unknown to him, who will grieve because of this sin."

I do not think Father meant his words as a rebuke to Clyde. It was just that the thought was uppermost in his mind. But Clyde, with the same thought uppermost in his mind, was influenced, and the morning after, he came to Father, requesting a short interview with me.

He told Father that any third person was welcome to be present during our conversation. Father replied that he did not believe such spying on his daughter necessary. Provided I was willing, he might talk to me whenever he wished.

Clyde explained this to me while he stood in the doorway of the Fullerton cottage. I had not yet recovered from the shock of seeing him before me in his great sheepskin coat and fur hat.

Of course this relieved me of my promise not to communicate with him. I knew why Father had consented to this—because he felt confident that this man was powerless to affect me. And Father's confidence was well founded.

The sight of Clyde merely stung my bitterness into activity. There could be no trembling warmth in our meeting. His ardent eyes that had

once kindled my soul left me quite cold. His nearness gave me no sense of anticipation. I felt that I could listen to whatever he had to say without the slightest stir of memory.

At my invitation, he entered eagerly, even forgetting to stamp the snow from his boots.

EDEN!" he burst out. You're not going to marry this—this—"hesitating, he glanced at little Emily who was playing with a kitten on the floor, "—the father of these children, are you?"

"Is this what you came to ask me?" I demanded, myself aghast at any such possibility.

"No, I came to justify myself, Eden. If you'll only listen to me—"

"Nothing you can say will justify your behavior," I

Don't Forget the Day

Are you going home for Thanksgiving? I wish we all could but I know it isn't always possible. And I'm going to ask you to do me a favor.

If you can't go home you can write. Please do it. Thanksgiving is one of the most glorious days in American history. Let's do what little we can to cheer someone up over the holiday.

And if you can go home, write to someone who can't. It isn't much to do, but it will bring a little glow into a life which doesn't have any too much pleasure in it.

If you haven't any other friend to write to, write to me. I'm always glad to hear from my friends and we have a point of contact in SMART SET.

And just to put a little interest behind your letter I'm going to give \$25 for the best one I receive and \$5 for each of the five next best. All letters must be mailed by December 1st. Prizes will be awarded January 1st. The editors will be the judges.—THE EDITOR.

retorted. "Why should I listen to you after you—"
He looked at me in an absolute bewilderment. I did not have to scrutinize his face to see how thin it had grown.

"You don't mean you believe all these fool stories going around?"

"Are you asking me to doubt my father's word?" I challenged.

"And did your father tell you he saw *me* drunk? That he saw *me* gambling for high stakes? That he heard *me* use language that no decent chap would ever think of?"

"If you knew why my father went to visit you that

Yet I did believe it was none of Clyde's affair at all, and womanlike, I chose to punish him for his curiosity. I did not stop to think why that curiosity was so keen.

"Who told you this?"

"Everybody's saying it—that there's a secret engagement between you, and you're taking care of the children now so they'll grow accustomed to you."

"Does that make any difference to you?"

"Eden!"

"Perhaps—there is," I admitted.

HE MUTTERED something under his breath which I could not catch. Then he began pacing the small room with large steps. Silence hung over us, a gray heavy silence, menacing as a storm cloud. I saw no reason for me to break it. I had nothing to say to him. Let him speak if he wished to.

The silence pressed heavier. The child, sensitive as children are, becoming suddenly aware of the tension about her, ran to me with a request to be taken up. Once in my lap, her confidence returned, and from this vantage point she proceeded to flirt shyly with Clyde.



"Everybody says that it's true. Did—did he really leave a trail of—brimstone in his room after he left, like—like Satan?"

"Art silly!" I cried.

night, you would realize how careful he would be in repeating what he saw."

"Will you tell me why, Eden?"

I decided I would. I wanted him to know how I had suffered for his wantonness.

"Because I told him I loved you," I answered. "He was coming to make peace with you, to get to know you better. He believed there must be much good in you, if I loved you. He felt remorse at having been too stern. And then he found you—drinking. Oh, how could you do this to me, Clyde?"

At this, he started forward.

"I loved you—then," I reminded him pointedly.

He turned away. "Then you *are* going to marry him!"

Let me assure you here that this intention had never crossed my mind. The mere suggestion struck terror to my heart, not because Aaron Fullerton was a disagreeable sort of person, but because I did not love him.

This was disconcerting, to say the least, particularly since I could feel Clyde's eyes watching me as I cuddled her closer.

"Why—he's a clod, a simpleton!" said Clyde at last.

I knew he meant Friend Fullerton. To tell the truth, he was by no means one of the town's bright, alert men. Yet, for me to be sitting in his home, mothering his children while I permitted another to call him a simpleton, offended my sense of loyalty. I made no attempt to conceal my displeasure.

[Turn to page 107]



The Little

AS A bird is born with wings to soar, I was born with rebellion in my heart. At college, I never had to smoke on the campus against rules, or keep a monogrammed flask in my room, or do any of the other silly things the girls did, in order to achieve what they proudly called "revolt."

Revolt came to me naturally. It beat in my blood. It colored my speech and shaped my thoughts. It lifted my dark head to a saucy angle, and gave to my body that erect poise which Edith Baxter always said made me look like one about to take a flying swan-dive from a spring-board.

"The Littlest Rebel," they called me a month after I had entered college, and by the end of the first semester, many had forgotten that my application blank read "Louella Dane." Yet the escapades by which I earned the former name, and I can assure you there were many,

were mere misdemeanors compared to that one great crime of my sophomore year.

I defied Professor Peter Banks!

To an outsider this means nothing. To the student body it was sacrilege. I defied Professor Peter Banks!

Now any college, especially a co-ed place like Stratford, is a little community in itself. It not only has its own officers and laws but its own particular standards of ethics and morality. It creates individual styles of dress and habits of speech. It has its own joys and sorrows and heart-aches; work and leisure; flirtations and love affairs. But above all every college has its faculty deities, little tin gods that command worship, and to doubt the divinity of one of these is almost as grave as to doubt the existence of the Creator himself.

Professor Peter Banks was the god of gods in Stratford, a young, unmarried, handsome god, listed on the



On Friday afternoons Professor Banks took us out to the woods for first-hand study.

There was much about him to feed the general appetite for hero-worship—certain human qualities that were foreign to other profs.

Tin God

faculty roster as associate in Natural Science, and in *The Ivy Leaf*, our year book, as the youngest full-fledged professor, aged twenty-eight.

When I saw the girls lift their eyes to him in adoration, or the boys boast about having been invited to his rooms to look over his collection of curios, a mischievous desire to tear down his pedestal struggled within me for release.

THAT this was incomprehensible to my classmates, I fully knew.

"Oh, Louella!" wailed Edith Baxter, who roomed in Carter Hall, where I did. "Haven't you ever honestly had a crush on anybody?"

"Not I!" I boasted.

"Not even on—Peter?" she asked in an awed whisper. All the girls called him Peter behind his back. They

liked to call the professors by their first names. "That paper doll!"

Her feelings were too wounded for her to continue to discuss him. "And not even on Bill Kirk? He—he even asked me to put in a good word for him."

Bill Kirk was the junior who used to camp on the Carter Hall steps hoping for a glimpse of me. Many a night at ten o'clock the dorm proctor suggested tactfully that I go out and shoo him away. After a while, with the help of the cook, I found an exit through a cellar window and used to escape, going my own way while poor Bill waited doggedly.

"You ask Bill what I did to him the night of the Phi Sigma Phi dance, when he tried to kiss me," I suggested.

By the way Edith colored, I judged that Bill had already told her. As a matter of fact, I had chased him up a tree, like the funny big bear that he was. Oh, not

because I was a prude and objected to the kiss, but just because.

At any rate, that's the wildcat I was, when, at the beginning of my sophomore year I registered for a course with Professor Banks. As a frosh, I had taken nothing with him out of contrariness. But during that first vacation, I definitely decided to study medicine after graduation, and in order to be eligible for medical college, I needed a certain course in general biology which only he gave.

JUST why I should have been convinced that I would some day clash with this Apollo of the tin gods, I cannot tell, except that, as I say, rebellion was the very pulse of my life. He aroused in me that spirited antagonism, which withstands explanation. I resented his very appearance—that lithe, strong body of his, almost like an Indian runner's. I resented his youth, and his scholarly achievements, and his wide reputation as an adventurer. Prospecting for gold, big game hunting, excavation of lost cities, visits to hidden tribes—all these he had to his credit. Just imagine turning a man like that into a group of young people whose lives had always been bounded by classroom walls!

Truthfully speaking, you see there was much about Professor Banks to feed the general appetite for hero-worship. Besides all this, he exhibited certain human qualities foreign to the other cloistered professors. He treated men and women alike with a certain worldly but jolly frankness. He never refused an invitation to an undergrad smoker. He had been heard to swear soundly and picturesquely upon a number of occasions. Instead of greeting you with a stiff "Good morning!"—as was the faculty habit—he would wave to you half way across the campus and call out, "Hello, there!"

Oh, yes! He was a regular fellow, but I had always been too much the tomboy myself to idolize anything in male form. I simply had to make him look foolish in public, and at the end of the first month I saw my opportunity. By that, I do not mean that I sat waiting to pounce upon my prey. I recognized the opportunity subconsciously.

Professor Banks was late to class. He often was. Despite the ruling that a section was automatically dismissed if the instructor failed to appear within fifteen minutes after the bell, nobody moved to go. That was the hold he had on them, and the boys were just as bad as the girls. We stood around chatting, eleven of us, as I remember, and Fred Neidhart was trying to date me up for the first football game.

SUDDENLY somebody said, "Let 'The Littlest Rebel' take the class. She knows a lot about this bunk."

"I accept the nomination!" I cried, starting toward the small platform where the desk stood.

I had always had a real talent for imitation. In addition, I had watched Professor Banks more closely than I would have been willing to admit. Generally, he wore tweeds and an old army hat, still bearing the "Chemical Warfare" insignia. On days when he came late, he would appear with that battered hat far back on his head, and a preoccupied look on his face, obviously unaware of the presence of the class.

"Co-eds and football heroes," one of the boys yelled. "Permit me to introduce the greatest little tear-splasher on the screen."



I snatched a hat from one of the boys and, settling it at the proper angle, began my triumphal advance from the doorway. At any rate I thought it was going to be triumphal. For a second, the others greeted my histrionic efforts with silent perplexity. Then a shout of glee arose.

Now, Professor Banks had an unusual walk. He glided along in a straight line, hardly lifting his feet, like a true woodsman. I knew I had caught this peculiarity. I pulled myself up sharply before the class, swept them a bow, and hung my hat on the chair, as he did.

Bedlam broke loose. It is a funny thing that although not one of them would have presumed to impersonate the god of gods, as I was doing, nevertheless, in spite of their devotion to him, they enjoyed the spectacle of another's doing so.

The mock lesson went along beautifully. Oh, I was

making a spectacle of the professor! In moments of intense interest, Professor Banks strode up and down, rumpling his hair. Accordingly, I was in the act of tugging at my short curls, and delivering a ridiculous lecture on the economic importance of lobster *genus Veeburg* in the life of American aristocracy, when the thing happened.

I stopped to draw breath, and in the pause glanced toward the doorway. There stood Professor Banks.

At first I was not so shocked. Even the ominous silence of the others who had followed my gaze could not

"My dear Miss Dane," said the professor with a hint of mockery in his voice. "Permit me to resign in your favor."

This was the time for me to say something clever about holding the mirror up to nature, or something flippant about collecting a day's salary for my services. But did I?

I kept reminding myself that I was the girl who had stayed away from her own hazing just to see what would happen. The thought seemed to bring me no courage. I looked into his laughing, teasing eyes, until the whole structure of my defiance collapsed. Then I burst into tears and dashed from the room.

Tears of rage, I told myself they were. Yet nobody could have been more astonished than I. Truly I could not remember when last I had cried. Certainly not a soul at college had ever seen me in tears.

WITH all the fervor of my rebellious soul, I hated that smiling, teasing, horrid superior creature. At last I had a legitimate reason for a declaration of war.

By noon-time the story was on every lip. The gray stone dormitory walls echoed with it. The chapel chimes rang with it. The few leaves left on the trees whispered it to each other. Every blade of campus grass seemed to stiffen as I passed.

The god of gods was victorious and "The Littlest Rebel" humbled. I think there was as much triumph over my tears as there was amazement at my insult to the person of Professor Banks. But I was not humbled, and already plans sized in my head.

Yet, for a while, although I held my head higher than ever, life was almost unbearable. The more I pro-

tested, the less my friends believed that I had not developed a crush on him, and staged this scene in order to attract his attention.

OH, I know how it is," said Isabel Arnold, who broke out into crushes periodically, like poison ivy. "That's one of the first symptoms—crying. Your heart just fills with joy."

"But it wasn't joy, I tell you! I was furious because he sneaked up behind me that way."

Fred Neidhart happened to be one of the group on the gym steps at the time. "Co-eds and football heroes," he put in, "permit me to introduce the greatest little tear-wringer on the screen. Tears guaranteed one hundred per cent natural, without aid of onion juice, and unadulterated by glycerin."

"Louella has a crush!" intoned somebody, in the sing-song rhythm children use.

"Louella has a crush!" repeated [Turn to page 112]



dampen my spirit. Besides, deep down in my heart I had hoped that he would catch me poking fun at him. After all there is no point to pulling down a pedestal unless the god knows he has been deposed.

When our eyes met, I realized he had witnessed the whole performance. We had all been too much engrossed to notice him standing in the doorway. Neither did this bother me. I gathered my wits to meet a pained rebuke, or haughty indifference.


But instead, he chuckled quietly and, slapping the old hat back on his head, entered the room by burlesquing my imitation of his walk. It was wholly incredible. Far from being incensed, he was turning the tables on me. The class tittered.

When a Girl

*What Happens to
the Thousands
Who Try for Fame
... and Fail?
Where Do They Go?*

By
Mrs. Helen
Robinson

as told in an
Interview



"Well, it's getting pretty late for girls like you to be out alone. How about going home?"

THE girl was young.
Not more than twenty.
And pretty.

She sat huddled on a bench among the derelicts in Union Square Park one biting, raw evening in last March.

She drew tighter the coat of her shabby dress, though it offered but scant protection against the wind which swept from river to river.

Then, mechanically, she opened her purse and, for perhaps the hundredth time that day, counted the coins it contained—the four pennies.

"What are you doing here, sister?"

At the query the girl started up with a gasp of fright. Above her towered a big man in a blue uniform and brass buttons. There was no gruffness in his tone, but his eyes were coldly searching.

"I was—just resting," she stammered.

"Well, it's getting pretty late for girls like you to be out alone. Sometimes rough people drift into this park at night. How about going home?"

"Yes, sir. I will—now." The girl hurried away.

But, with the park a block behind her, she paused in the shadows and laughed—hysterically. She laughed and clenched her hands to hold back the tears.

"Home!" The word mocked her. She had no home. Only that morning she had been put out of her tiny hall

bedroom far uptown because she owed two weeks' rent. For a long time she had been too ill to earn enough to meet her scanty necessities. She hadn't eaten since the night before.

FOUR cents! That was her capital. Not sufficient to telegraph the "folks back home" of her plight and ask them to come for her—if they would. She was beaten. The pride which previously had kept her from writing and admitting she had failed, was crushed. She had just about reached the end—

Then she remembered. She reopened her purse, drew out a bit of paper, held it close to a lighted window and read the address scrawled upon it: 138 East Nineteenth Street. Some days previous it had been given to her by a fellow lodger, in the rooming-house from which she had been evicted, with the injunction: "Go there if you

Needs a Friend



To the girl without companionship, life becomes a burden.

get down and out. They'll help you. I'm sure they will."

At the time she had given the matter little thought. Now she wondered dumbly if there really was a place which would help such as she.

"Nineteenth Street," she mumbled. "That isn't far away. I guess I can walk it. And no matter what they do, I can't be any worse off than I am now."

With faltering steps she turned north, located the thoroughfare, then moved along slowly, searching for the number. Finally she came to the place, one of a row of fine brown stone houses. It surely looked homey, with lights shining from many windows. And she heard sounds of music and laughter.

She moved closer and read the sign at the entrance, "Girls' Service League." Again she studied the building.

It appeared too imposing to be a refuge for those in want. But hunger and desperation gave her courage. Two steps down and she was in the vestibule. She found and rang the bell.

ALMOST instantly the door swung wide. A woman of motherly appearance, with understanding eyes and a welcoming smile drew her inside with, "You never need ring. Just walk right in, any time."

For a moment the girl stood in the lighted hallway swaying. Then, as more music and laughter came from the floor above and the woman smiled again, she threw herself into the outstretched arms and sobbed.

There were no questions—then. The woman understood. She had cared for ill and hungry girls before, hundreds of them. The newcomer was taken to a rear room, and within minutes was receiving the nourishment she required. The warm food stirred the blood in her chilled body and brought back hope to her numbed brain.

Had she no place to go? The query came after she had eaten and rested. She had not. Very well. There was a nice room for her upstairs. Soon she was alone. In the finest room she had seen for a long time. And in the cleanest bed in which she had rested since she ran away from her up-state home.

The sun was well up the following morning when the frail, almost broken girl, after a bath and a bountiful breakfast, sat in the tiny private office of the woman who had welcomed her the night before.

There was nothing in her story that was new. She could sing and dance, a little. She hated the small factory town in which she had lived from as far back as she could remember. For a long time she had wanted to get away from it. She had hoped to win a place for herself upon the stage or in the [Turn to page 94]

The High-



I'M an easy-going man, likewise a bit religious, so I do not think it is right to break promises. But just the same—well, I know two solemn oaths that were broken and only good come of it.

Now, you must understand that I am not an educated guy, and liable to smash the English language, just like I was raised to do, but maybe you can get my meaning.

You see, when I first come up here to Cape Breton, I was just a young fellow of twenty-three, and knew a lot more about hell-roarin' than about religion. I went in for to stoke an old tub of a sea-goin' hack of a tug that was after sword-fish. Ten to twelve hours a day, and the boiler stayed insecure-like, so that when she got in the trough, there I was, a-racin' and a-runnin' up and down after the blanked door with a shovel in my hand.

All this sort of added up to my natural bent for hell-roarin', but there wasn't much to roar at ashore until one day I let Jim MacKay lead me over the hills inland to a place called Boat Lake.

Well, MacKay was a harpooner, and I was only a stoker, but we seemed to have a lot in common, seeing my name is MacKee to his MacKay, and both of us young and lusty.

Well, to make it short and get at the meat of the story, there was a girl, like there always is, and she was slender as a young juniper, with big, straight-lookin' eyes, and pretty brown hair. I thought her eyes was glorious, and they was, but so did MacKay think.

But it wasn't just her looks, for I've seen those who were better lookers. It was the everlasting *squareness* of her.

I thought, "What girl can resist a guy that's been to New York and New Orleans and Rio and Liverpool?" So I started to keep her company, and let me tell you, that started things.

MacKay, for one, was also keeping her company. Then, there was a big, young Frenchy from down to Louisburg, and an Englishman named Cullens, who dropped out and hasn't nothin' to do with this story.

Jenny, that's her name, and she was just as square as I thought her, for, look!—stead of keeping me and MacKay and the Frenchy and Cullens dancing on a string, she told us, one and all, that we was on a cold scent. I don't know how she told the others, but she took me along for the milk one day, and while she milked the cow and I sat on a stump, she said to me:

Water Mark



"Ho!" said the Frenchman. "That girl needs strong lovers!"

"Buck, you come over here to court me, don't you?"

"Honest and earnest; object, matrimony!" I answered.

"I never see you at the Church, Buck!" she said.

Well, I told her that I wasn't much on religion, and she asked me if I was a Protestant, and I said, "Yes, a Baptist."

"We are Covenanters here!" she said; "I shan't marry out of the Church, Buck!"

"Then I'll join the—the thing!" I said, and it took me an hour to convince her that I didn't almost cuss.

"You can come, if you want," she said; "but, Buck, I want to be honest with you. I like you, but I do not love you!"

Well, I could say nothing to that, so I just went on calling on her, and sitting around trying to think of something religious to say that wasn't a cuss word.

But the only thing I could think of was, "When will you marry me?" and I learned it in Gaelic for variety, so that it

goes, "O phose a mi?" or something like that. All she would do would be to smile at me, and just that was almost enough, for she had a mighty pretty smile.

But one day MacKay eased up to me and said: "Stay away from Jenny, Buck! She's mine!"

"She never told me any such thing!" I said, stoutly.

"Well," he drawled, "I told you!"

So I said, "Is that so?" and he said it was, and we went out to a field and fought on it, and he had the best of the argument, but could not lick me. So we fought off and on for a couple of weeks, and he got the best of it every time, but didn't lick me once.

I wish it had been in a book, because then my sticking like that would of busted his nerve. But it was real sure enough life, so it only made him madder at me.

One evening when there was a good moon, and we had both of us fought until we had no breath left, I asked him:

"Say, Jim, while you and me are fightin', won't that Frenchy

"I guess maybe them college guys are right when they say that there is a lot of strength a man never gets hold of until the minute he needs it worst."

put me out? We'll both be out of luck, next thing——"

But he said there was no chance, because the Frenchy was a Catholic, and Jenny wouldn't marry out of her religion, and had told him so. But the Frenchy sort of went on hanging around.

"Well," I said, "let's show him that he's getting nothing for it, and make him stay away, and then we can settle this betwixt us!"

So we helped one another up, there being no hard feelings, except when we thought of the other getting Jenny, and went to Boat Lake to see if the Frenchy were there bothering Jenny; but he wasn't.

Then when I saw Jenny I sat down to stay a bit. She saw my face and cried out, and got hot water and bathed it. How grand it felt! But then she did the same for MacKay, and it didn't feel so good.

Then MacKay and I began to try to set one another out. We set and set to eleven, and then Jenny said:

"Are you boys calling on me or on one another? You haven't either of you looked at me or spoken to me for an hour."

"That's your ticket, MacKay!" I snapped. "Go catch your train! Jenny and me have some talk to do!"

"I'll pound the liver out of you for that!"

"So!" she said. "This is how you keep your solemn oath to me!"



said MacKay, solemn and religious-like, but I said to get some of his own first, and then we were on our feet, ready to tie into one another and wallow in gore. But Jenny come betwixt us.

"I want you to do something for me!" she said.

"All right!" said MacKay, and I said, "No, let me do it."

I WANT you to swear off fighting!" she said, and I wished I had not been so much in a hurry, but she was looking straight and earnest at me, and then I give in.

"Jenny," I said, getting husky, "anything at all for you, and I give you my word that I won't smash MacKay like I intended!"

"That's a solemn oath!" she said, and asked MacKay to give his, too, but he said:

"No, I can't do that."

"Buck," she said to me, "this oath of yours goes for everyone, not alone for Jim. You must not fight any one, but must turn the other cheek and give a soft answer. And I give you my own solemn oath that if you break this oath of yours, I'll never again speak to you, even on a matter of life and death!" and her big eyes blazed earnest-like up into mine. So I saw she meant it.

"Just the same," I said, "MacKay is a dirty welcher not to sign up at the same time!"

"Never mind, Buck!" she whispered; "I—I like you a little bit better!"

And I got hot and glad.

Sometimes, after that, it looked like I had the inside track, and sometimes it looked like MacKay had the wind, but neither of us knew for sure, and because we couldn't spill a bit of gore on it, we got sort of dangerous and poisonous to one another.

Jenny's dad, he was a bit disgusted with the both of us. He was a big man in his day, and even now he never bothered to cross the road to keep out of a fight. You understand, he had religious principles against fighting, but he had some man-scruples, too, and he used to say, "Better a man and wicked, than a coward and holy!" and he wouldn't take that back, even before the minister.

BUT he was getting to be quite old, being around seventy-two now. He'd knocked all around, not getting married till he was fifty, but having six kids in spite of that.

But now he was sort of beginning to stoop when no one was looking, and he told me, private, that he was beginning to feel middle-aged. But he was a man!

He used to like me the best, on account of being able to talk with me about Rio and Frisco and Liverpool, and those places where I'd knocked about. He used to tell me about his ship, *The Homeland*, and how it would sail a mile on a baby's sneeze, and come about in a hundred yards.

He and MacKay hadn't



"The Frenchman did it!" said Jenny's little sister. "He grabbed Jenny, and said, 'You won't marry me, eh?'"

much to talk about, as they had never been to the same places.

One night, after about two months of this see-sawing, first MacKay getting all the smiles, and then me—and you have to remember that Jenny was trying her hardest to be honest, only she didn't know herself which of us she liked the best since I joined her church—one night, as I said, we were walking together to see her, as was our way, when a man in a buggy drove up and dragged the horses to a stop.

"Jim MacKay," he yelled, "Jenny's been set on, and her old man come to help, and he got beaten almost dead. I'm to Uherof for the doctor for him, and—and all of her brothers away! You boys better see what can be——"

"Who did it?" roared MacKay, and I yelled it, too.

"Jenny knows!" he shouted back, and yelled to the horse again and went down the dim road in a cloud of dust. Jim and I started at a dead run for Jenny's house, going by a short-cut that played hell with our clothes, but a lot we cared!

We got there to find the kitchen full of people, all grim and silent. Jenny came in with a basin and some cloths, and Jim asked her:

"Who did this, Jenny?"

Her eyes were blazing, and she cried:

"Oh, if my brothers were here!"

Her brothers were all big men, though younger than I, and took after her father for fighting. But they were all down in the swamps just then.

"Who did it?" roared MacKay; "I'll pull him to bits!"

I opened my mouth to speak likewise, but suddenly Jenny caught herself and said:

"There's been fighting enough, now! I won't tell you, Jim! And, Buck, remember my solemn oath! If you fight again, I'll have nothing to do with you!"

I felt queer and sick and hot, so I sat down and cursed.

"The Frenchman did it!" said Jenny's little sister, her little body quivering with rage. "He grabbed Jenny, and he said, 'You won't marry me, eh?' and he tore her dress, and she screamed and Daddy ran to help, and the Frenchman——"

"You be quiet!" said Jenny, but when she bent to the child, I saw where her dress had been torn and then pinned together again, and I jumped up and ran after MacKay who was already down the path to Uherof where the Frenchy lived.

BUT we couldn't find the Frenchy. His people weren't our people, but they were decent folks, and would have nothing to do with him. Not, queer as it seems, because he had done what he had to Jenny—that made little difference to them, it seemed—but because he had struck down an old man of seventy-two.

So we hunted, hot-blooded and savage, up and down the town, but could not find the Frenchy. Then we fell out, and were going to fight about which of us should smash him. But I remembered my promise, so I wouldn't fight MacKay.

Just about dawn we found him down at the waterfront, where he'd slept on a boat. MacKay said:

"You foul son of a jellyfish!" only he didn't use those exact words, being hot. "Come [Turn to page 120]"



My Friend's

*What Had Come Over
Garden Parties! He Was Tired
ship of Men! Jim*

lists mounted daily, and wounded men in hospital blue were seen on the streets, that funny old thing inside me which is called a heart began to beat strangely and I felt the urge to go. What decided me eventually to enlist as a private I do not know, unless it was a letter from Jim Graham. Jim had been my chum at public school. He was a romantic chap, a dreamer, and clever as they're made. He could study. I couldn't. At Oxford, which we both attended, he was almost a star, only there he suddenly ceased to be interested in learning. He was like a sky-rocket that rises, shines, and suddenly peters out. The reason? No one knew—not even I, who was closer to him than anyone else.

HE DECIDED, after we had both left, to try for a post under the Colonial Office in East Africa, for he had to earn a living the same as I. Only I got a job in the city, a humdrum job, which none the less had good prospects.

Jim sailed for the land of his desire. I was at the dock to see him off.

"Good-by, old man," I said; "I'll miss you."

And miss Jim I did. The years—almost three—before he returned were long. I was glad when he came back. It was good to see him again; good to sit in my diggings by the fire, our feet up on the mantel, pipes going strong, whiskey and sodas at our elbows, and the old companionship as tongues were loosened and bygone days were relived. It was good too—or was it?—to learn that neither had fallen from the proud ranks of bachelorhood, and that each was heart whole. Only, Jim exploded a bomb.

"It's lonely out there for a man alone," he said, meditatively drawing heavily on his pipe as though half ashamed. "Many a time I've longed for the companionship of a woman——"

"Are there no women there?" I interrupted.

He turned on me suddenly. "Don't be a misunderstandin' ass!"

It was the same way he had turned on me at school when I had chaffed him about some study dear to his heart. "Pax!" I cried and pretended to ward off an imaginary blow. "But just the same I've heard there are comely, though dusky——"

"Drake! You're a ruddy fool!"

And then I knew he was in earnest and I sighed. "Sorry, old man. I didn't realize you felt that way."

ANY private or officer or non-com. will testify, any man who went into the army during the days of the World War had no idea at all what he was letting himself in for. Of course he had some vague notions for his reasons for joining up, something that had to do with chasing the Kaiser, and patriotism, and flag and country, and all that. Or perhaps it was just sheer love of adventure, or because of daring, or because it was "the thing to do." But no matter what the reasons, no man had any real conception of what "being in the army" might mean to him, old campaigners not excepted. I know, because I found myself in a position from which I could not extricate myself, because I was "in the army."

Early in 1915 I threw up my job in London and "joined the colors." I didn't do so sooner because I hadn't taken the war seriously. There were those who said it would last no longer than three months, six at the most. And having my living to earn I didn't see how I could afford to jeopardize my chances just for a "bit of fun," as so many gallant lads who went to Flanders and never returned regarded the situation. But when I began to realize the magnitude of the whole thing; when lads whom I had known were no more; when the casualty

Wife

Jim? Dances and of the Exclusive Companion- Had Grown Up.

He passed the tobacco. It was his way of accepting the apology. The conversation changed into different channels.

"Why don't you come out to B. E. A., too?" he asked. "It's a great country for a man."

"Thanks," I replied dryly. "But you have a job there. I have to stick here."

"Yes. And slave your heart out for a jelly-bellied old petti-fogger!"

"Sir Mortimer is a decent enough old codger!"

"A decent enough old codger! Listen to the man! And he's a friend of mine!"

We turned in later, Jim, as the guest occupying my bed. I curled up on the sofa in the so-called study. I did not fall asleep at once. My mind was filled with our conversation of the evening. And I was thinking about Jim and his loneliness in the land that next to England he loved . . . Then came dreamless oblivion . . .

As was natural Jim and I were much together during his leave. His desire for amusement was too much for me: theatres, dances, even garden parties. I could understand the theatres, I could understand the dances, but I could not imagine the reason for the garden parties. And then I learned. It was mating time for Jim . . . He was looking for a wife. The realization was a blow, the same sort of blow, or something like it, which a parent feels when he discovers a loved child has grown up. Jim was grown up. He was tired of the exclusive companionship of men.

I FELT sorry for Jim, though I tried not to show it. I must have succeeded, for there was no change in our old comradeship . . . We still discussed world affairs



"I'm glad, old man. You see, Sybil has done me the great honor of promising to become my wife."

over our pipes. He never again referred to the loneliness of velvet nights under the African stars.

He inveigled me into going to a dance with him, lovely old house on the Thames; nice people, and so on. I went. Often afterwards I wished I had never put step outside of my diggings. The place for a single man—except of course when he goes on a bend—is his diggings, or a music hall or a good book. It certainly isn't dances. Dances are apt to be disturbing to his peace of mind, or rather, what happens at dances.

What happened to me at this particular one was an introduction to a girl. Nothing remarkable about that? One expects to meet girls at dances. Granted. But this girl was different. She had large dark eyes, and a piquant face surmounted by masses of coal black hair. Demure she was; petite. She answered to the name of Sybil Blake. And she was the loveliest thing in God's world that I had ever seen!

I know I stared as we were introduced. I could not help it. I saw her flush under my glance, and with some banality I strove to cover my rudeness. I asked her to dance. She accepted. The next moment to the tune of a mad intoxicating waltz she was swaying in my arms. The loveliness of her went to my head like wine. I was treading on air. In a lull of the music.

"You are Jim Graham's friend, aren't you?" asked the goddess in my arms.

I COULD answer only in monosyllables. "Yes," I said.

"He has told me much about you."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes. Jim and I have known each other a long time. Almost ever since he has been home."

The sly old dog! He had said never a word to me. "I hope he hasn't given me too bad a reputation," I managed to say at last.

"Jim wouldn't give any one a bad reputation, least of all anyone he loves."

The quality of her voice rather than the words themselves sent a queer feeling through me. Who was this girl that knew Jim so well?



"Wait! I have something to say. It—it won't take long. When you have heard—but—but—"

The music came to an end and we moved out to the wide terrace, beautiful beneath the soft light of the English moon than which there is none fairer in the world. Suddenly we were joined by Jim, who came to us smiling.

"How do you like Sybil, Drake?" he asked.

Sybil! He knew her as well as that!

"What a question to ask Mr. Sparkton!" she chided, and tapped him playfully with her fan, a gesture which might have been prompted by pure coquetry or something else.

"I think," I said, hoping my voice was steady. "I think she's awfully nice."

"I'm glad, old man, and I'm sure she is. You see, Sybil has done me the great honor of promising to become my wife!"

They were married, quietly—I acted as best man—and departed hastily for Africa—Jim's leave being up—after a brief honeymoon. After they had gone the world seemed lonelier than it had ever felt before. I understood Jim's reasons for thinking of matrimony out there



in Africa where there was little to divert the mind of a man—a clean man. I began to think of getting married myself, only I knew it was a useless foolish thought. There would never again be another woman like Sybil. And Sybil was Jim's wife . . .

I buried myself more and more in my business. Sir Mortimer was really not a bad sort. He promoted me. I had new responsibilities and harder work. I was glad. It helped me to forget.

Came 1914, that fatal August, and War. I might have plunged in—Jim would have, but he was a romantic soul—to forget completely the thing in my heart which I knew could never be forgotten, only somehow that seemed like a melodramatic thing to do. So I stuck to the ship. And then in 1915 came the letter from Jim.

"I feel like a damned slacker," he wrote, "perched out here when I know I ought to be there doing my bit. But the Government won't release me and I can't afford to quit. I've got to think of Sybil—who by the way sends you her love—being a married man now, and my pension.

But if it weren't for her, I don't . . ."

As I said I don't know what prompted me to join up unless it was this letter. The day after I received it I enlisted . . . Within six months I was bound for France . . .

Over there I got *strafed* a bit, but the one thing which might have saved a lot of trouble didn't happen. It rarely does except in books. Though I did get a few Blightys, which brought me leave and the usual mention in dispatches.

AFTER my second return from the front—shrapnel neck and shoulders—and I was resting quietly in England, it suddenly occurred to me I had undergone a metamorphosis. I could not think of Sybil without queer little shivers passing through me and my pulse beating faster. Once again I was a free man; and I was glad. But it was temporary only.

There were letters from Jim, good old Jim, complimentary letters that were filled with many "I wish I could get a chance to go to France or even to get mixed up in the shin-dig here. And things are pretty hot at present in German East." But the queer part was that his letters were full of my deeds and of his own wishes, and contained little reference to Sybil. Only I didn't notice it particularly at the time.

I was returned to France and for a time Jim and Sybil were almost forgotten in the press of more important affairs. There was a sudden advance, one of those small things which were hardly mentioned in the papers at home. I got into a jam. A bayonet found my left arm—"Fortunately, it's the left," I thought as I

went down—and something hit me on the head . . .

Hospital again and consciousness and the sister—God bless those women for their care of broken men—bending over me, a smile on her face, saying: "Better now, Captain Sparkton?"

"Captain?" Had I won promotion?

"Captain Sparkton, M. C.!"

"What!" I started to my elbow, and fell back with a groan as excruciating pain tore through my left shoulder. Involuntarily I reached. Then, I knew.

"It's gone," said the sister softly, and sudden tears glistened in her eyes—don't anyone ever tell me those women became hardened to suffering. "Do you care?"

"No," said I, though I cared. I did care. I cared like hell. But I wasn't going to show the white feather before one as fine as she.

IT WILL mean Blighty, now, for you forever," said she softly.

"To hell with Blighty!" I cried unreasonably in the fashion of men.

She held a glass to my lips, still smiling. "Drink this!" she ordered. Meekly, a little ashamed, I obeyed . . . She left me . . . The opiate did not take effect at once. Alone, I turned my head to the pillow not without reminding pain from my left shoulder, and wept bitter, unmanly tears . . .

[Turn to page 118]

When I Came To---!

*Which Has to Do With
Three Girls and a
Cottage in Maine!*

I HAD just celebrated my eighteenth birthday and was proud of the snappy looking blue roadster with the shining front and big balloon tires—my present from Dad. How I loved him for it! It was the object of admiration of the boys and girls of my set, and, I might add, the envy of some of them.

However, in a short time I simply thought of it as an ordinary part of my everyday life, and riding around town in it didn't seem much different from riding in Dad's car or in Dot's father's car.

My two chums, Doris Preston and Louise Merriam, agreed with me that it was a terribly dull summer. We lived right on the Bay, so going to the seashore for the hot season was no change for us.

One evening at dinner I asked Daddy to suggest something for us to do. He did

WELL, Betty," he said, "why not drive up to my farm in Maine with Dot and Louise? It won't be difficult to find and if you're really looking for something different in the way of recreation I haven't any doubt about your finding it in this place. I haven't had a chance to go up there the last few summers, but it's

Why hadn't I thought of that? He had spoken so often of the place, but I always dismissed the idea of going, because I thought of the outlandish location. But now there was nothing for us to do but fill up my roadster with provisions, take an early start, and by sundown we would be there.

"Of course," Dad continued, "you understand that the old house has a history. It hasn't been occupied for about ten years, and those old settlers up there have all kinds of wild tales about the place. But I know you're not superstitious or scary, and besides, I'm going up just as soon as I put through a deal I'm now working on."

Dad helped us get off that morning, routing us down to "and turn into an old road, where the weeds and bushes almost meet in the middle, go about a half-mile,

toward a wide, shallow creek, and there you are."

And there we were, much sooner than we had expected to arrive. Dot and Louise jumped out of the car before I could stop it, so eager were they to see our new abode.

"Ye gods!" said Louise. "That's a wow!"

Then we started to explore the place. It was fairly well furnished, as Dad had said. Cob-webs were in the corners, and the dust was so thick that our tracks showed up like snow-tracks. As we walked across the floor every step brought about a fearful squeak. Before opening a door there was always a whispered command of "Be quiet, now," ears strained, listening for some sound.

After nosing around from one room to another, and finding everything as Dad said we would, we decided



Another Midnight Thriller

"Do You Suppose It's an Army of Big Rats?" Dot Asked. "No," I Said; "Sounds More Like Elephants to Me!"



*Surely Dad
couldn't
have realized
how scary it
really was
or . . .*

that the big kitchen and two bedrooms leading off it would suffice for living-quarters during our stay.

Our first nervousness had passed, and we began preparing supper in a really hilarious mood. We talked and laughed over our fears, and decided then and there we were going to have the time of our lives. And we were—even more than any of us realized at that particular moment.

After eating our supper, which had consisted of hot dogs, canned beans, rolls and coffee, we decided to walk around a bit and look things over. Dad told us we would find his "old swimmin' hole" just a short distance from the house. This was the object of our walk, really.

We found it after searching around for about ten

minutes. It lay cool, clear, and inviting in the shadow of a group of tall pine trees. A broken branch projecting directly over the pool looked to us like a perfect diving-board. Ideal indeed!

We were still hot, dusty, and decidedly uncomfortable after our long, steady drive.

"What could be sweeter than a cold plunge right now?" I asked.

"Perfect," answered Dot.

"Suits me, too," from Louise.

Being miles away from the rest of the world and with dusk beginning to fall, we undressed there in the thicket, and, really and truly "back to nature" in the truest sense, we plunged in. All three agreed it was the most perfect swim any one of us ever had.

After swimming, diving, and jumping around for over an hour, we dressed and returned to the house, tired and happy. So far it had been positively thrilling in its big outside way.

Our next problem was choosing beds. One of us had to take the cot in the small bedroom. Slips of paper torn into three lengths settled that. The two long strips bunked together, while the short one took the cot. Dot and I drew the long ones. The cot fell to Louise. She was a real sport and took it laughingly.

It really was silly to be afraid—oh yes, we knew that—yet, with darkness all around us and only two candles for light, it was a spooky atmosphere. Surely Dad couldn't have realized how scary it really was or he never would have permitted us to come without protection."

WELL—we weren't hothouse flowers. If it came to a showdown I guess our combined forces would make a fair showing. We were all trained in athletics, and Louise played on our girls' football team at school. We had nothing to fear as we sat there and summed up our strength against some imaginary foe. We called it "imaginary" then.

I glanced at my wrist-watch. Nine-thirty! Time to retire in the country. We unpacked our fresh bed linen, made our beds, and donned our pajamas.

Dot and I went into Louise's room and tucked her in her bed. The nights are very cool in Maine in spite of the intense heat of the days. After bidding her good-night, we jumped into our own bed and in a very few minutes were dead to the world.

We had been sleeping for over an hour when I awoke with a feeling of deadly fear. How horribly black it was in that room! And in heaven's name what were those grating sounds underneath the [Turn to page 90]

The Seventh Player

I Had Heard the Other Men Discuss Him, This Seventh Player. He Had Come In Three Months Ago, and His Aim Was to "Drink Himself Out."



FLEUR, my father called. "Fleur!" I was standing on the veranda of our place in Papeete, my arms clinging about a rude post, my face steeped in the fragrance that rose from the wilderness of flowers that was the garden of our newest home.

At my father's voice, I went into the great, bare living-room with a regretful glance back over my shoulder at the beauty of the tropical night. We had been but three weeks in Tahiti and I was intoxicated with the thick gold of its moonlight and the profusion of its flowers and the race of the yellow girls and men we saw about us. Many strange ports my father and I had wandered into, but never one so captivating as this small, strange island of the South Seas.

"Drinks, Fleur," my father ordered crisply, not looking up from his cards.

His companions looked up, however. Their eyes surprised me as I came slowly into the room and began mixing drinks at the well-stocked buffet, a part of the scanty furnishings of our living-room.

I had no need of asking their preferences. Night after night they gathered here to play, and night after night I mixed their drinks. Three weeks in Papeete, and already my father had his usual following. I laughed a little under cover of the clink of glasses. How I had wondered, back in my boarding schools, as to the interesting char-

acter of that business which took my father to all the strangest ports of the seven seas, one by one! I knew now what that business was, and I was hardened to it, after three years. My father was a professional gambler.

The men accepted their drinks in character. A little, lithe Frenchman who held some sort of minor Government post caught my hand and kissed it. He released it like a hot coal, however, when Father rapped his glass down on the table. These men feared my father.

"It's a gift, Fleur—it's a gift," the Englishman said heartily, smacking his lips.

The dark Argentine whom I particularly disliked merely looked at me covertly, murmuring his "Gracias" with that inflection in his voice which was a warning for me. I had learned men, traveling with my father, if nothing else.

A Swede and a suave Chinese gentleman of quality merely grunted their acknowledgments, and the seventh member of that company said not a word, merely picking up his glass to drain it at a gulp, then hunching down over his cards again.

I was free to go now, free until that sharp summons of my father's rang out again. But I lingered. I stood watching the seventh player, the one who had had not even a glance for me. The room was blue with smoke and I don't know whether it was that or the pathetic aspect

... but this time
he was handcuffed



of the seventh player, but I felt the sting of tears under my eyelids suddenly.

He was so young, so slumped in his chair, so nearly unconscious from liquor,—that young American. They were fleecing him so unmercifully. He played mechanically, reaching fumblingly for his empty glass every ten seconds or so. He'd stare at it, realize that it was empty, and go back to his playing. My father was winning. My father always won, excepting for the times when, craftily, he'd lose a little.

Winking that sudden sting of tears from my eyes I watched the American, trying to reconstruct the man, or rather the boy, from the wreck that was all we knew of Dexter Fenton. He'd have had nice, alert blue eyes, I thought, once freed from that bloodshot fog that enveloped them habitually here in Papeete. He'd have had nice shoulders, too, released from the slump that was upon them. His teeth were fine and white.

I'd heard the other men discuss him, this seventh player. He'd come in three months ago from the States and the general opinion was that his aim was to "drink

himself out." What an awful thing!

"Drink himself out" of a world so beautiful? I shuddered as I went back to my post on the veranda. I was suddenly depressed. It was a shack, our Papeete home. It seemed about to tumble about our ears, but the luxuriant vines with their vivid flowers gave it a beauty of its own. Well, what matter? I tried to shake off my de-

pression. A month or so—six months at the most—and we'd leave Papeete, my father and I. Sooner or later every place we lived "became too hot," as the Americans say, for my father.

I don't know how much later it was that it happened. I was wrapped up in dreams, such dreams perhaps as all nineteen year old girls dream on such a night. One

by one the Englishman, the Swede and the Oriental had drifted away.

Then the Frenchman, Charles Aveille, came out and lingered on the veranda with me. He did have amatory inclinations, the Frenchman, but I was wrapped up in my thoughts and paid little attention to him.

I remember thinking that I may as well send the Frenchman on about his business, and go to bed. I remember thinking that my father wouldn't want me much longer that night. There were but three of them playing now, my father, the Argentine and the boy from the States. I was thinking this when the shot rang out. It was like a knife slit through the beautiful curtain of the night. It seemed strange that the same peaceful silence could settle

Whatever else Charles Aveille was, he was quick. Before I was able to move he had leaped across the veranda and into the room. When I reached the doorway this is the tableau I saw.

MY FATHER had toppled from his chair onto the floor. A smoking gun lay on the table before him, but with the butt toward the boy from the States. The head of the boy from the States was down on the table. One hand was under his head, the other hung limp at his side.

The Argentine was calmly standing a little apart, coolly lighting a cigarette. His lips curved down in an ugly smile as he saw the Frenchman's gun trained on him.

"Fenton there did the shooting," he said indifferently. He pointed to the pistol on the table. "Take your gun off me, you damn' weasel," he added with a snarl. There followed a flood of profanity in his native tongue.

Aveille wavered and turned his gun on Fenton. I ran to my father. Aveille took the gun from the table and made a quick examination of my father. "He's dead," he said matter of factly. I remember this, and I remember Fenton thick muttering as the Frenchman lifted his heavy head from the table and shook him.

"Cleared out," the boy muttered. And again, "Cleared out." Then a string of inaudible words and a girl's voice. "Nine."

MON DIEU! Aveille said quickly as the Argentine muttered to the door. "Not so quick!" He had whipped the gun about and upon the Argentine again. "This boy, he is what you call out of the picture. He didn't fire that shot." The Frenchman laughed.

The Argentine echoed his laugh.

"He's a good actor," he admitted. "Two minutes ago he was sitting up there playing and cursing, as wide awake as you or I. Yes, he's a good actor, all right. Better lock him up, Aveille."

Aveille wavered again, I remember, and then I remember no more. I never was a fainting type but I fainted then, quietly and completely. When I came to, the doctor was there and two men from police headquarters. Dexter Fenton was lying forward over the table as before, but this time his two hands were on the table, handcuffed. Aveille and the Argentine had gone. I gave a little cry and placed my hand on the boy's head. I remember. Then our native woman led me off to bed.

"I don't understand it, Henry," Gregory Morrison's heavy smooth English face was puzzled. He ran a hand over his reddish moustache and looked at me. "I was the last to leave before Aveille, and your father had all the money then. A tidy sum it was, too, enough to get you out of this hole, at least."

"It seems there isn't any money, at all," I answered dully. "We lived—as you see."

"It's hardly possible for that Argentine snake to have cornered it all in that length of time," Morrison frowned. "The pickings of the whole crowd. A tidy sum."

"It's gone," I summoned a smile for him. The sturdy Englishman has turned out to be my one friend in Lahm.

"Like as not that South American cove neatly pocketed it," Morrison growled.

"Gad, the boulder." His strong teeth closed on his pipe stem with a click. "Been back here bothering you, too, hasn't he?"

I nodded. The Argentine hadn't been the only one to bother me, Aveille, too, and the Swede. Their fear of my father was no more.

The frown on Gregory Morrison's reddish brow deepened. I looked at him gratefully. I'd learned to like him, to depend on him.

"You don't think either," I hazarded, with some difficulty—speaking of Dexter Fenton was for some odd reason hard for me—"you don't think either that Fenton was the one—"

"To fire the shot? No," he said decisively. "The boy was groggy proper when I left. No, it was Mario. A frame. But—well, doubtless some money changed hands between him and the Frenchman. We can do nothing.



"Ain't seen anybody o' that description

Aville's an official. It's you I'm bothered about," he went on kindly. "What are your plans?"

I didn't answer him for a moment. I was thinking of that blue-eyed boy lying in what passed for the Papeete prison, accused of a murder he remembered nothing about. My woman's intuition alone was enough to tell me Dexter Fenton was innocent. And, moreover, common sense proved that drugged, semi-conscious figure on the table that night could not have killed a man.

No, it had been Mario. Both Morrison and I believed this, but as Morrison had said, we could do nothing. It was impossible for me to think of my own plight. For Dexter Fenton things were infinitely worse.

"You have friends, possibly? Relatives?" Morrison was saying hopefully.

I nodded a slow negative. My father and I had had no friends, no relatives.

"It's bad," Morrison said. He began that bothered rubbing of his moustache again. "I've tried the few better class French families for a governess position, companion, something like that. There's nothing."

I smiled again, gratefully, at him. He was too kind to tell me what the real trouble was. The better class women of these rag tag ports—I knew how slow they'd be to mix up with a girl from a gambling den. I had learned women, too, in my three years of travel with Father.

"I'll take you back to England with me," Morrison said at last. He was a little embarrassed. "I have only a week more here, and my wife—my wife will be able to think of something." His ruddy face grew somewhat redder. I knew what was going on in his mind and I smiled again. His wife—I could picture her. A middle class English prude.

"No, I must stay here," I told him, giving him my hand as he rose to go. "You've been kind, Mr. Morrison. I won't forget it. But you see—I feel that if I stay here—" I hesitated and again it was hard for me to speak of Fenton—"something may turn up to clear that boy. If I leave he will indeed be friendless."

"My child—" Morrison pressed my hand—"you can do nothing. They'll pack him off the first boat after he shakes this fever off."

"I know—" My heart sank at his confirmation of my fears. "But something may turn up. I can't think—things can go on, so wrong—"

"You're a plucky little cove, at any rate," my one friend in Tahiti told me admiringly. "At least you must let me look after you while I'm here."

In the end I did stay on in that queer little town, with its lazy air of nothing ever happening and its treacherous way of letting horrible things happen with a swiftness and secrecy that was like a knife thrust in the back.

My father dead. Myself alone and on my own resources. Mario, who I was convinced was the real murderer, gambling on, drinking on, and daring to come about me with his love making. Dexter Fenton lying ill and it seemed dying with the cloud of murder hanging over his straight young body and a girl's name on his lips—"Aline." [Turn to page 110]



around here?" he asked. "I see you have."



*Alice and
I Are
Good
Friends,
of Course
—Because
the Families
Are Good
Friends!*

"Can't I admire a beautiful woman purely on the basis of her beauty?" I asked her.

The Two Hour

THE doctor asked me this morning—for the first time—just how it all happened. I suppose it means that he now thinks I am sufficiently recovered to think and talk about almost anything. Well, I've been thinking, at least, for several days now. It's all I've got to do, until I'm all patched up and well again.

I remember a conversation at the dinner table at our house—oh, one or two years ago. Anyway, it was when my wife's cousin, Harvey Brown, and his wife, Helen, were with us one Sunday. When we start talking we speak pretty frankly. I forget what led up to it, but I remember my wife said—and she didn't look at me—

"A woman never knows a man until she marries him."

"Great Scotts!" I said: "that's just when she doesn't know him."

"Don't you fool yourself," Julia came back at me, like a flash. "A wife soon finds out things. She knows all about him."

"Yeah," I said, just as quick. "She knows so many things about him that she knows a lot of things that aren't so." And I laughed.

(Of course we often say these things half in fun, when we are talking in front of Harvey and Helen. But Julia right away took that as personal, which it was, partly.)

"James Judd, do you mean to insinuate that I don't know all about your mean, little—"

And here Harvey joined in, trying to pour oil on the troubled waters. "Don't you remember what old Dr. (Oliver Wendell Holmes said something about there being three Johns: first, the real John, and only God knows just what he is; second, the John that his friends see; and third, John as he himself thinks he is."

WAIT a minute," I interrupted. "That fellow overlooked something. There is still a fourth John, being John as his wife sees him, which is very different from all the others—"

"No!" came from Julia; "that's the first one, the real John. She knows him, and—"

Now, I've thought about that conversation a lot since that time, from the standpoint of both sides.

But I was interested in the other side of the proposition



Stop-Over

because of the way that my friend and neighbor, Benjamin Cox, worships his wife. As Helen said, it isn't human nature for any woman to be as good as her doting husband thinks she is. Not that I want to throw any stones at my neighbor's wife, for we're all friends—too friendly, Julia might have said. I don't suppose Alice Cox is any better or any worse than the average woman. As a matter of fact, she is in many ways a lovely woman. I guess "lovely" is just about the right word. And so far as any actual slip is concerned—well, she isn't just exactly all that Benny, in his worship, thinks she is.

Benny Cox is a good fellow. Not brilliant, but he is steady, holds down a fairly good job, does his stuff, earns a decent living and is an all-round good citizen. Yet he has no special personality, no particular color, nothing that would knock your eye out. Julia says that the only reason Alice married him was because he was so persistent that she could not get rid of him any other way.

He was crazy about her; he still is, and so his imagination supplies her with all kinds of virtues. As I said, she is not a bad sort of a woman, by any means. She is good-

looking, and she is very well built. She is a good housekeeper, takes reasonably good care of Benny, and all that.

However, she is not above a little flirtation, on the quiet, although Benny, in his wonderful faith, would not believe her capable of any such thing. Why, even if he caught her at it, he would still think it was all right—I mean, he would think that it was only the pleasantries of friendly and polite social usage.

NOW, that is just the difference between Benny's attitude toward his wife and Julia's attitude toward me. Julia is always suspicious, distrustful of my conduct, always ready to think the worst, and not only to think it but to declare it. To hear her talk you would think that I was meaner than the composite of the hundred meanest men in the world. The fact that we don't see things the same way does not indicate that I am a deep-dyed villain. I am just a human being. I like my friends; I love my home; I even love my wife, when she is not scolding or fretting me. I am pleased when I do a good job in my

work, and the boss says so. I like a good show. I like to laugh. I like to play. I like a good prizefight. I am crazy about good music. I like fresh air and good scenery, the ocean, mountains, sunsets. I love beauty. I even like to look at beautiful women.

Well, that's part of the trouble. To me beauty is beauty, whether I find it in the sunset, in the flowers, or in a woman's eyes—or, for that matter, in her figure. But Julia thinks, since I am married, I should not even be a pretty woman, just as if my eyes could pick out only the plain ones. The trouble is that she always assumes that my interest is personal. It isn't. Anyway, it is not particularly or objectionably so. I can be perfectly honest here, and I am telling you that a man may admire a beautiful woman purely on the basis of her beauty, and without any personal interest whatever. When I said that to Julia one evening, she only laughed in high scorn and derision. I added that it would be impossible for a man to be personally attracted by all of the women whose beauty has been enough to attract his notice.

"Oh, no, it wouldn't be impossible—not in your case," she said. You see, she just cannot understand that a man can be quite thoroughly decent. At least, she cannot think that her own husband is. She can believe that Henry Cox is, but not that I am.

The truth is that I have always had a great respect for women. I am just built that way. My father was that

way, and I was brought up like that. I have never shown any cheap familiarity with the girls in the office, and consequently I have always had the complete respect of the young women working under me. Besides, it has always seemed to me that all the young women I have ever met were good. I am not especially shy, in a social way, but I certainly would be shy in the matter of any personal advances. I just would not know how to become "fresh." And yet Julia thinks, to hear her talk, that this is my one chief interest in life.


SOMEHOW, Julia has not been particularly jealous with respect to our neighbor's wife, Alice Cox. Of course she has made some sarcastic cracks about my supposed interest in Alice, but not to show that she was really jealous. Maybe because Benny sticks too closely to Alice. And yet, Julia might easily have had some reason for suspicions in that quarter.

I might as well be frank in saying that Alice Beatrice Cox is attractive—well, physically attractive, to the extent that I have been conscious of it. She just happens to be built that way. I suppose she is attractive to other men. Some women are more so, no doubt, than others, and it may be that because of this very quality they are themselves in turn more inclined to be attracted to men. I do not wish to judge Alice Cox on that account. I suppose my own consciousness of her [Turn to page 132]

*And she has shown me
in other ways that she
is—well, not exactly
afraid of me.*



Four Scores



MARGIE HIMES is one of the very good reasons why "Big Boy" continues to stay on Broadway. She has the beautiful figure which counts so much in a musical show, and is a clever dancer. Of course, Al Jolson is another reason!



JEWEL LA KOTA is one of the bright spots in "Earl Carroll's Vanities." Her dancing is clever, and she is pretty enough to attract her share of attention.

CLAUDETTE
COLBERT is
delightfully re-
freshing in the
ingenue rôle of
the new comedy,
"The Kiss-in-a-
Taxi."



the
an-
e is
of



*Alice and
I Are
Good
Friends,
of Course
—Because
the Families
Are Good
Friends!*

"Can't I admire a beautiful woman purely on the basis of her beauty?" I asked her.

The Two Hour

THE doctor asked me this morning—for the first time—just how it all happened. I suppose it means that he now thinks I am sufficiently recovered to think and talk about almost anything. Well, I've been thinking, at least, for several days now. It's all I've got to do, until I'm all patched up and well again.

I remember a conversation at the dinner table at our house—oh, one or two years ago. Anyway, it was when my wife's cousin, Harvey Brown, and his wife, Helen, were with us one Sunday. When we start talking we speak pretty frankly. I forget what led up to it, but I remember my wife said—and she didn't look at me—

"A woman never knows a man until she marries him."

"Great Scotts!" I said; "that's just when she doesn't know him."

"Don't you fool yourself," Julia came back at me, like a flash. "A wife soon finds out things. She knows all about him."

"Yeah," I said, just as quick. "She knows so many things about him that she knows a lot of things that aren't so." And I laughed.

Of course we often say these things half in fun, when we are talking in front of Harvey and Helen. But Julia right away took that as personal, which it was, partly.

"James Judd, do you mean to insinuate that I don't know all about your mean, little——"

And here Harvey joined in, trying to pour oil on the troubled waters. "Don't you remember what old Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said something about there being three Johns: first, the real John, and only God knows just what he is; second, the John that his friends see; and third, John as he himself thinks he is."

"WAIT a minute," I interrupted. "That tellow overlooked something. There is still a fourth John, being John as his wife sees him, which is very different from all the others——"

"No!" came from Julia; "that's the first one, the real John. She knows him, and——"

Now, I've thought about that conversation a lot since that time, from the standpoint of both sides.

But I was interested in the other side of the proposition



Stop-Over

because of the way that my friend and neighbor, Benjamin Cox, worships his wife. As Helen said, it isn't human nature for any woman to be as good as her doting husband thinks she is. Not that I want to throw any stones at my neighbor's wife, for we're all friends—too friendly, Julia might have said. I don't suppose Alice Cox is any better or any worse than the average woman. As a matter of fact, she is in many ways a lovely woman. I guess "lovely" is just about the right word. And so far as any actual slip is concerned—well, she isn't just exactly all that Benny, in his worship, thinks she is.

Benny Cox is a good fellow. Not brilliant, but he is steady, holds down a fairly good job, does his stuff, earns a decent living and is an all-round good citizen. Yet he has no special personality, no particular color, nothing that would knock your eye out. Julia says that the only reason Alice married him was because he was so persistent that she could not get rid of him any other way.

He was crazy about her; he still is, and so his imagination supplies her with all kinds of virtues. As I said, she is not a bad sort of a woman, by any means. She is good-

looking, and she is very well built. She is a good housekeeper, takes reasonably good care of Benny, and all that.

However, she is not above a little flirtation, on the quiet, although Benny, in his wonderful faith, would not believe her capable of any such thing. Why, even if he caught her at it, he would still think it was all right—I mean, he would think that it was only the pleasantries of friendly and polite social usage.

NOW, that is just the difference between Benny's attitude toward his wife and Julia's attitude toward me. Julia is always suspicious, distrustful of my conduct, always ready to think the worst, and not only to think it but to declare it. To hear her talk you would think that I was meaner than the composite of the hundred meanest men in the world. The fact that we don't see things the same way does not indicate that I am a deep-dyed villain. I am just a human being. I like my friends; I love my home; I even love my wife, when she is not scolding or fretting me. I am pleased when I do a good job in my

work, and the boss says so. I like a good show. I like to laugh. I like to play. I like a good prizefight. I am crazy about good music. I like fresh air and good scenery, the ocean, mountains, sunsets. I love beauty. I even like to look at beautiful women.

Well, that's part of the trouble. To me beauty is beauty, whether I find it in the sunset, in the flowers, or in a woman's eyes—or, for that matter, in her figure. But, Julia thinks, since I am married, I should not even see a pretty woman, just as if my eyes could pick out only the plain ones. The trouble is that she always assumes that my interest is personal. It isn't. Anyway, it is not particularly or objectionably so. I can be perfectly honest here, and I am telling you that a man may admire a beautiful woman purely on the basis of her beauty, and without any personal interest whatever. When I said that to Julia one evening, she only laughed in high scorn and derision. I added that it would be impossible for a man to be *personally* attracted by *all* of the women whose beauty has been enough to attract his notice.

"Oh, no, it wouldn't be impossible—not in your case," she said. You see, she just cannot understand that a man can be quite thoroughly decent. At least, she cannot think that her own husband is. She can believe that Benny Cox is, but not that I am.

The truth is that I have always had a great respect for women. I am just built that way. My father was that

way, and I was brought up like that. I have never shown any cheap familiarity with the girls in the office, and consequently I have always had the complete respect of the young women working under me. Besides, it has always seemed to me that all the young women I have ever met were good. I am not especially shy, in a social way, but I certainly would be shy in the matter of any personal advances. I just would not know how to become "fresh." And yet Julia thinks, to hear her talk, that this is my one chief interest in life.


SOMEHOW I have not been particularly jealous with regard to my wife, Alice Cox. Of course she cracks about my supposed interest in other women, but she knows that she was really jealous. I think she ticks too closely to Alice. I have had some reason for this.

I might as well say that Alice Beatrice Cox is attracted to me to the extent that I have built that way. Some women are attracted to other men. Some women are attracted to themselves, and it may be that they are themselves in turn. I do not wish to judge. I suppose my own conscience is the best judge. (page 132)

And she has shown me in other ways that she is—well, not exactly afraid of me.



Four Scores



MARGIE HIMES is one of the very good reasons why "Big Boy" continues to stay on Broadway. She has the beautiful figure which counts so much in a musical show, and is a clever dancer. Of course, Al Jolson is another reason!



JEWEL LA KOTA is one of the bright spots in "Earl Carroll's Vanities." Her dancing is clever, and she is pretty enough to attract her share of attention.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is delightfully refreshing in the ingenue role of the new comedy, "The Kiss-in-a-Taxi."



he
m-
is
of



MAC-
part
girl
set on
home-
of "The
arm" con-
that she
It is one
comedies of
the new season.

"Are you going to marry her, or me?"
"Amy! I thought you'd left," he said, hardly moving.



The Ancient Fool

The Conclusion

NOT GUILTY!" was the verdict of the jury after my trial, charged with the murder of James Brandeis. I had been his private nurse, and an overdose of medicine had caused his death.

Nevertheless, I was branded in the public eye; no one would want me for a nurse, until—

Richard Hilton was the District Attorney—young, handsome, and eloquent. Soon after his failure in prosecuting me, I received a letter of congratulations from his uncle, Ambrose Hilton, who asked me to call to see him.

Curiosity won out, and I went. Moreover, I was employed as nurse to this "ancient fool," as he called himself, soon finding that his nephew was occupying the same apartment. I learned, also, that Richard Hilton was soon to marry Amy Fulton, and I hated Amy Fulton.

After I was well established with old Ambrose, he ventured to tell me that his money and a weak heart might induce me to marry him. I refused the offer. It was all clear. He didn't want Richard to have his money.

It was one night during one of Ambrose Hilton's severest attacks that I first saw Amy Fulton.



WE GLARED at one another, we two, over the shoulder of the man we both loved. For I did love Richard Hilton. In that instant I knew it! And my heart cried out against the injustice of it, for he hated me, bitterly. There were times when I had hoped to soften that hate, but that episode of the previous evening, the bruise on my arm, proved to me how greatly he hated me.

We glared at one another, she and I, and my heart melted within me. She had everything; home, friends, money, Richard's love. I had nothing; no home, no friends, no money, and only Richard's hate.

"Looks like a scene from a bed-room farce," Amy Fulton remarked haughtily.

"What has happened?"

Richard ignored her, and looked at me.

I shook my head.

"Pete called me. We have sent for the doctor."

Ambrose moved his hand feebly.

"It's—all—right," he said with a great effort.

Richard came to the bedside then, and very tenderly took the old man's hands from mine.

"Is it as bad as last time?"

"Worse," whispered Ambrose. With his eyes he adored Richard.

Amy Fulton interrupted.

"Who will take me home, please?"

Richard ignored her.

"Richard, I wish to go. I refuse to stay another instant in this—"

"Amy!" he flung around on her. Then, "Do you realize that this young woman is my uncle's nurse?"

"Nurse!" she scoffed. "She looks like a nurse! Is this a new uniform nurses have affected?"

She kicked daintily at the trailing end of my negligee. I stood up abruptly.

"Please," I begged. "The least disturbance may be very bad for Mr. Hilton." I turned to Richard. "If you wish I will leave the room."

"No," he said suddenly, to my great surprise; "your place is here. My uncle needs you. Let her go."

I had never seen him so angry, not even when he flailed me at the trial.

Amy flushed, and then paled a deadly white.

"Very well, I can easily call a taxi, if the safety of your future wife means less to you than the welfare of that licentious old man—and his mistress!"

There was a deep silence. Richard did not move. With a snort Amy almost ran from the room.

GO." SAID old Ambrose feebly to Richard. Then he put out a hand toward me. I took it and began to rub it gently. Richard Hilton looked at me. For a minute I met his gaze, then I dropped my own eyes, for in his was the strangest expression I had ever seen. I could not tell whether it was hate or admiration, distaste or liking, aversion—or love!

"You had better go," I said slowly. "Your uncle is easier now. The doctor will soon be here."

At that instant the door opened again, and Dr. Hadley hurried in. With a curt nod to Richard, he went at once to old Ambrose. He bent above him, sought his pulse. He did not notice me. But he nodded to Richard.

He's coming out of it, all right. Must have a good



"My dear," he read, "I am placing this where you, and you alone will find it. I was angry, desperately so, to see you in Dickie's arms. But I understand now why..."

nurse on the job. She did just the right thing." He turned to smile his approval at me. Then his mouth dropped open.

"You!" he gasped.

"Thanks for your unconscious testimony," I managed with stiff lips. I forced a smile. He frowned.

"What are you doing here?"

"My duty, even as you yourself have just said."

"Is this your doing?" he asked, turning to Richard. "Hardly." The answering smile was sarcastic? "Uncle Ambrose would *have* her."

"He'll go a step too far with his philanthropy some of these days."

Ambrose was struggling for speech.

"She's all—right," he managed.

"A far better nurse than you are a doctor," I flung at him. "I've done everything in my power to keep this room quiet, even to accepting insults. The minute you enter, you upset the patient by a scene."

"Take her out," he said to Richard, over my shoulder. Richard looked at me.

I turned to go; he followed me.

In the hall, he put a kindly hand on my shoulder.

"I'm sorry," he said.

The kindness of his tone, the reaction, the full sense of bitterness was too much for me. I found myself sobbing against his shoulder.

"Oh, I'm not bad! I'm not a murderess! Please don't hate me."

His arm went around me comfortingly.

"I don't hate you," he answered; "I wish to goodness I did."

At that instant of bliss, a rude hand tore his arm from about me.

ARE you going to marry her, or me?" Amy Fulton's furious voice sounded in my ears.

"Amy!" Richard was amazed; "I thought you'd left."

"Yes, of course you thought so. I let you think so: I wanted to see how far affairs had gone between you and—this woman." Suddenly she flung herself into his arms, and beat his breast with her clenched fists. "Dickie! Dickie! Are you going to let a vile woman, a murderess, and goodness only knows what else, come between us? Are you, Dickie? I've always hated her. I know her kind. The doll-faced thing! Are you going to let her come between us, Dickie?"

"I haven't said so," answered Richard slowly.

Then take me home, Dickie. Take me home, and I'll marry you any time you say, next week, tomorrow. Only take me home. Dickie, don't you love me any more?"

"Amy, you're hysterical," he answered her plea.

But slowly he turned from me, threw her cape across her shoulders, and together, they went out.

Which was the more bitter, I asked myself, there in the dark, leaning against the cold wall, to think that he hated me bitterly, and always would, or to know that he loved me, perhaps, and belonged to another? And such another! Her narrow face with its hard eyes, and the triumphant smile she had secretly given me as they left, appeared before me so vividly, I put out my hands to tear at it.

DICKIE." I moaned; "oh, Dickie, she will ruin you."

Despair closed in around me then. Always I had waited for a real man, a true man, my man. And he had come, and I could not have him. For weeks and weeks that feeling of love for Richard Hilton had grown stronger within me. I did not recognize it at first. During the trial, I had thought I hated him, for I had seen his hate, and known his persecution. But even that had not prevented my love. Looking back, I realized now that the real reason I had consented to come to Ambrose Hilton was the slight chance of sometimes seeing Richard. And now it was done. He had shown quite clearly this very night where his preference lay.

Perhaps it was better so. Surely for Richard Hilton to marry a suspected murderess, [Turn to page 100]



Don't Destroy *By* ELINOR

*The Third of a Series of
Girl by the World's Best*

LAST month I gave advice to the girls who are rather tarnished and manhandled, but who wish to get back and secure the love of some nice man who will turn into a kind husband. But there is one point which I want to emphasize, because in one way or another numbers of girls miss it, and so lose the man at the last moment.

I am going to tell you a little story—I shall call it "The Pink Ribbon"—to illustrate what I mean. A man friend of mine had every attention of proposing to a girl. He was out on the river with her. It was in the days before bobbing had become general, and the wind had deranged her hair so that he saw that it was tied together with a soiled string of old pink ribbon, and the curls pinned over it. It gave him a sudden feeling of revulsion, the proposal died on his lips, and they came back to the shore on quite ordinary terms.

When I asked him why it upset him so, he said it just gave him the vision that she would not be really appetizing—that she was careless and lazy—because there was no reason for using that old soiled string day after day on her hair. A new piece would

Illusions

GLYN

Sensational Talks to the Modern Authority on Women

not have cost twenty cents! That for him, that pink ribbon, stood for an indication of her whole perceptions of life, and he felt that they could never be happy. She had destroyed an illusion!

Now, girls, apply this simile to any little unattractive thing you may do, or ugly little habit you may have. Many of you possess "pink ribbons" tucked away somewhere, moral ones probably oftener than physical ones, for the American girls are admittedly the most dainty in the world.

It may be some tiresome way of speaking—some whiny tone of voice—some ugly attitude, or way of putting the feet when you are at table; it may be some reiteration of a slang phrase. It is hardly necessary to advise great care of person and dress, because, as I said before, the modern girl is very nearly perfect in this. But she is so very selfish and self-centered that she may not be careful enough to avoid wounding the sensibilities of the particular man.

Never give the subconscious mind of your admirer a jar—or a vision of you which is disillusionizing—and unless the man is a weakling, do not try to boss him. Even if you do it secretly, never show it in tone of voice or expression of authority.

And if you [Turn to page 131]



A Pagan

What Came Modern for This

*The man was Jim. He was only my husband,
who had somehow, it seemed, failed—*

IT WAS music that makes pulses thrum and hearts beat high—a Romany love-song impassioned by the wanderlust that long ago lured dusky Eastern people out of gaudy camps, and sent them adventuring down winding trails with romantic yearning in their vagabond hearts.

Like sensuous sorcery, it throbbed through the saffron dusk of Long Island summer that lent a golden enchantment to Roundrock Country Club. As my husband and I left our limousine and went up the club's broad steps, I suddenly seemed to belong to the music. I wanted to be thrilled by the things it suggested—adventure—romance! I wanted to stray down dim roads under strange stars, and hear again the eager voice of Love.

The music—or was it the glamorous crowd of masked revelers in Gypsy costumes?—promised fulfillment of my desires. I drifted across the veranda on his arm, soft fire burning in my veins. We were about to enter the main door together when a tall man swathed in red

barred Jim. It was our first attendance at a Roundrock dance. Being new members, we did not know the mystery and intrigue that surround its annual Gypsy masquerade ball.

"Gentlemen must enter by the south wing door, please," said the tall man, pointing down the veranda where vari-colored lights were already beginning to spray the fading dusk with spurts of orange, purple, and green fire.

For a fleeting second I turned and watched my husband plunge into the colorful crowd. He did not merge with it, but moved through the babble—a tall, wide-shouldered giant in his bright raiment of the road. On all sides women lifted masked eyes and followed his graceful stride.

It was always that way. En masque, or not, Jim's clean-cut, good looks magnetized women's glances. He was to most of them what I was seeking in some other man—a breath of the lost Past—the fascinating charm, and the mystery of sex.

I went inside, smiling a strange little inner smile at the thought of Jim moving along the veranda like a sun-browned heart-breaker from a Romany camp. It's funny how a man can be all of that to other women, and still remain only a husband to his wife. Nevertheless, that was the truth of the situation between Jim and myself after six years of matrimony, and I realized it anew as I stood before a full-length mirror in the ladies' dressing-room, fluffing out the curls of my black, bobbed hair.

Most likely the way we had lived before our wedding, as well as afterwards, was to blame. Belonging to a rich and fast-playing set in Westchester had stolen away most of our appreciation for the solid and true, leaving us only an appetite for the things of the flesh pots. As with the

Bargain

*from the
Craving
Freedom*

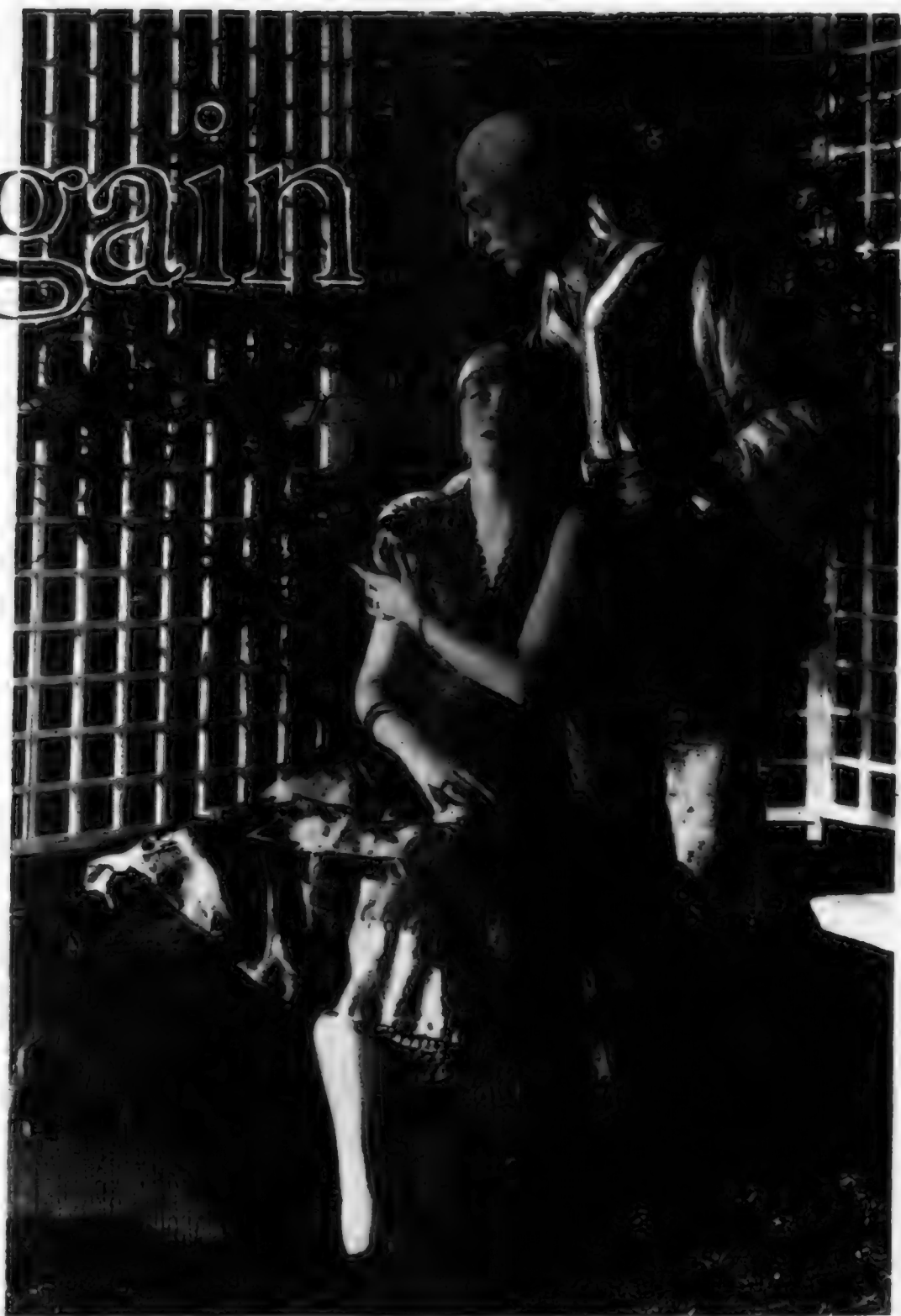
rest of the crowd, our marriage had come to mean little more than a convenient, social arrangement for the achievement of our individual objectives.

It seems awfully shocking to admit this, and rather pathetic, too, but the scene around me proved that my situation was shared by countless other young married women. In the gorgeous room of shaded lamps and flashing mirrors pretty women, wearing diamond-studded wedding rings fastidiously improved their appearances, thrilled by the thought that the night might bring forth forbidden adventure.

You may wonder why I bothered on such a gala evening—with the memory of that barbaric Gypsy music still swaying me—to realize the emptiness of my marriage. Perhaps I can explain by saying it was the desires awakened by the Romany love-song that made my thoughts dwell on this subject. You see, the music of those violins and banjos had made me yearn for what Life, or my own blindness, had apparently cheated me of. It is always that way with a woman when she possesses everything in the world except the conscious knowledge of romance. She easily believes she has been cheated!

SO, I went out of the dressing-room as I am sure many other married women of the Roundrock Country Club went that night—hoping to find romance masquerading in the bright silks of a Gypsy! Just beyond the threshold a maid gave me a pair of unmatched earrings. A tag marked eighty-six was attached to the smaller one, which was evidently meant for a woman to wear.

"Madame must go down to the grand salon. There the gentleman holding earring number eighty-six will claim her," explained the maid.



At the foot of the great, carved staircase a lackey, resplendent in gold and velvet trapping, noted the number on my tag and then escorted me to one of several doors that faced the salon. Opening it, he bade me enter a tiny chamber whose purple dimness was thinned by a tongue of orange fire that danced from a vague candle. Bidding me sit down on the divan, he tip-toed out of the room, returning shortly like a phantom bearing something that flashed through the velvet shadows. It was a silver tray holding a cocktail shaker and two long-stemmed silver glasses. The lackey picked up the shaker and whisked it back and forth expertly. A sound filled the tiny room—a sound suggestive of ice playing a tune—a tinkling tune against refined metal. Shortly the tune died away and the man bent over, pouring a frothing amber drink into each of the silver glasses. Immediately afterwards, he replaced the shaker on the tray and hurried away with a gesture that I should wait a moment.

My eyes were on the door expectantly when it opened again. The phantom-like lackey did not glide inside this time. In his place came a tall, [Turn to page 138]



India



Country Club

Missouri



These pictures are actual illustrations of SMART SET stories. They come from every corner of the earth!

\$5,000

SMART SET Magazine *Read the Con*

HAVE you ever wondered how we get our stories for SMART SET when we never order one? Where do they come from when we have no staff?

Of course I'm always talking about how our readers are our writers—but have you ever stopped to think just what that means?

It means that every month we pay five thousand dollars for stories, and pictures, many of them by people who never wrote before.

That is mere routine work, but I want to call it to your attention as powerfully as I can.

Would you write a story for a thousand dollars? Of course you would! So I'm going to give **SOMEBODY** a thousand dollars for a story. And I'm going to give four other people two hundred and fifty dollars each for their stories. And I'm going to buy as many of the others which are submitted as I find suitable for publication.

We're not looking for stories by professional writers. Big names don't mean a thing to SMART SET, because we don't use names on

For Your Stories

*is the Most Romantic
in the World.
Conditions of Contest.*

our stories anyway. We want the story
What we want are the little dramas of every-
day life. We want you to clear the cobwebs
out of your head and see what you can do with
that story which has been stored away for so
long.

I don't believe you realize how interesting
it is to write a story. Get the family together
and work it up as if you were playing a game.
Everyone may be able to add a bit to it, and
you will be surprised how fast the time flies
once it starts to grow.

It will carry you back to things you have
forgotten. It will bring memories of winter
days when you went coasting—of voices
which have long been silent.

Where are all these dead memories of
yours? Have they passed away forever? Or
do they just need a little awakening to make
you live the past over again?

That is the very spirit of SMART SET.
We all want to stay young together. We
want to recall the thrills which lie behind
us—or if we are still very young we
want to know the thrills which those
who are old enough to have experi-
enced the heart-breaks of the war
can give us.

Have you [Turn to page 82]



Fishermen's
Village



Mexico



Quaker
Village



China

*You can write a story
as good as these.
Perhaps you can see
it published!*

Mosgrin's



OFTEN I have pictured to myself old Jonathan Ladwell sitting upright in bed, his hands outstretched as if to feel and apprehend the menace of the night, and trembling a little in the pale wash of moonlight.

True, the house was old and big, and given to creakings and groanings—but not on a windless night such as this! There, again! Some heavy body crossing the floor downstairs.

Someone was in the house besides himself!

For a moment helpless tears mounted to his eyes, the moisture of senile self-pity. He was old, and the scrapings and savings of a lifetime were not fair spoil for the young and vigorous, against whom he was defenseless. He was a fool to let young Martin take the dogs and go hunting. He wondered if he had not been too lenient with young Martin, the favorite nephew who lived with him, and who, as recompense, would in the end inherit from him. Well, well, young men must have their diversions.

Listen! There it was again—creaking—on the stairs? No, down on the lower floor still. Perhaps, perhaps this marauder would be content to remain below, where there was small plunder.

He must not come up! That ran through his brain, inducing action. Here, upstairs, in the next room, which was his office, and so near old Jonathan as he slept, was the only bank he believed in. The marauder must not come up. Once up, of what avail the scanty, if desperate, strength of age? Age must have at least the advantage of the stairs. Old Jonathan Ladwell pivoted on the bed, letting his old shanks down over the side, until his feet padded noiselessly on the floor. He shook as with an ague. Mosgrin's words rang in his ears: "You're an old fool to keep your money in the house. Some day we'll hear Jonathan Ladwell has been found in bed with his throat cut!" Mosgrin, the blacksmith, said that. It was Mosgrin who had made the lower floor secure with bars.

Desperation urged Ladwell on. From a drawer, stealthily, he took a revolver. He held it as one afraid of weapons. He crossed a pale pool of moonlight, his hand tightening about the revolver. He wondered whether Martin had left it loaded. He almost hoped the ammunition had all been expended on the crows. A timorous old fellow was Jonathan Ladwell, and as much afraid of the menace in his hand as of that below stairs.

Dog



Suddenly I heard old Bag-o'-Bones give a snarling oath to the morning air, for Mosgrin's dog came from his kennel, sniffed suspiciously, and broke into a furious racket.

The well of the staircase was fortunately dark; the hallway below held a gleam of moonlight. Ladwell, peering cautiously over, saw a shadow waver, obscuring the gleam, resolving itself into a man's figure, stairward bound!

His fright found tongue.

"Go 'way!" he shrilled. "Go away. I can see you! I can see you, and I'll fire!" His unaccustomed hand nervously fingered the trigger. There was a flash, the sound of fleeing footsteps, of a banging door, of a runner on gravel outside. Old Ladwell was alone in the house, a shaking, paralyzed figure, too fearful to appraise the extent of his victory.

For a long while he stood clutching at the rail. Then courage began to return; he even managed a light, and cautiously examined the revolver. He had fired the last shot! Well, the scoundrel would not return tonight. And tomorrow he would get it reloaded. He did not know where Martin kept the ammunition, nor was he sure how one went about reloading the thing. He would take it to Mosgrin in the morning.

He started suddenly, trembling.

From far in the distance, down at The Corners, came the sound of a dog howling. That was Mosgrin's dog! He knew it, and shuddered. Once the dog had been his, a much-

feared creature of huge proportions and slavering jaws. He had given it to Mosgrin. "I'll be glad to have it," Mosgrin said. "All the tramps in the district come by The Corners!"

Mosgrin was the only man who could safely handle the beast. The fear of it was great in all our countryside, and to hear him break silence in the night was sufficient to set more than us village children shivering in our beds.

IT HAD grown to be a tradition with us that when Mosgrin's dog howled at night, there was some evil afoot nearby . . .

Mosgrin was right enough about the popularity of the crossroads where the smithy stood. Partly it was the natural location of the place; partly the ice-cold well in the yard, at which the itinerant and the wayfarer quenched a thirst gained on the road; partly, perhaps, it was the undeniable joy of lingering to watch the operations of anvil and forge, and to smell the queer, homely, pungent odor of the horseshoeing.

We of the village knew at once whether or not these wayfarers were habituated or not, by their approach to the smithy. If they had passed this way before, they remembered, and gave a wide berth to the kennel at the entrance to the yard, allowing generous space beyond the range of chain that

The incident of the dog is an actual case—many years ago, in an Irish village—and was told by a man who came from there.

THE AUTHOR.

Mosgrin allowed his dog; they seemed never to forget.

I remember well enough, when passing on my way to school one day, seeing an unfortunate spaniel wander within reach, and his throat as keenly slit as with a knife; and how, in spite of Mosgrin's dusting over the place with a few kicks of his heavy boots, we pointed with awe to the stains until the first rain came to wash them away.

To go to and from the schoolhouse most of us, as I say, had to pass the smithy, and, as I figure it now, at about the time when old Ladwell set out from his lonely big house—wherein was enacted the night's scene that I have reconstructed from his own story—I was approaching The Corners by the small descent; the

Bones said that. Hey, come back!"—for I had edged away. "Look, sonny; you'll just run down and fetch a few matches, and I'll be waiting behind that bush down there opposite the smithy—understand? And don't fail me, or——"

I stammered that I wouldn't.

He followed me part way down the road, until, turn where one comes immediately upon The Corners, he disappeared expertly behind the hedge again. And suddenly I heard him give a snarling oath to the morning air, for Mosgrin's dog came from his kennel, sniffed suspiciously, and broke into a furious racket, dragging ferociously at his chain.

There was a dog-cart outside the smithy, behind whose meagre protection I passed to escape the notice of Mosgrin's dog, and so entered. The place was gloomy after the brightness of the out-of-doors, and I paused on the threshold, blinking at the scene before me.

A little dandy of a man was standing, hands in breeches pockets, teetering back and forth upon his toes, and reiterating with a certain evil content: "Saturday at the latest, Mosgrin! Not an inch further than Saturday!" Mosgrin's hands were working so that his mighty muscles stood out. When presently the little man cackled into laughter, Mosgrin lifted a huge arm and shook his fist under the nose of his visitor; and then, as suddenly, ceased this perform-

ance, and stood, legs apart and hands on hips, staring down at his leathern apron as if for inspiration.

The little man chuckled.

"I thought you'd see it, Mosgrin!" he said; glanced at a great round turnip of a watch; nodded; added: "See you by Saturday then!" and was gone, the dog following him with vicious protests.

BIG Mosgrin snatched some white-hot metal from the forge, set it upon the anvil, and beat it with a heavy mallet as if it were a mortal enemy, and the flying sparks the breath of life departing from it under the blows. Outside, the dog, after a further furious barking, subsided, and the ringing blows alone filled the smithy with what seemed the honest sound of labor.

Torn between twin fears, I ventured at last a timid: "Mr. Mosgrin!"

He turned on me at the second repetition, to ask, curtly: "Well—what's for you?"

And there I was, with my heart pounding at what I had seen of a big man in mighty anger, and at thoughts of old Bag-o'-Bones outside awaiting me.

"A match, please!" I said.

"A match? Ho, ho! Sulphur is for the devil, not for



"A match? I'll have no part in your corn-cob smoking behind the barn."

dipped down from the plateau on which was my own home. September weather was at its best, and the hedges sparkled with dew in the morning sunlight, for I remember that when, suddenly, a man stepped out from among the bushes and accosted me, his shoulders were quite wet.

He was a skinny individual, his big frame scantily hung with flesh, his eyes keen and shifty. His face seemed curiously lop-sided, the explanation of which lay in a long scar, running pretty well from ear to mouth on the left side. Of this he seemed sensitive even before a lad like myself.

"Got a match, sonny?" he asked. "Come now, don't you go for to say yer afraid of old Bag-o'-Bones. Where's the match? Make haste now: my mornin' pipes late as it is!"

"I—I h-haven't one, s-sir!" I chattered. And then with desperate inspiration, for he was an object to inspire fear, "if you'll go to the s-smithy there, Mosgrin will give you one."

He swung on me, and I saw that his scar had suddenly turned lurid purple.

"Mosgrin?" He swore a vicious oath. "That's the blacksmith fellow? May he eat sulphur world without end! There now, don't you go tellin' him old Bag-o'-

school-boys. Out with you now; I'll have no part or lot in your corn-cob smoking behind the barn. Off wi' you, and thank me for saving you a-tanning!"

"B-but——"

"Out wi' you, or——"

He brandished a rod of metal, white-hot at the nether end. I fled; nor did I stop until I had reached the schoolhouse, deeply repenting that I had not waited for company on the road this morning, and wondering if other of the boys would encounter old Bag-o'-Bones, and still more what had become of him, for Mosgrin's dog had since relapsed, with apparent finality, into silence.

As I went into the schoolyard, I remember seeing pass by—afoot, for he was too miserly to own a rig—old Jonathan Ladwell, heading toward The Corners. And I fell to speculating, awesomely enough, whether, if old Bag-o'-Bones waylaid him, he would be content to demand only a match or two!

Jonathan Ladwell passed me without a look, and continued toward The Corners. What happened I am able now to tell in detail, pieced together from his own and the tales of others. As he went he occasionally chuckled to himself. In the broad light of day cowardice flees; and even last night Ladwell had won a victory. He had learned no longer really to fear young Martin's revolver! That was a step. He patted it in his mangy pocket, as if indeed it were a friend. Another time he might shoot

even straighter! What was life when his gold was menaced? Gold—real gold! Gathered, little by little, from many sources as opportunity came, that no whisper of it get around. Round, shining gold, and lots not yet turned into it: bills, silver—rent money. He kept bank accounts, of course—small ones, but deceptive because with several institutions. People believed he banked his rents! As if he would trust any bank with an appreciable sum!

The hedges grew high on both sides of the road. Hedges iridescent with the dew. These natural jewels were beyond old Jonathan Ladwell's appraisal. He had no soul room for them.

MARTIN would be away two days yet—one night more. He patted his pocket, where young Martin's weapon was.

As Ladwell approached the smithy, Mosgrin's dog stirred in its sleep, growled once, and slumbered again. Perhaps it knew this, its former owner; by day, too, guard duty was light. We of the village knew how remarkably well that dog of Mosgrin's was trained. Each night Mosgrin would say: "On guard, boy—on guard now! Let no one pass!" This was always just as he put up the shutters and retired to his bachelor bed. Each morning he would say: "Good dog! Good o'd boy! Let 'em in now, boy—let 'em in!" Then, except for suspicious characters, for whom the dog seemed to have a nose, the customers of the smithy were safe enough. This ritual never varied, for Mosgrin was somewhat of a recluse, and neither went out at night, nor had he friends to visit him after dusk. We of the village had a saying, when two went much together, that they were "as thick as Mosgrin and his dog!"

Jonathan Ladwell, approaching, now entered the [Turn to page 84]



He was heading up toward the schoolhouse, and so away from The Corners.

"That's a tough-lookin' guy," grinned old Bag-o'-Bones.



The Funniest

We will give three dollars for every joke published in this department. Items found unavailable will not be returned.

—THE EDITOR

H. F. J.,
Toronto, Ont.

IN A legal case of some importance, it was necessary to establish that one of the parties reached home on a particular night in a rather mellow condition. His valet, George, was in the stand and denied that his master had ever been intoxicated. On cross-examination he was asked:

"What did Mr. Smith do when he reached home?"

"He jus' went right to bed, suh."

"Did he say anything to you?"

"No, suh, nothin' much."

"Well, now, tell us just what he did say."

"Well, he says, 'Good-night, Geo'ge!'"

"And did he say nothing else?"

"Well——" very reluctantly—— "he says, 'Call me early, Geo'ge.'"

"And didn't he say anything besides 'Good-night, George: call me early?'"

"Well, suh, then he says, 'Cause I'm to be Queen of the May.'"

* * * * *

H. M.,
New York City.

ANGERED DINER—"Look here, waiter. There's a button in my soup."

Waiter (Ex-printer)—"Sorry, sir, that's a typographical error. That should be mutton."

* * * * *



B. C.,
Wallkill, N. Y.

CANVASSER: "Madam, will you donate something to the new hospital?"

Mrs. Murphy: (who has just finished an argument)
"Well, ye might step in an' take a look at Mr. Moiphy. Maybe he'll do."

* * * * *

N. S.,
Almedia, Pa.

GOLFER: "And I went around this course in 85."

Golferette:
"Not really! I didn't know you were as old as that."

A. T.,
Alton, Ill.

I SUPPOSE," said a lady to the conductor, "if I pay fare for my dog he will be treated the same as other passengers, and be allowed to occupy a seat?"

"Of course, madam," the conductor replied politely: "he will be treated the same as other passengers, and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it!"

* * * * *

D. H.,
Spartanburg, S. C.

THE fresh young traveling salesman put on his most seductive smile as the pretty waitress glided up to his table in the hotel dining-room, and remarked:



"Nice day, little one."

"Yes, it is," she replied. "And so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a pretty girl and have lovely blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and I like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. My wages are satisfactory and I don't think there's a

show or a dance in town tonight, and if there was I wouldn't go with you. I'm from the country and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is the cook in this hotel, and he was a college football player and weighs three hundred pounds and last week he pretty nearly ruined a \$25-a-week traveling man who tried to make a date with me; now, what'll you have—roast beef, roast pork, Irish stew, hamburger or fried liver?"

* * * * *

L. F.,
Ogden, Utah.

TWO old friends who had not seen each other for a long time met in a restaurant one day.

"And by the way, old chap," said one, "how are you getting on with Ethel? Did you ask her to marry you?"

"I sure did," was the reply, "but I didn't have any luck. She asked me if I had any prospects."

"Well, that was easy. Why didn't you tell her about your rich uncle?" asked his friend.

"Hang it all, I did!" answered the other sadly. "And now she's my aunt!"

Stories

Told by

SMART SET Readers



I. O.,
Butte, Mont.

A STREET car collided with a milk cart and sent a can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tiptoe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, "what an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned around and glared at the little man, and said, testily:

"Mind your own business!"

* * * * *

V. M. G.,
Irwin, Ia.

EMMA, a city girl, was visiting her uncle Joe on the farm. When uncle Joe went to milk, Emma went along. The cow would not be milked while Emma was near.

Uncle Joe: "The cow does not like your red sweater."

Emma: "O dear! I know it is terribly old-fashioned, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."

* * * * *

B. D. M.,
Spokane, Wash.

I HOPE that's a nice book for you to read, darling," said a conscientious mother to her engrossed school-girl daughter.

"Oh, yes, mummy," said Miss Thirteen. "It's a lovely book, but I don't think you would like it. It's so sad at the end."

"How is it sad, darling?"

"She dies, and he has to go back to his wife."

* * * * *

J. H. E.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

TWO darkies were coon hunting one night, and their dogs treed what they thought was a coon. One of the negroes climbed to the top of a cypress tree, only to be confronted by an enormous wildcat. The "bob cat" proceeded to make it hot for the negro, who shouted to his companion:

"Th'ow a rock up heah, niggah!"

"I cain't chunk a rock away up dah, chile."

"Well, den, grab dat gun an' shoot up heah 'mongst us."



E. B.,
Canonsburg, Penna.

JIMMY found the girl problem a little too much for him, so he confided his difficulties to his chum.

"You see," he explained, "I've walked home from school with her three times and carried her books; bought her ice-cream once, and an ice-cream sody twice. Now, dontcha think I'd oughta kiss her?"

His chum pondered the matter.

"Naw," he decided finally. "You don't need to; you've done enough for that girl as it is."

* * * * *

M. E. H.,
Wake Forest, N. C.

THE feminist orator had waxed very indignant over the universal treatment of her sisters.

"Just as if," she screamed, "all men are perfect! Why, there's not even one perfect man! I dare any one to name a perfect man!"

A meek looking little man in the back arose.

"What?" demanded the speaker. "Do you claim to have known a perfect man?"

"Well, I never really knew him," the little fellow said apologetically, "but I've heard a lot about him!"

"Who was he?" shrieked the speaker.

"My wife's first husband."

* * * * *

N. R.,
El Paso, Tex.

PAT: "Can you swim?"
Ike: "No!"

Pat: "But what if the boat should sink?"

The boat capsizes and soon Pat is ashore. But what puzzles him, Ike is, too.

Pat: "Thought you could not swim?"

Ike: "I can't, but I just talked and talked, and here I am."

* * * * *

R. R. S.,
Santa Cruz,
Calif.

SO YOU are lost, little man? Why didn't you hold on to your mother's skirt?"

"I couldn't reach it," sobbed the child.



Possibility!

The Great Life Problem of a Woman Whose Dead Husband Might Come Back

PROBLEMS? Life is full of them! Some baffling—some readily solved. Each year, each day, each hour has its problems. They creep into the lives of all mankind. None are exempt. Why should they be? Aren't those problems and the solving of them—LIFE?

Fifteen years ago, I took my problems as they came, and quickly disposed of most of them. Today, it is different. My whole being, my very soul, is enveloped with one problem—so difficult that a solution to it seems impossible. First of all, because in order to somewhat comprehend my problem, you must have the facts leading up to it, and, second, because I feel as though it would ease my mind to tell someone.

My childhood home, as I remember it, was a stronghold of religion. Yes, religion! The very walls of our poor little home echoed and re-echoed with that one word—and all that it implies to a devout Christian. My religion was made more essential to me than the bread which I ate. It was made to surpass everything in my childish life, and, as I grew older and was thrown upon my own resources at the breaking up of home, I still gave my church first place in my life.

My early youth was full of hardships, trials, and heart-aches. I worked on different farms, and went to country school when I could. I was especially anxious for an education, so when I came to be of a high school age, I moved into the nearby town and worked my way through high school. I graduated at the age of seventeen, and immediately sought a position, hoping to get office work of some kind. But somehow, I was afraid to start out into the world. I couldn't make myself leave the vicinity of my home. I had no particular friends in town, and still—well, I hated to break away from it all, somehow. So, as you can easily imagine, —there were practically no positions in



Still, how can I prove that Eugene is not alive?

such a small village—I found myself doing general housework for a well-to-do family. My work was hard, and life was a humdrum existence to me until Eugene came.

He was a decorator and paper-hanger, a stranger in the vicinity, but an energetic young man, and rather well liked about town. He came to do some papering at the home in which I was employed. That was the first time I saw him. I guess you might call it love at first sight. We were much attracted to one another, and within six months we were married. Yes, I'll admit that it was somewhat sudden, and that I was rather young, but I was tired to death of the way I was living, and, with a man like Eugene to love me and want to care for me, why, marriage seemed like a haven of rest. I loved my husband dearly, and our first year of married life was bliss.

Eugene worked hard to earn the money that I worked hard to save. Our upstairs rooms, though not elaborate, spelled "home."

Then came the happy time, as in every real home, when I spent my evenings sewing tiny garments, while Eugene worked most vigorously in an attempt to transform, with a bit of white enamel, a dingy second-hand crib into a real [Turn to page 91]

*Have you read the
contest announcement
on page 72 of this
issue?*

Private Secretaries to FAMOUS MEN



... Secretary to General J. Leslie Kincaid, Vice-President of the United Hotels Company of America.

"Whenever I hear a private secretary say that her duties are becoming too much for her, I recommend that she try an easy writing Royal Typewriter. It is the easiest machine to operate that I ever used."

Mary Grant



... Secretary to Ray Long, Vice-President and Editor-in-Chief of the International Magazine Company.

"My everlasting thanks to the inventive genius who developed the easy writing Royal Typewriter."

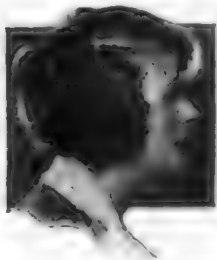
Mildred Temple



... Secretary to Bartlett Arkell, President, Beech-Nut Packing Company.

"In an office like ours, where a rush of business often makes us work at high pressure, our machines must be just as smooth-going and unfaltering as our fingers. That is why I use the Easy Writing, Always Dependable Royal Typewriter."

M. Ellen Carroll



... Secretary to William T. Dewart, General Manager of the Frank A. Munsey Properties.

"I like my Easy Writing Royal Typewriter because it is so light in touch and gives such clean, even copy."

Daisy Sorensen



... "In my work, where speed, accuracy, and neatness are at a premium, the Easy Writing Royal Typewriter is my 'Star Performer'."

Lily Snyder

... Secretary to Edgar Selwyn, Actor, Playwright, Producer, Director and Theatre Magnate, among whose many national and international hits have been "Rolling Stones," "Dancing Mothers," "The Mirage," and others.

Private Secretaries and The Royal Typewriter

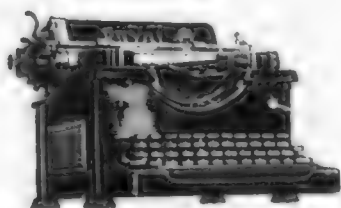
Secretaries who work for big men—men who want things right—find their employers pleased with the character of work they can turn out on a Royal Typewriter—

Men who do big things set a high standard of achievement in both speed and accuracy. The Royal Typewriter makes it easier to meet these standards—

Secretaries to men who are in a hurry must get the day's work done;

they cannot afford to handicap their own experience and speed. The Royal Typewriter meets all their demands—

And—the Secretary whose busy day is sure to be followed by another one equally busy, knows how invaluable is the *Easy Writing* Royal Typewriter which enables her to "End the day with a smile," and begin a new one with a cheerful "Good Morning!"



"Compare the Work"

ROYAL

Trade

Mark

TYPEWRITERS

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 316 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over



"You are
A Marvelous
Hostess!"

"YOU are a marvelous hostess—
but you were never more mar-
velous than last night. I could have
sworn that you had summoned to
your drawing room the very atmos-
phere—the fragrance—of romance.
And there was about you an elusive
touch of mystery that was fascinating."

FROM HER DIARY:

"WELL—the party was a success.
There was really a thrill about
it. I wonder if they knew how much the
temple incense helped."

IT is an old, old secret, that the charm of
women and the pleasure of festivals are
the more irresistible when they are given a
setting suffused with the glamor of romance.
Vantine's Temple Incense breathes this del-
ightful, faintly fragrant atmosphere into any
room. Six subtle odors, at all drug and de-
partment stores.

What mystery will incense give to you?
Send 10 cents for sample of six fragrances.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., Inc.
(Dept. 9) 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Our Cover Girl

THIS month's cover girl comes from Wisconsin. She con-
siders herself the Bohemian type; is five feet in height,
has blue-gray eyes, light brown—almost bronze—hair,
and a fair complexion.

AGNES MAINE was born in Milladore, Wisconsin, June 7,
1908. She received her education in the public schools of
that section. Her present home is ELCHO, Wisconsin. I
think we can be proud of her as a SMART SET girl, don't you?
I'm wondering just what she intends to do with her thousand-
dollar check.

The popularity of the SMART SET girl idea has grown so big
that we have been forced to stop asking for pictures until the
judges catch up with the five thousand still to be examined.

MOTION picture directors have been coming to SMART SET
office to seek new faces for the films. This has delayed
the return of some pictures—but the spirit of co-operation and
patience which has been shown by the girls is really wonderful
and gives us new faith in our readers.

THE EDITOR

\$5,000 for Your Stories

(Continued from page 73)

noticed the illustrations reprinted with
this announcement? They have all been
used with SMART SET stories. Don't they
help you to know just what we want
in the way of stories from life?

Read this issue carefully. It will help
you. Notice the variety of subjects and
the simplicity of style in our stories. And
then talk over the subject with your
family and friends. Make a game of it.
The requirements are very simple.

We want stories of life written in the
first person style. The length should be
not less than four thousand nor more than
seven thousand words.

Manuscripts should be typewritten,
double-spaced. Use only one side of the
paper. If typewriter is not available, use
ink and be careful to write so that the

story is easy to read. Address them in
care of the Contest Editor.

The Contest will close February 15th,
1926. Prize winners will be announced
in the June, 1926, issue when the first
prize story will be published.

The editors will be the judges.

We want everyone who is interested in
SMART SET to write a story, feeling con-
fident that we are not seeking professional
writers.

This is the first of a series of surprises
we have in store for the coming year.
Every month you will find something
new to stimulate your interest in SMART
SET. It's a game of a sort. I'm always
trying to find something you haven't
thought of so that you can try your hand
at a new idea!—THE EDITOR.



The correct way to apply rouge is very important. Nature's own color appears in the form of a >, pointing toward the nose. Apply as shown by the diagram sketch, leaving a white space about the size of a silver quarter (or shilling) in front of the ear. Blend softly over cheeks with puff. Never apply in a hard, round, artificial spot. For waterproof, lasting effect, rouge should be applied before powdering.

Yes, this Rouge is flattering—

AND SO, SHE GREET'S THE WORLD WITH A SMILE,
CONFIDENT, SERENE, ADORABLE!

THE lovely glow of PRINCESS PAT Rouge appears to lie below the skin, not on it. Apply it to your own cheek and see for yourself what a fine, youthful blush it brings. Then you'll agree. "Yes, indeed, this Rouge is flattering."

Smart, new, modish! And one application lasts all evening. It is not affected by perspiration or moisture.

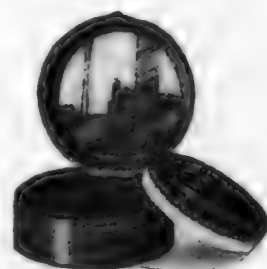
To-day the best looking woman knows how to use PRINCESS PAT Rouge. With her its use is an art. On the dressing table of this clever woman you will find two or three tints of "Princess Pat." She blooms in Princess Pat Rouge VIVID when she wears that gorgeous party gown and a bright flush is appropriate. Princess Pat Medium Rouge

is her choice when a soft pastel shade suits her mood and her gown. And when a natural orange tint is just the right shade, she rejoices in Princess Pat English Tint, which won such instant favor with stylish women everywhere.

Then, confident, sparkling, always in poise, she graces every company, expressing in person and attire the last word in correct color harmony.

You can enjoy the same advantage. Princess Pat Rouge is sold at every department or drug store. Should your dealer be temporarily out, we will gladly send you a week's supply, free, on request.

We want you to prove to your own satisfaction how this unique rouge brings out your Beauty as no rouge ever did before.



Princess Pat

Princess Pat, Ltd. Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Lipstick

As a final touch to your beauty it is essential that the color harmony between lips and cheeks should be exact. With English Tint or Medium Rouge use Princess Pat "Natural" Lipstick; with Vivid Rouge use Princess Pat "Vivid" Lipstick. Keeps the lips soft and pliant—prevents dryness or chaps.

Free Mail this coupon for a liberal sample of Princess Pat Rouge.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Dept. 2412
2709 So. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

(In Canada address: 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.)

Please send me, free of cost, a sample of Princess Pat Rouge, as checked.

☐ Vivid ☐ Medium ☐ English Tint

(Print) Name.....

Address.....



"It Makes My Face Feel So Good!"

You'll say so, too, after you try Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier.

Just spread on this blue-gray magic balm—then relax and rest.

In twenty minutes—tired nerves are soothed, taut muscles relax, and lines that might become wrinkles are smoothed away.

Boncilla
Clasmic
Beautifier

Makes the skin soft and smooth. Eliminates pimples and blackheads, dispels sallowness, enlarged pores and excess oil.

Use Boncilla Beautifier twice a week. For the daily toilette: Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams and Boncilla Creamed Face Powder.

Each of these products may be purchased separately. The Pack O' Beauty contains introductory sizes of all four items at 50c. For greatest convenience and economy, ask for Ideal Set No. 37, containing full sized packages of all four—and a FREE cake of Boncilla Beauty Soap. At all toilet counters. If you live in Canada send to 590 King St., Toronto 2.

Special Offer-Test Package-10c

Boncilla Laboratories, Inc. SS. 12 2
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Send for your Special Test Package containing 10c worth of all four items in the complete Boncilla Method for which I enclose 10c.

Name _____
Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

**Learn
INTERIOR
DECORATING
at Home**

**Make \$5000 to
\$10,000 a year**



Easy to establish business for yourself, or take high salaried position. Prominent New York decorators teach you practical, professional methods through simple new system, by mail. No special ability needed.

BOOK FREE Beautifully illustrated. Shows how you can enter profession in new, easy way, decorate your own home. Send postcard or letter today.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DECORATION, Dept. 102, 2 West 47th St., New York

Mosgrin's Dog

[Continued from page 77]

shop, announcing his presence with a cough.

"Hullo!" greeted Mosgrin, without great affability, for he had small use for the old man. "Come after more locks and bolts to put about your gold and silver?"

Ladwell lifted a warning finger, glancing sharply about.

"No one around!" said Mosgrin, with open contempt. "Well, what is it you want of me this time?"

"Some scoundrel broke in last night, Mosgrin!"

"The deuce you say!"

"And I—I shot him, Mosgrin!" A touch of triumph in this.

"What? Dead?"

"No. Wish I had. He ran."

"You hit him?"

"Don't know. Fancied I did!"

"The deuce you say! How did he get in?"

OLD Ladwell wiped his brow with his habitual red handkerchief, which reduced washings to a minimum.

"That's the point! I've gone over every inch. Windows all bolted and barred. Only the door, front door—that's got no bolt you know, since Martin ruined it, getting in one night when I'd set it by mistake, thinking him in, and he couldn't make me hear."

"The lock was on?"

"I made sure it was . . . Look here, Mosgrin, d'ye suppose the fellow had a key?" Old Ladwell wiped his brow again, the drops standing out. "That young scamp, Martin," he breathed suddenly, "he's as careless of keys as a servant with butter. I've suppose he's lost one somewhere, and someone's got it—knowing what lock it fitted?"

"Humph!" said Mosgrin, considering the thing.

"You'll come up," cried Ladwell excitedly. "You'll come up this very day and change that lock, Mosgrin, and fix the bolt while you're at it!"

"Tomorrow," returned Mosgrin, scratching his head. "Busy all day today!"

"And leave me—"

"With all that gold in your mattress—alone another night—heh?"

"Hush!"

"No one round to hear!"

"I thought I heard something," said Ladwell nervously.

"Your nerves!" retorted Mosgrin, unsympathetically. "Say, look here—I have it—something a good sight better than any lock. I'll lend you the dog!"

"W-what?"

"The dog!"

A sudden light broke over old Ladwell's face.

"By gad, Mosgrin! . . . You'll tie him up safely, though, on the veranda. On the veranda!"

"Veranda nothing! What if anyone should force the way in the back. You never know. The dog would be helpless to get at him. No, no, we'll put him inside!"

"Not if I know it—"

"On a chain," said Mosgrin, "long enough so he can guard the stairs. Your only danger is anyone getting up there. You'd be helpless!"

Old Ladwell shivered.

"Ugh! But me live in the same house overnight with that brute?"

"You'll stay put on the upper flat, that's all. And sleep like a babe. You sleep pretty well usually?"

"Yes, yes, like a log when Martin's home with me!"

"Well, the dog is safer still."

"Are you sure the chain is strong?"

"I'll vouch for that!"

Mosgrin's dog gave a sudden growl.

"What's that?"

"Someone coming, that's all!"

"I thought I saw a face at that back window!" cried old Ladwell. "A face all skin and bones!"

"You're seeing things! . . . By gad, perhaps you're right! Steady there, boy—stop it! Stop that noise!"

They hurried out into the sunlight. Mosgrin's dog was tugging at his chain, barking vociferously. A gaunt, shambling figure was just disappearing over the hedge, turning but once to show a scarred, angry face, and shake a fist at the howling beast.

The two men stared.

"You'll take the dog?" said Mosgrin grimly. "I'll bring him up while it's still daylight!"

Jonathan Ladwell nodded, shuddering a little. He put his hand in his pocket, and fished out a weapon.

"And you can load that for me, Mosgrin. I'm taking no chances either way!"

Mosgrin regarded the weapon curiously. Then he nodded, taking it and examining it expertly. "I'll bring it up when I come. I'm out of ammunition. You're safe enough by daylight?"

Ladwell nodded.

"Smith's men are working in the fields next my place. They're keeping a look out for me. Good trustworthy fellows, all of 'em."

"Well, I'll fetch it up, and load it for you, when I bring the dog. Not that you'll need it, Ladwell!" He grinned savagely. "There'll be not enough left of any intruder to put a bullet in time the dog gets through with him. These durned tramps are the curse of the district. It'd be an example for one to get his good and plenty!"

"You could bring the new lock, too!"

Mosgrin smiled. "Later," he said, winking. "Let the dog have his chance, Ladwell!"

They nodded at each other, understandingly, and Jonathan Ladwell took his departure into the sunlit morning.

We youngsters saw him go by on his homeward way, his mouth still not entirely free from a malicious grin, as we played in the schoolyard at the time of the morning recess.

VERY well," said Miss Bowles, catching me mooning during lessons, and not understanding how much old Bag-o'-Bones was in my young mind. "You'll stay and make up time after school!"

Fate plays funny tricks that way. Ordinarily I was lucky in my escapades; today I was caught. Ordinarily there would be others to share the after-school hour of confinement; today it was solitary. I sat working over my "examples," under the eye of Miss Bowles, "the terrible spinster," with an eerie sense that the last voices from the schoolyard had vanished; that the sunlight was dimming under a sea of grey cloud from the west; that Miss Bowles' direction was the opposite of mine, and that at the schoolhouse door we would part company. For once I craved her attendance; I know I even suggested, timidly, and with the utmost solicitation, that my mother had been hoping she would call around for a visit soon, and that I fancied she would be at home this afternoon. Miss Bowles refused to take the hint. "Perhaps next week!" she said.

To my affrighted imagination a sense of premature night hung over the country-

[Turn to page 86]

How I Earn Money at Home

And In This Way Make Up For George's Shrinking Salary

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money. Many Are Now Making It Themselves—Right at Home—How Auto Knitting Pays Three Ways

By MARY WHITMAN

"MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well dressed girl—until she married that bank clerk. I should think he'd feel—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

But I had heard—and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I did look "dowdy"—and I knew it.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and George. My cup of bitterness had spilled over, and I needed a few minutes to choke back my tears that wanted to run down my burning cheeks.

I didn't want to make George feel worse than he did already about our money situation. My husband is one of the "white collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had sometimes hinted to George that I would be glad to take my old position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously.

But the bitter experience of this Sunday morning was too much. I resolved as I walked home I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes.

When I got home I was prepared to be cheerful as usual, but George was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him and cried, "If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the magazine section of the paper, shut the door, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. George came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up, and idly began to turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from George. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home—Auto Knitting Pays Three Ways."

That night I mailed the coupon from that advertisement of The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter.



"It helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into extra dollars"

While George was at the bank, I used it every minute I could spare from my housework. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit wool socks to the company's hosiery department. By return mail came a check in payment.

Well, I kept on knitting socks—but after a little while not many of them went to the company, for when I let my friend Gracia into my secret and showed her the socks, she immediately exclaimed: "I know where we can sell them right here in town and nobody need even know who made them!" It worked out fine. I sold them and soon had calls for more. I found I could make more money selling them in this way than I could sending my standard socks to the company.

Then one day, as we were ready to go out, I presented myself before George in a pretty, new accordion-pleated frock which I had seen advertised in Park & Taylor's sale and a fancy little sweater I had made up myself with the aid of the Auto Knitter.

His mouth opened wide and he just stared at me in admiration. Finally, he managed to say: "Where did you get them, Mary?"

"I earned them myself," I replied brightly, not just sure how he would take the news.

"The sweater, too?" he inquired, and I knew he was thinking what an extravagant lot such a sweater must have cost.

"Well, the sweater—" I answered, "the sweater I really made myself!"

"But, Mary, I didn't know you could knit like that!"

"I couldn't by hand, George," I replied, "but I learned to do it another way."

George looked for a moment as if I had said I had stolen my new things. But then I made him sit down and listen to my story.

Then I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the closet and showed George

how it worked. I had had enough practice by that time, so that I made a sock so quickly that George's eyes almost dropped out of his head.

"And you say the Company's hosiery department will buy the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "they will take my entire surplus of standard socks at a guaranteed price, but the best of it is that I can sell my work right here at home and make even more than by sending it to the company, to say nothing of the money I can save by making our own knitted wear just as I made this sweater."

George was certainly astonished, said he had no objection to my continuing the work. In fact, he was secretly proud

of my ability. So I kept right on making clever little knitted articles for my daughter, socks for George and knitted novelties for home sale. When spring and summer came I took up the knitting of fancy, sport and golf stockings, so that I really had very little knitting to sell to the company, although they helped me in every way, even sending me a booklet telling how to build up my own home knitting business.

Now, I can have the pretty things I want for myself, for Helen and for the house—and I don't have to feel "guilty" when I buy them, because I am not obliged to touch a cent of what I call "the family money"—the money that George makes.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make and save money at home in spare time.

No matter where you live, I feel sure that you want to know all about the Auto Knitter that has meant so much to us. By all means write to The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company at once and find out about this home industry waiting for you. Find out what others have done with the aid of the Auto Knitter and what it offers you. Send your name and address on the coupon below—no obligation of any sort. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc., Dept. 21512, 630 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 21512, 630 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money and Saving Money at Home with the Auto Knitter telling How Auto Knitting Pays Three Ways. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
Street and Number.....
Postoffice.....State.....

Add to your
Loveliness
with a touch of
Maybelline



It is amazing, the wondrous effect of a touch of MAYBELLINE. Just a drop of the new waterproof, harmless Liquid, or a brush stroke of the popular Solid form, and the lashes become marvelously luxuriant, naturally long appearing, and bewitchingly dark. Apply this magic beauty aid and behold how it adds to your loveliness.

Either Solid or Liquid in Black or Brown—75¢ at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-80 Sheridan Rd., CHICAGO



**No Hair Offends
Where Neet is Used**

Science has solved the problem of removing unwanted hair pleasantly, without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild, dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. 50¢ per tube. 35,000 Drug and Dept. stores sell Neet. Money back if it fails to please you.

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.



**Only \$5.45 for this \$20 value
White Gold Wrist Watch**

25 year 14K white gold-filled case, richly engraved, latest Tonneau shape, sapphire crown, gross grain ribbon with white gold-filled clasp, 8 jewel movement. An excellent timekeeper. Comes in beautiful velvet and silk-lined case.

AN IDEAL GIFT

that will make any girl or woman happy. We specialize in this watch exclusively and are in a position to offer it at a price lower than the usual wholesale price. If after receiving and examining this watch, you do not consider it equal to any watch priced up to \$20.00 by jewelers, send it back—we will promptly refund amount paid. Send only \$5.45 and this beautiful watch will be forwarded prepaid, or if you desire we will ship C. O. D., you to pay postman \$6.45 plus the charges on delivery. Order now as this offer may not be repeated.

WILLIAMS CO., 4750-92 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago

Mosgrin's Dog

[Continued from page 84]

side as I set out for home . . . "And don't fail me—or—" . . . Over and over that raced in my mind. And I had failed him; had run away from him rather than to him with the matches. The unspoken threat was a sword over my spirits. I told myself, repetitiously, that he was just a common tramp, that he had doubtless quit the district long before this. And then I remembered the whisper that had passed around at noon:

"Old Ladwell's was broken into last night. Old Ladwell shot at the fellow, but he got away. They think it's a tramp, likely!"

I shivered.

JUST around the bend now, and along the straight stretch of road, lay the smithy. It was a comfort rather than the usual terror to think of Mosgrin's dog on guard there. I hurried.

"Not so quick there, young master!"

Old Bag-o'-Bones was grinning at me maliciously from a parting in the hedge. I glanced instinctively up and down the road. The figure of Miss Bowles was a speck on the far hill, going up in the direction of Jonathan Ladwell's lonely habitation and the more settled district beyond. Before me the road was empty. I think I should have taken to my heels forthwith, but for a nightmare sense of paralysis that held me until it was physically confirmed by his claw-like hand upon my shoulder.

"So you failed old Bag-o'-Bones with his matches, hey? I've a mind to—" He tweaked my ear painfully. "I'm a bad 'un to meddle with, young master!"

His hold tightened. I uttered a cry of pain.

"Promise not to fail me again—will ye?"

I was stupefied with fear.

"Promise, on yer soul and body, by the One who made 'em, world without end?"

"Y-yes!" I was forced to it at last. He released my ear.

"Come, that's better!"

I commenced to edge off.

"I'll go and fetch the matches now!"

"Not so quick, young master!" he said again. "It's not matches old Bag-o'-Bones fancies now. I want you to fetch me a pound of raw meat—steak'll do. Understand?" He took my ear speculatively again.

"Y-yes, sir!"

"I'll be fair and square with you. Here's some money, and hard enough to get, too, these days. Nice, temptin', juicy steak—understand? And tell no one, you won't, will ye?"

"N-no, sir!"

"And bring it here to me after dark—understand? After dark. I'm not one for publicity, I'm not!"

"I—I can't—" I began.

"You what?" He reached for my ear again.

"I'll bring it!"

"That's better! After dark, mind you. Right hereabouts. And tell no one. Mark ye, old Bag-o'-Bones has second sight; he'll know quick as a wink if ye tell anyone. And if you fail me again I'll—I'll throw you to Mosgrin's dog some night at dead of night, so help me, I will! . . . Now, off with you, and walk—don't run as if ye'd seen a ghost!"

I obeyed. Once around the bend my legs threatened to run away with me; but being uneasily uncertain about that business of second sight, I desisted. As I passed the smithy, I noticed that Mosgrin was unchaining his dog, that is, he was removing the link of chain that ordinarily was stoutly stapled to the post by the kennel.

At the time I was too frightened at and concerned with my own affairs to wonder at it.

Why did I not tell my parents? Was it a sense of a promise given—under extortion? Or my fear of his second sight, of which he boasted? I leave it to anyone, who has been a boy, and can call to mind old days.

To buy the steak—feeling like a criminal when Mosher, the butcher, said: "There, that's the cut your mother likes, sonny;" to evade suspicion at the house, and to escape on some pretext into the hideous darkness; to find old Bag-o'-Bones and as quickly as might be fulfill my trust—these were my concerns. Better the torture of the exacting present than the threat of future vengeance, suspended unfulfilled!

Mosgrin's dog! Suppose—horrid thought—suppose the blacksmith had been undoing the chain so that the dog might rove tonight, for it was common knowledge now, that whisper that had set us shuddering a little and thrilling a little in the broad light of noon: "Old Ladwell's was broken into last night! Old Ladwell shot at the fellow, but he got away. They think it's a tramp, maybe!"

I kept to the far side of the road, preferring the shadows of the bushes to the dog . . . and as I passed, turning a quick nervous glance across and behind, I saw—in a brighter patch of moonlight—the empty kennel, and no sign at all of Mosgrin's dog.

This menace past, and the wonder of it occupying me, I made my way with a certain sense of relief, almost forgetting the terror beyond, until a hissing whisper quivered at me from the roadside bushes beyond the turn.

"Here you are, lad! Good lad!"

And there was old Bag-o'-Bones, grinning at me in the moonlight. Somehow when I saw his grin, and heard his amiable greeting, my concern changed from personal fear of him to a more intangible one, not yet fully refined.

"You have the steak, young 'un?"

I gave it to him, declaring almost with bravado: "He said it was good and tender!"

Old Bag-o'-Bones grinned at me again, unpleasantly. "Young feller," he said solemnly, "this here is for other teeth than mine. It has work to do before mornin'. Just stand by a moment, sonny, and keep a sharp watch out on the road, now it's moonlight!"

I DID his bidding, though anxious enough to be away. From his ragged pocket he took what I thought to be a tobacco pouch, but which I saw contained a white powder of sorts; and so interested was I that I spied upon him rather than keeping strict guard upon the silver ribbon of the road. From another pocket, he produced a murderous looking knife, opened it, and set to work to slash the meat. Into the deep incisions thus made he rubbed the powder, chuckling and grunting over his task.

Glancing up, he noted my interested gaze.

"Ho, ho, young man! Spyin' are ye? . . . Come here, now—you'll know the whole matter, and keep a close mouth, or—" His fingers dallied with the open knife blade, red with the juice of the meat. "I'm a reputable citizen, I'd have you know!" he growled. "A right-livin' gent, as ever was, but the dogs, they don't seem to twig it. I've a score to settle with some of 'em—and one with Mosgrin's dog! Look! I've been this way before, and that's his doing!"

He shifted his face in the moonlight, and the livid scar, extending repulsively from chin to ear, showed plainly.

"Took me for a bone, I guess!" He was chuckling again now, but there was an evil malice in it. "And Mosgrin laughed, and said it served me right, comin' round at night, wakenin' honest folk!" He spat and shook his head, rolling the steak in his hands to grind the powder into it. "Well, you can't fool yer fate, I suppose. Wot's written's written! It's written, young master, that the dorgs'll eat old Bag-o'-Bones. My missus—never you marry, young fellow—my missus, she flew into a tantrum one day. 'Get out o' here, and go to the dorgs yer own way,' she says. 'May the dorgs eat ye,' she says; 'may the dorgs tear ye bone from bone!' He shook his head, pleased, I fancy, with my shuddering interest. "A fine 'oman, she was, in her way, and that powerful in spells! Put a spell on ye, she could, quicker'n wink. That was the Romany in her . . . Well, you can't fool fate, but you can postpone it, maybe. And the dorgs as are nasty to old Bag-o'-Bones'll pay for it as long as he has breath of life." He stopped abruptly, caught my shoulder, said urgently: "You know Ladwell's, boy?"

The noon whisperings rang now like shoutings in my ears: "Old Ladwell's was broken into last night. Old Ladwell shot at the fellow, but he got away. They think it's a tramp, likely!"

His hand tightened.

"I see you do. Well, so do I, by the road. I slept in his outhouse one night, though he didn't know it, the old crab, for he turned me away from the door with nothing! Quick march, now, and—through the fields! . . . Ah, come in here with ye!"

We were through the hedge on the farther side, and he drew me down, whispering savagely that his knife would be in me if I made a noise. There came the sound of steady footfalls. A figure loomed up, quite clearly, for the moonlight was brighter than ever. He passed us. He was heading up toward the schoolhouse, and so away from The Corners.

"THAT'S a tough-lookin' guy," grinned old Bag-o'-Bones. "Well enough for respectable folks like us to keep to the fields! Lead on there, and hurry a bit, or yer father'll be skinnin' yer hide for keepin' late hours!" His grip tightened on me again. "You understand, kid, not a word about me—whatever he does to you. Not a word—or I'll have my own ways of gettin' you yet!"

It was a short cut across the fields. Ladwell's lay just ahead now, bathed in the moonlight. Lights still showed in the upper windows.

"Righto, kid! Now cut and run! And good luck to ye from old Bag-o'-Bones—if you keep mum. Mind that! And if I ever run across my missus again, I'll have her say a good spell for ye!"

I needed no second bidding. I fled.

Fear kept pace with me. And when at last I lay, trembling, on my own bed, the moonlight palely streaming through the window, my doze was haunted by fearful forms . . . old miser Ladwell, his finger quivering on the trigger of an enormous pistol, defending huge and uncountable piles of gold . . . old Bag-o'-Bones, his cheek not scarred, but torn open, and slashed like the steak under the incisions of his murderous knife, his own hands red with blood . . . and Mosgrin's dog, unchained, leaping . . .

In time I quieted into sleep. And then, suddenly, I was wide awake, sitting up, cold with fear. Intensely still, everything near at hand: the quiet house, the sleeping fields. But across those fields, quivering in the silent night, the howling of Mosgrin's dog!

Worth-while Xmas Gifts

Buy NOW

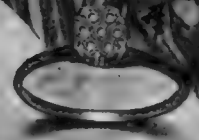
pay NEXT YEAR



N128. Ladies Spread-top Solitaire; 18K White Gold mounting, constructed to make blue-white diamond look larger. \$45.



N129. 14K Solid Gold Solitaire; AA1 Quality Blue-white Diamond. Price \$45.

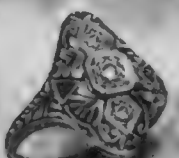


N130. Solitaire Cluster; 14K Solid Gold; 7 AA1 Blue-white Diamonds mounted to resemble big Solitaire. \$48.50.

N131. A bargain—18K White Gold lace-work design. AA1 Quality Blue-white Diamond. \$29.50.



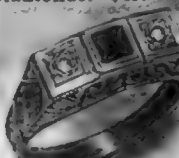
N132. The Love Nest—an 18K White Gold Engagement Ring, hand-carved Hearts and Arrows. AA1 Blue-white Diamond. \$59.50.



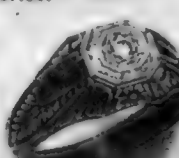
N134. Try to duplicate this ring elsewhere at our price. 18K White Gold Dinner Ring; 3 AA1 Quality Blue-white Diamonds; 2 Triangular-cut Blue Sapphires. \$42.50.



N136. Lucky Clover Onyx Ring. 18K White Gold hand-engraved mounting; Gold Clover set; genuine Onyx; 4 regular-cut Blue-white Diamonds. \$45.



N140. Gents Extra-heavy 18K White Gold Ring set with 2 Blue-white Diamonds and Blue Sapphire. Price \$67.50.



N141. Gents 14K Green Gold Ring, White Gold top; Blue-white Diamond. \$62.50.

\$2 BRINGS YOUR CHOICE

10 MONTHS TO PAY

Now you can get worth-while gifts for Christmas. Simply send \$2. with your name and address, mentioning number of your choice—we'll open a charge account for you and your selection will come for your approval and 15 DAY TRIAL. Convince yourself of its value—try to duplicate it elsewhere at our price. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments. Otherwise return and your deposit will be sent back.

We Trust You

Your credit is good with us. No difficulty—no inconvenience or red tape—our Charge Account Plan is simple and easy. All Transactions Strictly Confidential. MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY.



N133. Primrose—a beautiful floral design in 18K White Gold hand-carved and pierced. AA1 Quality Blue-white Diamond. \$49.50.



N135. An Ideal Gift—the Latest Style in 18K White Gold Wedding Ring, hand-carved, set with 5 sparkling, brilliant, blue-white Diamonds. \$29.50.



N139. Gents Spreadtop Cluster; 18K White Gold pierced mounting, set with 7 AA1 Quality Blue-white Diamonds to resemble big Solitaire. \$57.50.



Bulova Watch—on Credit—at Cash Price

N137. 14K Solid White Gold hand-engraved case; Guaranteed 15 Jewel movement. \$37.50.

N138. Same Watch in Bulova White Gold filled case. \$28.50.



free

Our Complete Booklet—"MASTERPIECES OF THE JEWELERS' ART," containing over 3,000 of the latest designs in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, and Toilet articles—all appropriate Christmas Gifts. Priced exceptionally low. 10 MONTHS TO PAY ON EVERYTHING. SEND FOR IT TODAY!

L.W. SWEET, Inc.

Dept 1105-T 1660 Broadway
New York, N.Y.



It's
Yours
FREE



"Not a miracle Dear..... just Kissproof!"

"Yes..... but I don't yet quite understand.....!"

"Oh! of course you don't, Peggy old dear—you're like Jack. He couldn't understand why any woman wanted to be lovelier than nature made her. But after I used Kissproof.... the thrill I got when he saw me, convinced me that Kissproof Rouge, Lipstick and Powder had wrought a radiant transformation. I was lovelier! My dream had come true! I fairly glowed with the joy of living. It was as simple as that!"

The magic of Kissproof will give you the petal softness of a lovely skin—the tint of wild roses on your cheeks—the lure of lovely lips, like crushed red buds—their faint suggestion of perfume—that's you!

Kissproof Compact Rouge, gorgeous, glowing with life and youth. As natural as your own blush. A ride in the wind, a plunge in the surf, or under the evening lights amid blazing color, still finds this new, waterproof, compact rouge vivid and daintily adherent.

A touch of Kissproof Lipstick gives new and rare beauty to your lips. Vivacious alluring, and cannot be disturbed by a kiss or a cup of tea! With Kissproof, you feel the assurance of perfect appearance, whether dining, dancing, motoring—whether at the theatre or beach.

Each soft caress of Kissproof Face Powder adds loveliness to your complexion. Blends into the skin, bringing out your natural beauty—the rightful heritage of every woman! You should include Kissproof Powder in your ritual of loveliness! Made with a tissue cream base. It clings and clings. Comes in a shining Black and Gold box—not anymore expensive, but Oh so lovely! (Made in Rachel, Ivory Flesh or White.)

Your dealer (if up to date) can supply you. If not, for beauty's sake, accept no substitute, but send direct. The price of the Lipstick is 50c, the Rouge is 75c and the Powder is \$1.00—or send coupon for Free Samples.

Delica Laboratories Inc.
Paris, New York, Chicago.

FREE

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 1329
4003 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send free samples (enough for one week) of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Rouge, Delica-Brow and Kissproof Face Powder. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

☐ Ivory ☐ Brunette ☐ White ☐ Flesh
Check Shade of Powder

Name _____

Address _____

Across those fields, in the lonely Ladwell house, old Jonathan Ladwell himself was not sleeping over well. His fear was not, tonight, for the treasure hidden near him. His fear was of the great brute chained below, just at the bottom of the staircase. Since sunset he had not dared to descend. He was a prisoner in his own house!

At about sunset, Mosgrin had brought the beast, before whose wicked eyes, and slaving jaws, Ladwell had retreated. Mosgrin laughed: "Well, he'll give you a comfortable night's sleep, anyhow. Nothing will get past him!"

"You—you brought the gun?"
"Here it is," said Mosgrin, and then: "Don't shoot the dog by mistake, eh? Better leave everything to the dog!"

"You've loaded it?"
"No. Here is the ammunition."
"Well, load it. I have small use for firearms—that way!"

Mosgrin, it seems, brought out his ammunition then, started to load the weapon, then stopped and stared stupidly at the cartridges. "Well, I'm dashed," he said. "I've brought the wrong size!"

"They won't fit?"
"Not by a deal. Well, you'll not need 'em, with the dog, Ladwell. Pity the throat of anyone who enters!"

Jonathan Ladwell shivered.
"Ugh. The throat, you say?"
Mosgrin smiled. "Straight for the throat! I've had some close shaves" at the shop, with people coming round in the dead of night. These confounded tramps—there was one the dog got from chin to ear—near thing!"

"Huh! Well, tie him up well. Tie him up well, Mosgrin!"
Mosgrin tied up the dog, inside the house, giving him three or four yards of chain.

"There, he's safe! And you're safe! Say, he seems to know his old quarters here."

The two men stared at the dog settling down, comfortably at home already, head on paws.

"Well, I'm off," said Mosgrin. "Pleasant dreams!"

"You haven't told the dog," cried old Ladwell, knowing the custom well.

"Why, so I haven't," said the blacksmith. "Here, boy! On guard, boy—on guard now! Let nobody pass!"

So Mosgrin was gone. And old Jonathan Ladwell was alone. He set heavy chairs across the head of the stairs during the evening, and felt better for that. At eleven he retired, extinguishing the lights. He dozed uneasily at last.

WHEN he wakened it was at the sound of the dog barking. It continued so long, he summoned courage to approach the head of the stairs. Perhaps the dog recognized household authority, for he desisted, save for rumblings and intermittent growlings. Ladwell returned to bed. Presently he started up. Above the renewed barkings of the dog, was a sound as of breaking glass. Well, no one could get in a barred window! And then—

What was that?

The sound, as of a soft mass, falling with a thud on the floor. As if it might almost be a body of flesh! Old Ladwell's skin prickled. He was reassured at last, for the dog's noise ceased. And then came a curious sound, a scratching, clawing sound, incessant, growing... the dog whining, whining horribly... more scratching, and yanking at the chain, a lower whining and silence!

Whatever the menace, it was gone, thought Ladwell. Presently his own quivering body lay still in exhausted sleep.

Not for long. What was that now?

A sniffing sound! And then—unmis-

takably a key in the latch of the door! A key in the latch! Why did the brute no bark? Was it imagination that he heard a loud scratching of claws, a clank of chain—but no barking?

A cold rush of air stirred even up here. He knew now that the front door must be open! A quick intuition seized him. That sound before, that falling flesh—meat! Someone poisoning the dog! And he had no gun—no gun now! He was too paralyzed to move.

But that scuffling sound—the scratching—Why that? Why that?

It had stopped now, succeeded by a low, uncertain growling. He fancied a football, but it too ceased. The growling became more ugly—did he fancy a voice?—another step, then a sudden leap, a horrible cry... sounds from which he closed his terrified ears, stuffing the pillow tightly against them. These sounds, too ceased. He listened again. Nothing but a curious snuffling sound, until there was launched into the silence of the night, a terrible, wailing outcry!

MOSGRIN'S dog was howling! And we who listened, and especially I, who shivered and shuddered in the failing moonlight in my attic bedroom, knew assuredly that there was some evil afoot...

Old Jonathan Ladwell's curiosity became more terrible than his fear. He pivoted on the bed, letting his shanks over the side, until he felt the cold boards. He padded across the floor, tremblingly lit a lamp—for there was no thought of electricity in that house and that day—and carried it aloft to light his way.

Holding it above his head, he clutched the railing of the staircase, and let its gleams illumine the spectacle below.

At the foot of the stairs was Mosgrin's dog, whining now in a subdued, awesome way, beside an object horrible to look upon. This object Ladwell saw to be a tramp, or so he thought it, for the clothes were rough and ill-fitting.

He might have noticed the face then, but for the throat! The teeth of the dog had sunk deeply, leaving the throat jagged and bleeding. From it Ladwell turned away, and so it was he saw a little distance off, and evidently just beyond reach of the dog, for the floor was torn with the marks of straining claws, a lump of raw beef-steak.

Old Ladwell afterwards declared it was the curious thing that happened next that made him press his investigation. The great dog, whining still in that subdued way, began to lick the face of the dead man!

And Ladwell, looking with horror upon it, saw in this dead tramp—Mosgrin, the blacksmith.

Two facts only came out later, to throw light upon this odd affair. A boy who came two miles to school, turned up late next morning, reporting that he had been stopped by "a scarecrow looking tramp," who asked him if it was true that the dog belonging to "the blacksmith, chap at 'The Corners'" had been poisoned, and when the lad, frightened, stammered "No; someone tried, but the dog is alive"—for the news had traveled—then the man cursed and swore, and a curious long scar on his face, from chin to ear, grew red and livid.

The other concerns a dapper little man who, on Saturday, drove into the smithy yard, and asked loudly for Mosgrin, and who, when he heard the blacksmith was dead, looked crestfallen, and then boldly declared that Mosgrin was much in his debt, and produced I. O. U.'s that had, so it was whispered, to do with gambling affairs, further stating that Mosgrin had promised payment without fail today.

As for myself, I kept a discreet silence—through the years until now.

FREE: 5 DAY TRIAL!
Send no money.
Simply clip coupon below.

Special Offer: Was \$5.00—Now \$3.97!

*Now
marcel your hair
beautifully*

—in 5 minutes—at home!

An alluring wave guaranteed, bobbed or unbobbed
And the cost is but half-a-penny!
Coupon offers free 5-day trial

THE loveliness of softly waved hair—chic, alluring!—may always be yours, now. No more times, between waves, when the curl has gone—when hair is not as pretty as it might be—when it is hard to arrange.

For now you can do as thousands of other attractive girls and women do—whether your hair is bobbed or long. Every day, if you wish, have a fresh marcel. Right at home—in five minutes! And the cost is actually about half a cent. It is a new method, approved by hair specialists.

The coupon below offers you an oppor-

tunity to try it, without cost, for 5 days. Send no money—simply clip the coupon.

An exquisite wave

This new way to keep your hair beautifully dressed was perfected to do two things: First, to give you a really professional wave in a very few minutes at home; and second, to reduce the cost.

You use the YVETTE Marcel Waver to do it. Specially designed to impart an exquisitely soft, but very distinct wave.

Simply attach it to an ordinary electric light socket, as you would an old-style "curling iron." But the YVETTE does what no "curling iron" could ever do.

First of all, it uses less heat. So cannot possibly burn or injure the life and lustre of your hair in any way. And this heat is applied by a new principle, to **all** parts of **all** hair.

So it does not matter whether your hair is dry and brittle, or whether it is very oily. The YVETTE Marcel Waver gives a perfectly charming wave to **any** hair. Not a round curl, but a **real, professional-looking** Marcel wave.

In five minutes your hair is beautifully waved. How nice to have this help, for instance, when going to the theater some evening—with little time to get ready. What a comfort not having to bother with hair-dressers' appointments and waiting!



**Buy several \$20 hats
with what it saves!**

In twelve months The YVETTE Marcel Waver will actually save you from \$40 to \$50 over and above its slight cost! And it will last for a lifetime. We guarantee it against defective workmanship or material, you know. Remember, too, that you take no risk at all in testing it for ten days.

Then, too, it saves you a great deal of money! More than ten times enough to pay for itself, in twelve months. The cost for electric current, each time you use it, is less than **half of a penny**.

A remarkable offer

This unusual, new waver will delight you as it has thousands of others. It was originally made to sell at \$10—which is really a low price, when you consider the time and money to be saved. But we have determined to **reduce** the price—and, by selling still greater numbers, have just as large a business as ever. So we make this amazingly generous offer.

Simply clip, fill in and mail the coupon below. Don't send any money, unless you particularly wish to. We will immediately send you a YVETTE Waver. When the postman delivers it to your door, give him \$3.97 plus a few pennies postage, the new, reduced price. But—note this:

Keep and use the Waver for five days. Test it in any way you see fit. Then, if you are not entirely and completely delighted with what it does for your hair, with the saving in time and money, just send it back to us. Immediately, and without the slightest questioning, we will mail back your \$3.97. Isn't that fair?

Just think what a pleasure it's going to be having your hair freshly and beautifully waved **all** the time! And with enough money saved to pay for several very lovely hats, a new suit, or frock! Clip your coupon now.

Mail It Today, Sure.

Send No Money—5 Days' Trial

Distributing Division,
YVETTE et Cie., Dept. 33
26 E. Huron St., Chicago.

Please send YVETTE Marcel Waver. I will deposit \$3.97 with postman when he brings it. You are to return this \$3.97 to me if, after 5-day trial, I do not care to keep the waver.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Norida Vanitie for Loose Powder

The Gift For Every Woman

NORIDA! The patented, up-to-date vanitie. Cannot spill—easy to refill. You can now carry your favorite loose powder everywhere in a Norida Vanitie. The ideal gift. Comes filled with *Fleur Sauvage* (Wildflower) powder.

An exquisitely designed case in gilt or silver. Worth many times its cost. Buy one at any toilet goods counter. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from Norida Parfumerie, 630 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Single,
Powder only
\$1.50

Double,
Powder and
Rouge, \$2

Not a Silver

"It Cannot Spill"

Not a Compact

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Law-trained men earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 Annually. We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1250-L Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Easy to Play Easy to Pay



BUESCHER True-Tone Saxophone

Easiest of all instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free give you a quick easy start. In a few weeks you can be playing popular tunes. You can take your place in a band or orchestra in ninety days, if you so desire. Most popular instrument for dance orchestras, home entertainments, church, lodge and school. A Saxophone player is always popular socially and has many opportunities to earn money. Six Days' trial and easy payments arranged. (173)

Free Saxophone Book Shows all models and gives first lesson chart; also pictures of famous professionals and orchestras. Just send your name for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested. BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO. Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments. 1031 BUESCHER BLOCK ELAHART, INDIANA

When I Came To—!

[Continued from page 53]

floor! Someone—no it sounded like three or four people moving around heavily and pulling heavy articles back and forth.

In spite of the warm, heavy blankets a cold sweat broke out all over me. I shook Doris and awakened her. Together we listened breathlessly. The radiolite hands on the black face of my watch showed it was ten minutes of twelve.

"Do you suppose it's an army of big rats?" questioned Dot.

"No," I said, "sounds more like elephants to me."

We called softly to Louise, who was up in a second, tiptoeing her way into our room. Just as she reached the bed she stepped on one of my shoes. It turned over and Louise, who had been on her toes anyway, turned with it and fell with a crash to the floor.

WE ALL screamed in real terror, but before we could reach the door of the bedroom to close it, the most horrible looking man I ever recall seeing in movies or real life or even reading about, was standing there looking at us as though we were phenomenal specimens of some kind.

With an oath and a bound he was in the room and grabbed my arm. In spite of my frantic struggles to free myself and Louise's and Dot's hammering on him, he held me out in front of him, laughing and shouting coarsely. It wasn't a minute before three more vicious looking ruffians like himself were there. Two of them were holding Dot and Louise in a like manner and all four were laughing boisterously and making vulgar remarks about "little white angels dropped in their midst from heaven."

Then the ugly brute holding me bent down to kiss me. I can still see his nasty black-bearded face, pig-like eyes, and loose thick lips so close to mine—and feel his filthy body as he held me close to him. That's all. Faintly I remember hearing a scream from both my chums.

When I came to, the girls were bending over me, rubbing my wrists and massaging my head. They told me that "Butch," the men called him, carried me down into the cellar through a trap door in the kitchen-floor and through which they themselves had been forced to follow.

In a few minutes I was fully conscious again and we began to take in our surroundings. All around were kegs, jugs, barrels, bags—it looked to us like a first-class junk shop. Outside in the larger part of the cellar we could hear the men talking and swearing among themselves. In louder tones I recognized "Butch's" voice saying, "Git rid of them before they're missed—authorities on our trail—biggest order yet—worth couple thousand easy—maybe more." Disconnected phrases. We didn't know what they were planning.

No one came near us the rest of the night. Around 5 A. M. on the following morning we heard the scuffle of feet going in the opposite direction. The door of our hole (an old coal and wood bin) opened, and through half-closed eyes we could see the brutal face of "Butch" peering at us in the light of a lantern he carried.

Satisfied that we were sleeping or dead from fright—it didn't matter much to him either way—he drew back and locked the door after him. For a few minutes neither of us spoke, then Louise broke the silence by bursting into a song—"Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?"

In spite of our predicament we all laughed, then fell to planning some way of escape. It was evident we couldn't "rush" the crew. We were like three flies in their hands. We tried bucking against the door,

but like all the doors in that old house, it was solid and held tight. A gruff command from outside told us to "shut up and stop snoopin' around."

We knew then we were real prisoners and under guard. About two hours later the door opened and our jailer came in with a pail of milk, three chunks of bread and a blanket. We thanked him sweetly and asked him if he would bring us back some lunch at noon. He said he would. Then we tried to question him about our sudden capture. He grew surly and slammed out of the bin, locking the door after him. Well—at least we had something to eat and a blanket to wrap up in.

"Girls," I cried, "we'll be out of here at noon. Let's have a drink on that one."

Dot and Louise both said together, "Gone crazy!"

"No, really," I said. "When Johnnie comes marching in this noon, we'll hop on him and tie him up in the blanket. We're three to one. It will be easy."

Like three cats we waited for Mr. Mouse to make his appearance. Louise waited beside the door and Dot and I crouched in the corner with the blanket, ready to leap at the given signal from our friend. We waited until we heard the key turning in the lock outside, then ducked. Enter Johnnie.

Crash! Bang! A muffled oath, and down went the man, another pail of milk, Louise, Dot, and myself—all in a heap. In a few minutes he was rolled in the blanket and tied with a heavy rope we found among the debris.

Base ingratitude—yes—but nevertheless necessary. We ran to our machine and drove to the village at breakneck speed—still in our pajamas and it broad daylight. However, propriety was the last thought in our minds. Through the main street we raced and up to the court-house and asked for the sheriff's office. A violent honking of the horn brought the sheriff and several other people out to the car.

In a few minutes we related our experience. "Wal, by cracker!" drowled the sheriff. "thar's whar Butch Sims and his gang of moonshiners are working. We'll have them bottled and bonded tonight, young ladies. He has escaped us for months, but we knew he was operating some stills somewhar around here."

A DISPATCH to Dad brought him and Mr. Preston by fast train before dark. That night, Mr. Hepson—the sheriff—with his posse, Daddy, Mr. Preston and we three girls drove out to the farm and hid ourselves in different parts of the house.

My father explained that my grandfather had had a tunnel built from the cellar of the house to the barn, that he might use it in winter when the snow blocked the outside passages. Through this tunnel the law-breakers had gained entrance from the barn to the house.

Around eleven o'clock we heard the footsteps of the approaching men. I nudged Dad as I heard "Butch" call loudly to "Jake," who had evidently wormed his way out of the ropes.

At a signal from Mr. Hepson the posse, all armed, went down into the cellar and quickly surrounded the surprised bootleggers. "Butch" fought snarlingly to reach the door to the tunnel, but before he had gone three feet, two of the sheriff's men pinned him to the floor and handcuffed him. The others surrendered without a fight. As the last man filed out of the house and Dad locked the door, I looked at my watch and once more it was close to "midnight."

Possibility!

[Continued from page 80]

creation. My troubles seemed to be over. My problems were all of such a nature that it was a pleasure to solve them. Should I put pink or blue ribbon on this little dress? How much extra would it cost when baby came? What surprise dish could I have for Eugene's dinner? —Yes, that's what my problems were like. Life was heavenly!

It was one morning toward the latter part of June when Eugene left early for a farm a short distance from a village about thirty miles away, where he had some work to do. He disliked out-of-town work, but for some reason or other, business was dull for him, and he had to take what he could get. It meant an all day job, and, as I hustled around to put up a lunch for him, I remember him saying: "Now, darling, don't wait up for me to-night. Mr. Allen and Jim Curby are going to give me a lift in their truck, but they'll probably be coming back before I'm through, so,—well, you know that means waiting for the early morning train. Now, please don't wait up, Mary, because you know, dear, you want to keep especially strong—now," and the look of tenderness in his eyes, as he bent down to kiss me, I shall never—no, never—forget.

ALL through the day I busied myself with my household tasks, and toward evening, I began to anticipate Eugene's return. Eight o'clock—nine—ten—eleven—came and went. Evidently, he had missed catching a ride back in the truck, and would not be in till the train came at 1:55. So—following his instructions—I went to bed, but not to sleep. Whether it was because it happened to be the first time since our marriage that Eugene had been away so long, or, whether it was the somewhat critical condition I was in, I know not. But somehow, sleep did not come to me, and I lay there restless and nervous. Then after what seemed an eternity of time, I heard the 1:55 pull in. A few minutes later I heard it pull out. I lay there waiting—listening eagerly for a footstep on the walk. Five minutes passed, ten—thirty—still no Eugene! I didn't know what to think. I got up, threw a kimono around me, and nervously groped for the light. The clock said 2:45. I wasn't dreaming or imagining. The train had come—and gone—long ago. It was evident that Eugene had not been on it. I put out the light, and sat down in the darkness beside the window, as if I thought that by peering into the darkness outside I could find some answer to my questions. Every possible thing that might have happened ran through my brain, but always I came back to this one fact—If Eugene, for some reason, had been unable to come, he would not have failed to let me know. Never! I knew that. Then what could be the reason?

I can't tell the thoughts that went through my mind. I can't explain nor even attempt to explain what a night that was. It may sound trivial to you, but I knew, in my heart of hearts—I felt—that something was wrong—and I suffered agonies. When dawn came I was nearly exhausted. I still sat in the chair by the window, my hands clenched, my brain nearly benumbed. The first rays of light brought me back to my senses. Surely I was foolish to work myself up so. As soon as the people were up, downstairs, (we used their telephone) I would go down and call up Wilson's. That's where he had spent the day working, and of course they would know all about him. Accordingly, I dressed, and, as soon as I heard the slightest stirring downstairs, I went down



How Much Do Artists Earn?

WOULD you like to earn \$100 a week as a commercial artist? If you like to draw, you should develop your talent, for well-trained artists earn \$75, \$100, \$150 a week and sometimes even more. Beginners who can do practical work soon command \$50 a week.

The Federal home-study course develops your talent on a sure foundation by the quickest possible method, and makes the work truly a pleasure. It is the original, practical course in commercial art, created by men with more than 25 years' experience in the field, and after 10 years of unequalled success today stands supreme as *America's Foremost Course in Commercial Designing*. It contains exclusive lessons from leading American artists, gives you individual personal criticisms on all lessons, and teaches you the methods that make your drawings worth real money.

FEDERAL STUDENTS MAKE GOOD INCOMES

These are typical letters from many hundreds in our files:

Byron C. Robertson, a Federal School graduate, says:

"The reason why I enrolled with the Federal School was that they had many students to point to who had made good. Today I am on the art staff of one of the largest illustrating concerns in America, receiving a salary of \$3,000.00 a year. It was indeed a lucky day when I enrolled. The lessons by such great contributors as Coles Phillips, Edwin V. Brewer, Chas. F. Chambers, and others equally well known, are an inspiration and a decided help."

D. L. Rogers says:

"I found only one school that had real, sound backing for all its statements and that was the Federal School."

"From my experience I am satisfied the Federal School has the quality of education to offer that paves the road to success. I wish to

recommend this course very highly and my advice to those who are earnest and 'game' enough to work for bigger things in the commercial art field is, 'Take the Federal Course.'"

Florinda E. Kiester writes us:

"Besides the good training I have received from the course when I took it, you people have always given me such wonderful help in my work that I shall be proud to be able to say I am a graduate of the Federal School."

A letter from Mr. Lloyd Shirley:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3800 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing is work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

Send Today for "YOUR FUTURE"

If you are in earnest about your future, send 6c in stamps today for this book. It is beautifully illustrated, tells every detail about the Federal Course, gives you convincing proofs of its merits and shows work done by Federal Students. Fill out and mail the coupon NOW, kindly stating your age and present occupation.

Federal School of Commercial Designing

1662 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me "YOUR FUTURE" for which I enclose 6c in stamps.

Name.....
Age.....
Present Occupation.....
(Write your address plainly in the margin)



America's Foremost School of Commercial Art



ROUGE and Marriage

Here's a secret for wives—that won't be a secret much longer! The way to make your husband say, "My dear, how young you look!" It's color in a new form—that goes on a new way—and does for both cheeks and lips.

Men don't admire a crude, "painted" look. Nor do modern husbands expect wives to hold their own without makeup. Just be certain you use the *right kind*. Dry rouges are unnatural at best; in some lights they are positively gruesome. Use rouge that's right; rouge that gives cheeks a becoming glow of pink, and lips a piquant red. JARNAC is an artist's red—it is *moist*—made of solidified oils—a color you can modulate and handle.

See today, what you can do with a fingertip tinged with JARNAC. A true blood-red that makes any effort with the old-time rouge-puff ridiculous by comparison. Moist makeup is natural. It lasts for hours, even at a dance; you needn't even carry JARNAC with you!

If you "want what you want" remember there is no "same thing" as JARNAC. Most drugstores cheerfully sell it—on the red counter card—fifty cents. Or, direct of JARNAC, 540 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

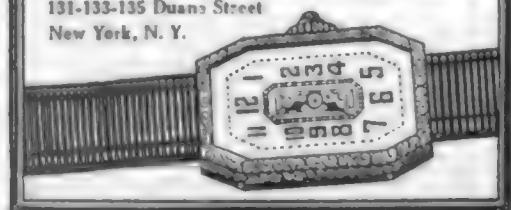
JARNAC

Cheek and Lip
Rouge

Amazingly easy way
to get wrist watch
positively **FREE!**

You can get this exquisite ladies' solid white gold filled wrist watch positively without one cent of cost so quickly and so simply that you will be amazed. The watch is gracefully modeled in the newest rectangular design, hand-engraved, has brilliant sapphire crown and silk grosgrain ribbon wristband with 14-karat white gold clasp—an accurate and warranted timepiece with 6-jewel regulated and adjusted movement. The watch can be yours in a few days. All you need do is to introduce the famous Normandy Chocolates to your friends by a novel amusing method that is just like play. Send for plan. Tells how within a few days you can get not only the wrist watch but many other valuable and beautiful things absolutely FREE!

NORMANDY CHOCOLATES CO., Dept. 123
131-133-135 Duane Street
New York, N. Y.



and put in a call for B. J. Wilson, thirty-two miles away. As I took down the receiver in answer to my call, my hand shook so violently that I could scarcely hold it. I tried to control myself, but when I said "Hello," my voice sounded shaky. It was Mrs. Wilson that answered. "Hello, hello," I repeated, "is this Mrs. Wilson?"

"Yes."
"Well, this is Mrs. Eugene Carter, the paper-hanger's wife. I was wondering when Mr. Carter left your place yesterday?"

"Left?—Why, he's never been here. He promised to come yesterday but he never showed up. I thought—"

I heard no more. I fell in a dead faint upon the floor.

TO MAKE a long story short, it was not long before the news of my husband's disappearance was all over town. Mr. Allen and Jim Curby were the last ones known to have seen him. They reported that they had given him a ride to Salten, had left him in a poolroom buying cigarettes before starting out to Wilson's, had quickly dispatched with their own business, and had returned to Laska without further knowledge of Eugene.

I was confined to bed with sheer exhaustion, and had little attention except from Mrs. Saunders, the woman downstairs. I didn't know which way to turn nor what to think. Every hour or so, Mrs. Saunders would run up with some bit of news. I was utterly dazed and overcome. For three days I lay there, scarcely eating (although Mrs. Saunders, poor soul, tried to tempt me with good things)—scarcely talking—nor even thinking.

During this time, my husband had been traced no further than the poolroom in Salten, where he had stopped. And what was most astonishing, his tool kit was found at that very place. No further trace could be found, and, to tell the truth, the search became less and less thorough. The enthusiasm and interest was greatly diminished. I saw this when I finally rallied from my stupor on the fourth day.

All was not being done that might be. I readily saw the reason.

I had no influential friends to carry on the search. People were not particularly interested in the affairs of what they called "nobodys." Why, people were even settling back in their old ruts, and easing their consciences with the idea—"Oh, well, it's so obvious that he ran away. He's so poor, and all. Of course, it's too bad for the girl, but, then, she never did amount to much. And—"

My spirit was roused at last! I would show them that their rumor was wrong. I would prove to them that Eugene loved me, and wouldn't—couldn't—leave me in such a predicament. He had met with foul play and I was sure of it. I was determined to demand a thorough search. Why—it was only fair! The thing must be investigated. Accordingly, I dressed and went down to the county attorney's office to plead for a search. I told him all the circumstances. How Eugene had hoped and planned for the baby. How happy we had been, and how I needed the help of the county.

"Why, sir," I wept, "how can anyone imagine that he ran away of his own accord? How—why—what in heaven's name would be his object? Surely, anyone would know that he would take his good clothes and some money if he planned on going. But sir, he didn't—he didn't! All is left behind. I tell you he has met with foul play. I know it! I know it!"

Thus I went on, bringing my argument from the bottom of my heart. And when I had finished, and raised a tear-stained face to hear what he had to say, that

honorable man, one of the most influential in town, folded his arms in a most calm and businesslike manner, and said: "My dear girl, so far as I can see, everything has been done—that is, everything within reason. I cannot put the county to unnecessary expense." If, however, I see anything that I think should be done in your case, I shall put my influence behind it. Until then, I see nothing to do but await his return, for, you know, he may come back." And I was ushered out of his office, almost before fully comprehending his words. He *couldn't* mean that no one would help me. He *couldn't* mean that I was left upon my own resources! And the baby—oh, God—

I can't tell you what I went through for the next week or so. My life was one muddled heap of anticipation of Eugene's return, hours of waiting and watching, the almost dread of approaching motherhood, and—bills. Eugene and I had been buying our furniture on the installment plan. At his disappearance, our creditors became frightened, and, before a week was up, all of our savings and belongings were gone.

I couldn't have lived through this time I don't believe, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Saunders. She was wonderful to me, but, poor woman, she was too much in poverty herself to keep me long, and I knew it was up to me to get something to do. It finally turned out that Mrs. Saunders got me work on the farm of one of her friends. I shan't go into detail about this period of my life. Sufficient to say, I actually labored, and in my condition, everything was doubly hard. Out of my earnings during those months, I was able to pay Mrs. Saunders a small amount that enabled her to keep me during the time of my confinement.

That was all ten years ago—ten long years. I now have a fairly good position in an office—at least I earn enough to keep Eugene and myself existing—and that's about all. Never in all this time have I doubted that my husband is dead. I knew long ago, that, should he be alive, he would have got word to me sometime—in some way—during ten years.

Now—to come to my problem—I have, of late, met a man, somewhat older than myself, who cares a great deal for me. I too am very fond of him, and my boy has given to him all the boyish admiration and love that rightfully belongs to his father. This man has asked me to marry him. He has offered me a comfortable home, and, most of all, education and advancement for my boy. I know, although I do not love him as I loved Eugene, that I could be happy with him. I am still a young woman, and I do long for a home.

NOW looms up the question of my religion, which has been so instilled in me. The law of our church says that there shall be no divorce among its people. And, while I am positive that Eugene is not alive, still it is true that I cannot prove it. Hence, to marry again I must first be divorced. Remarriage, happiness, opportunity, and comfort?—or—faith, and all that my very soul is built upon? Which? Oh, why—why must it mean the choosing between my dearly beloved church and a "home?"

I've poured out my story to you. My problem—my problem! Have I foresight and understanding enough to solve it? I fear not.

* * * * *

This is a case in which I would feel perfectly justified in sending the letters of readers to the writer after removing names. I think that her husband would be legally dead after ten years. Don't you?—THE EDITOR



"What folly to endure coarse pores"

WHEN IT'S SO EASY TO REFINE THEM

This delightful "Twin Cream" Treatment brings you the smooth, fine-textured skin that everyone loves

YOU hear a lot about coarse pores these days. Women everywhere are beginning to realize that there can be no true beauty without a satiny, fine-textured skin. Yet how strange it is that so many women accept coarse pores as a condition "peculiar to their skin"—and do little or nothing to refine them!

And stranger still — that so many women, under the guise of "beauty methods," are constantly doing the very things that enlarge and distend their pores all the more!

The pity of it is that these women are often the ones who try to give their complexions the best attention. They cleanse and nourish their skins with splendid preparations—then undo all the good by failing to take that most important final step—the closing of the pores.

It isn't hard to see what happens then. Milady powders over the open pores — and instead of benefiting her skin, she merely clogs it. Dust and germs, too, have a good chance to enter the tiny openings.

Cleanse and nourish your skin frequently — but always close the pores afterwards

Without a doubt your skin needs frequent cleansing and nourishing. Indeed, this is the keynote of the Princess Pat "Twin Cream" Treatment. You'll realize this more fully when you take the first step—the application of the skin food cream. And what a stimulating and revitalizing touch it is!

It is almost incredible the way the complexion reacts to this cream. You can just feel the skin growing softer and more velvety as you apply it—and you can almost see it banish wrinkles, sagging chins, blackheads and other blemishes. But the most delightful sensation of all comes with the final step in the famous "Twin Cream" beauty treatment—when you close the pores with Princess Pat Ice Astringent.

This cool, fresh, snowy cream is just what the name implies — a delightful astringent that contracts the pores as ice would, but without the shock and inconvenience. Under its gentle action the pores close to normal invisibility and instantly your face is glowing with an invigorating tingle. In a few seconds you wipe the Twin Creams away and then apply your powder.

Now that you have used a complete treatment, what a difference there is! Instead of forcing the minute powder particles into the open pores and distending them all the more, you are merely applying the powder to the surface of your skin. Your powder clings better, appears more natural; cannot clog the pores.

And how much better your skin looks and feels! There need be no trace of tired lines and wrinkles; blackheads and pimples are gone, complexion is clear and satiny-smooth and your make-up stays on twice as long.

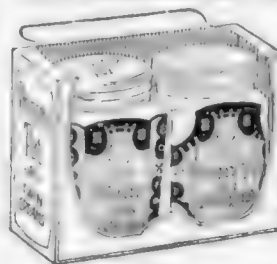
Start this "Twin Cream" method to-day Don't let coarse pores keep you from your birthright of beauty. Begin today to win and keep the loveliness that only a fine-textured skin can give. Get the Princess Pat "Twin

Cream" Treatment at your favorite toilet goods counter and follow the simple directions. You'll be richly rewarded — and if you are not delighted with results, your dealer will cheerfully refund your money.

If you prefer to try this treatment before purchasing, just mail the coupon and we will gladly send you free generous samples of these delightful "Twin Creams."

The Princess Pat Twin Cream Treatment

After thoroughly cleansing the skin, apply the first Twin, Princess Pat Cream—the skin food. Massage lightly until absorbed. This nourishes and rebuilds the tissues. Smooths out the tired lines. Don't wipe off this cream. Right over it apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent. You will feel a cool, delightful freshening, as of the pores contracting. Like an ice treatment, only pleasantly and instantly, Princess Pat Ice Astringent closes the pores, keeps them from filling and clogging during the long hours of exposure, protects and restores the fine texture of the skin. Next wipe the Twin Creams away. This firm, smooth and fine-grained surface is the perfect foundation for make-up for day-time or evening.



Free Mail this coupon now—To-day.
PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 2412
2701-9 South Wells St., Chicago

Please send free trial packet of Princess Pat Twin Cream treatment.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....
(Print name and address plainly)

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD. :: :: Chicago, U. S. A.

In Canada Address 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.



SULPHUR Clears Skin Right Up

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation begins at once to soothe irritated skin and heal eruptions such as rash, pimples and ring worm.

It seldom fails to remove the torment and disfigurement, and you do not have to wait for relief from embarrassment. Improvement quickly shows. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

FREE SAMPLE

Send coupon for sample of Rowles Mentho Sulphur

Whitehall Pharmacal Co., Dept. 5-C, New York, N. Y.

Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho Sulphur

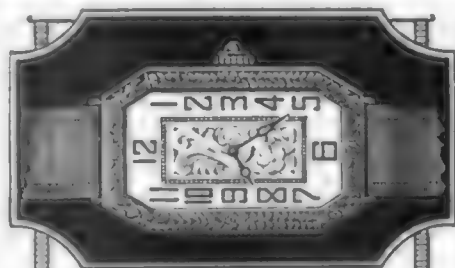
Name _____

Street _____

City _____

YOU CAN OIL PAINT
Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos at home—portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn \$18 to \$100 and more a week. FREE OIL PAINT OUTFIT. Graduates furnished employment. Send now for free illustrated book.

PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, INC.
Dept. C-S, 2731 No. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



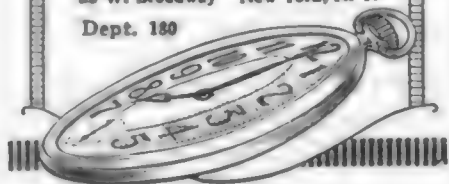
FREE!

14-Kt. white gold filled wrist watches or beautiful men's watches, Dinner Sets, Cameras, Bags, Silverware without a penny's cost to you for devoting a few hours of your spare time in selling our delicious high-grade candy to your friends and acquaintances.

Write today for our FREE Premium Book giving full information how you can secure one of these fine gifts.

REPUBLIC TRADING CO.
25 W. Broadway New York, N. Y.

Dept. 180



When a Girl Needs a Friend

[Continued from page 43]

movies. Her parents, "who had old-fashioned ideas," had refused their consent. She had gone to work in a factory, learned to operate a machine, and saved from her wages. When she had \$200 put by, she had run away from home and come to New York City.

Time after time she had made the rounds of the studios. Only occasionally did she get a job, as an extra in the pictures. Then she had tried to get on the stage. In that quarter the refusals were flat. Discouraged, she had worried herself sick. Most of her money had gone for medicines. When she was able to try for work again, she had answered an advertisement for American girls wanted to sing in South American cabarets. An acquaintance had warned her in time what such an engagement would mean. Finally, the last of her savings were spent. She pawned her clothing to get money to buy food. The day before she had met a girl in the park who had offered to teach her to pick pockets. She had run away from her. And then—last night.

COMMUNICATION was opened with the girl's parents. They were of an unusual type, such as we seldom encounter. They did not want the girl back home. Her brothers and sisters, they said, never had found fault with their surroundings, were content to work in the factories. She had "run away, believing she was better than her people." In the future she could go where she chose, but must make her own way.

The legal requirement that, if a runaway minor is located, the parents or nearest relatives must be notified, had been complied with. Their refusal to take the girl back gave the League a free hand to act for her. First she was sent to a place in Connecticut, Hillcrest Farm, and restored to good health. After a clerical position was obtained for her in the city, a good home was next provided, and then it was arranged for her to study stenography at night. Today she has a fine position in a financial house, and is receiving a good salary, sufficient to support herself in comfort and add a little weekly to her bank account.

She has won her niche in this great, busy world, and we are proud to claim her as one of our girls.

Understand, the foregoing is not fiction, but cold, hard fact. Just one case typical of the hundreds which each year are handled by the women of experience and understanding who carry on the work of the Girls' Service League of America at its New York City headquarters and its New England farm.

And, of all the organizations in the United States operated for the purpose of helping young women who are broke, discouraged, ill, or who have blundered—even to the extent of committing crime—we believe it is one of the most practical.

The League, which has been functioning for seventeen years, has assisted through the department of its New York office more than 35,000 girls "in hard luck." And its Girls' Service Club, with its recreational and educational features, has been attended by more than 150,000 young women who have become part of the League's mighty family. And we are very fond of this family, for they are all our girls and this is their home, whenever they choose to come to it.

The League works in conjunction with other organizations and individuals interested in girls' welfare work throughout the country. This enables it to reach out and help young women, particularly those who

have run away from home, no matter how distant or small the place may be in which they make the first mistakes, which ultimately get them into serious difficulties.

The headquarters of the League in New York City is a reconstructed and thoroughly modern building in the Gramercy Park section. In its architecture is a suggestion of the colonial, which conforms to those of the nearby structures. It is surrounded by homes of wealthy persons, many of them old time residents of the quarter, and the studios of artists and sculptors. There is not a suggestion of poverty or the slums near it. Its location is ideal for its purpose.

Miss Stella A. Miner, a woman of unlimited experience in the handling of all classes of girls "out of luck," is the secretary in charge.

Our greatest problem is that of adolescence plus poverty and bad environment. Here is how we meet it:

First, and most important, the doors of the League headquarters never are locked. This place above all else, is a home for girls who are in difficulties. We welcome them at any time, morning, noon and night. In summer the doors are open. In winter, a turn of the handle will admit them.

Another thing about our "open door" policy, and one which appeals to our girls, is that they may leave here whenever they choose. We are not an institution in the sense that anyone ever is kept here against her will. In fact, we are the very opposite of every place that even hints at confinement. Our girls come here because they want to come or are persuaded by others to do so and talk with us. If they do not care to remain, they may leave.

Every person who ever has engaged in welfare work knows the intense dislike for the average "institution" by girls who, through mistakes or misfortune, have been in one or more of them. They hate their locked doors and barred windows, their strict discipline and the necessity of obtaining permission to come and go. To some the very mention of the word "institution" brings a sense of dread, even before they know the real character of the place.

That is the reason we have made the League Headquarters a home in the fullest sense of the word, where those in charge are looked upon only as friendly, interested confidants. We never have found the necessity for strict discipline. Our girls meet us more than half way. Kindness and reasoning go much further than "rules and regulations."

We try to make our girls comprehend that we understand their problems, and that our greatest desire is to help them. And when, coupled with such an atmosphere, our girls find their home is spotlessly clean and splendidly furnished, with such comforts and entertainments as many of them never had known, that there are opportunities for gymnastic exercises, to study certain of the arts and crafts and congenial companionship, it is no wonder they become our firm friends and loyal supporters.

AND—this should be emphasized—no girl is charged one cent for anything while she is under our care. The food is free, a private room is free. And by free I mean just that—for nothing. Besides, no one is turned from our doors at any time.

Right here I want to summarize briefly some of the principle things for which we are striving, that the cases which will be cited later shall be thoroughly understood.

When a girl first comes to us for help, she is examined thoroughly to determine her mental and physical fitness. Now and

then we find one who is defective to an extent which requires special treatment in some institution which specializes in the handling of such cases. But only a very small percentage of the girls are defective. Some of them may not display unusual brilliancy or even ordinary brightness, and still not be particularly inferior mentally. Their failing has been caused by natural shyness, inexperience or improper training. One or all of these things have made them feel they were inferior to others. But such a condition can be overcome by proper coaching so that within a very brief time the backward tendencies disappear entirely.

Many of the girls who come to us are in poor physical condition, really quite ill. These we send to our farm in Connecticut, where they are kept until they are strong and healthy. A great deal of this building-up process is done out of doors. This treatment is absolutely essential. No girl is fit to begin the work of making her "come back" when she is ill. Her mind must be clear. She must be free from worries if she is to succeed.

Next, the girl must be made to have confidence in herself, to take pride in her personal appearance. That makes for self reliance. Some girls come to us who are untidy, slovenly in their dress, and none too clean in their habits. Most of them would have given years of their lives to have made as good an appearance as the girls they have met. But they just didn't know how, never had an opportunity to learn.

WE TEACH our girls the principles of everyday hygiene which will keep them well—exercises, correct bathing and plenty of fresh air and sunshine—how to arrange their hair becomingly, how to dress neatly, and how to choose the clothing which will enable them to look their best. When a girl knows she is shabby, she is listless, backward and ashamed. But the instant she realizes she looks as well as those about her, her mental attitude changes. Her thoughts are brighter, she sees the world through confident and courageous eyes and her whole manner is that of one unafraid.

Then there is the matter of loneliness. Few things are as harmful to a woman or girl as to be alone. Men and boys can go practically anywhere they choose in search of excitement and change. They are at liberty to make the acquaintance of strangers. But women cannot do this. They must follow along certain fixed lines of conduct, or they will provoke criticism and, often, get themselves into serious trouble. To the girl without companionship, life becomes a burden. And finally, in desperation, she turns her back upon the conventions in an effort to escape the monotony of her loneliness. That is why we see to it that our girls are made acquainted with congenial people, that they always have someone to talk with, friends with whom they may share their confidences.

It was a realization of the terrors of loneliness which caused us to organize the Girls' Service Club. Every one who comes there is certain of many friends and acquaintances—clean living, jolly, companionable girls—who are just as anxious to talk, to entertain and to be entertained as the others about them. Our programs of education and amusement features include many things, from afternoon tea and singing on Sundays, to dramatics, æsthetic dancing, receptions, social dances and lessons in dressmaking and other crafts.

And last, but not least in my summary, I come to the matter of a bank account. The very first thing we do, once we have found employment for a girl, is to urge her to save money and put it in a bank. If we can persuade her to deposit a fixed sum each week, so much the better. That

Can You Use More Money?

Here is the Easy Way to get it!

HOW many friends have you? . . . Don't they all read magazines? . . . Wouldn't they be glad to order those magazines through you if they knew you were our official Magazine Representative?

Taking orders for COSMOPOLITAN, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, SMART SET and the other famous IMC magazines is your best road to EXTRA EARNINGS that will bring you the things you've always wanted—more clothes, more amusements, a radio, a car, etc.

Thousands Earn Spare-Time Income

For years thousands of men and women, boys and girls, have been turning their Spare Time into Cash as IMC Representatives.

You can follow their example—just by 'phoning and calling on your friends and neighbors—without interfering with your regular duties.

You need no capital—no previous experience. Just send the coupon and we will mail instructions and free material that will make it easy for you to start taking orders at once!

International Magazine Co., Inc.

Mail Coupon

International Magazine Co.,
Inc., Dept. SS-1225
119 West 40th Street,
N. Y. C.

Without obligation to me,
please send the details of
your Spare-Time money-
making plan.

Name

St. & Number

City

State

DARING YOUNG MEN!

Needed in Aviation!

Do you love adventure? Do you want to make big money? Although aviation is still in its infancy there is a crying demand for men with courage, nerve, and self-reliance—ambitious men who are looking for a new field. For those who qualify there will be thousands of highly paid jobs.

Amazing Opportunity in the Airplane Industry

Yes, as yet, aviation is in its infancy, but now

Fascinating— Daring — Big Paying

Prepare Now for One of
These Positions

Aeronautical Instructor
\$60 to \$150 per week
Aeronautical Engineer
\$100 to \$300 per week
Aeronautical Contractor
Enormous profits
Aeroplane Repairman
\$60 to \$75 per week
Aeroplane Mechanician
\$40 to \$60 per week
Aeroplane Inspector
\$60 to \$75 per week
Aeroplane Salesman
\$5000 per year and up
Aeroplane Assembler
\$40 to \$65 per week
Aeroplane Builder
\$75 to \$200 per week

is the time to get in. In the automobile industry and in the moving picture business hundreds of men got rich by getting in at the start. They made their success before others woke up.

Think how much aviation has progressed in the last few years. Commercial air lines have already proved themselves successful both in Europe and America. Great men predict that in the near future there will be air-freight lines—organizations as large as our railroads are today. AVIATION IS NEW. It clamors for every young man.

Be an Aviation Expert— \$50 to \$100 a week

The study of aviation is as fascinating as the actual work. Only one hour of spare time a day at home and we teach you the basic training. You will find every lesson packed full of interest. Student S. F. McNaughton, Chicago, says, "Your lessons are like a romance, and what is more, after one reading the student gets a thorough understanding." Men who have had actual experience guide you carefully through your training. They select the lessons, lectures, blueprints, and bulletins. Once you start you can't get enough of it. Here are some real jobs. Which one do you want? Aeronautical Instructor, Aeronautical Engineer, Aeronautical Contractor, Aeroplane Salesman, Aeroplane Repairman, Aeroplane Mechanician, Aeroplane Inspector, Aeroplane Assembler, Aeroplane Builder.

Big Aviation Book FREE

Send coupon below for our new FREE book just out entitled, "Opportunities in the Airplane Industry." It is interesting and instructive. Get yours before edition is exhausted.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Dept. 2069 3601 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Dept. 2069 3601 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Without any obligation send me your free book "Opportunities in the Airplane Industry," also information about your Home Study Course in Practical Aeronautics.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

teaches her self-denial and to be regular in her habits and duties.

Let me make a statement, based on experience, in which I believe absolutely. If every girl had a bank account when she first began to think of striking out for herself, crime among our sex, particularly the younger ones, would be reduced seventy-five per cent.

Teach a girl to dress so as to make a good appearance, so she is not ashamed to seek work anywhere; get her to save until she has sufficient money in a bank to tide her over a period of possible illness or unemployment, and she becomes 100 per cent self-reliant and independent. And not one such girl in ten thousand will do anything wrong, or return to evil ways or bad surroundings.

It is amazing how many girls who come to us never have saved a dollar. In fact, a majority of them never had many dollars to save. But, once you get them to open bank accounts, and they become so interested that saving develops into a habit. They realize quickly that a little money will stand as a wall between them and such trouble as they have known in the past.

For weeks, months, and even longer, such girls bring their bank books for us to look at, and they are very proud of the entries they are able to display. And hundreds of our saving girls, who go to other cities but keep in touch with us through letters, let us know how their bank accounts are growing.

Here are some of the different types of cases handled by the League:

Mary, a half-orphan of eighteen when we first became interested in her case, was a runaway. Her home was in a little Connecticut town. Her mother had died soon after her birth, her father was a drunkard and shiftless, and she had been reared by a grandmother who possessed but little money. The girl often went without bare comforts, while her cousins, whose fathers were successful, had fine homes, were well dressed and were liberally supplied with spending money. Even when quite small Mary became rebellious over what she considered her unfair lot. And she tried to obtain what she wanted by stealing; candy and toys from children, money from her grandmother and others.

Then her father married a second time and took his daughter to live with him. Over a period of years there were frequent clashes, particularly with the step-mother. The girl was irregular in her school attendance. Finally she stole a considerable sum of money from her home, ran away and came to New York.

But she was not fitted to win a good place in the big city. And the poor clerical jobs she obtained did not pay a wage sufficient to keep her in the girls' boarding house where she had obtained a room, and dress her like her companions. So, again, she resorted to stealing to meet her wants, taking money from the rooms of the other girls. Finally suspicion fastened upon her, and she was brought to us by the woman who ran the place, who did not want to have her arrested.

MARY denied the thefts. But she begged for an opportunity to make good in new surroundings. We were certain she had not told the truth, but wanted to help her. We kept her with us for a time. And we knew we had partly won her confidence when she told us of the wretched home life from which she had run away. Later we obtained a place for her as a mother's helper with a woman living in another state. But Mary's employer was told exactly what we believed the girl had done. She agreed to take her, however, made her one of the family rather than a servant, with little to do except care

for two children during the entire day.

For a time everything went well. Then she borrowed sums from the family, which she did not repay. Later she stole a considerable amount of money. And, despite the fact that her guilt was obvious, she denied it and was returned to us. We questioned her closely and, for the first time, she admitted stealing from the girls in the boarding house. But she denied the later offense. We were kind to her, tried to make her realize she had been unfair to us, to her employer and, more particularly, to herself. And again she pleaded with us to obtain a position for her, promising never to do anything wrong.

WE WERE willing to co-operate. Many a girl had been made a useful citizen who had committed more serious offences than Mary. We sent her to our farm, where she remained seven months. At first we assigned her only minor duties. We praised everything she did well. She began to take pride in her work. Then we increased her responsibilities, showed that we relied upon her. That made her realize she was among friends who trusted her. And she was absolutely square; never disappointed us.

Finally she stated that she felt so certain of herself she wanted to return to the city and go to work, if possible as a trained nurse. And, at the time, she admitted every theft of which she had been accused. We argued with her that it would be impossible for her to become a nurse without special training, and that she would have to work and save considerable money before she could begin her course. She accepted our reasoning. And again we obtained a place for her as a mother's helper.

In her new home Mary found herself among those willing to help her. The woman taught her to be neat in all things, how to arrange her hair in the fashion used by the other girls, and aided her in selecting clothing which gave her a smart appearance. In this latter she was helped by the husband, a dealer in women's wear, who purchased things for the girl at cost. They also persuaded Mary to open a bank account and, as the children were very fond of her, she became almost one of the family.

She remained in that place for two years. In the first she paid back what she had stolen. In the second she saved \$125 and took a commercial course at night. Then she obtained a good office position and went back to live in the girls' boarding house which she had left as a thief. Her associates respected her "come back," never referred to her past and became her friends. She continued to save and advanced in her position until she was earning a first class salary. Recently she married and, she tells us, is very happy. Fundamentally, Mary was all right. But bad environment and a weakling father were responsible for her getting away to a bad start.

Lola was only seventeen, but she was headstrong, stubborn and a typical adolescent of the "I'm determined to live my own life" class. When not at work, she spent her time with a crowd of fast boys and girls, most of them her seniors, who drank, smoked and danced away most of their nights. Her chum was a girl of nineteen, who had made repeated missteps and was decidedly worldly wise. Unable to control Lola, her mother, in desperation, brought her to us. We talked with the girl. She would not believe a word against her friend, and insisted she would live as she pleased or run away from home. Upon investigation we learned that, though capable, her habits made her unreliable, and she had been discharged from many places.

While we were trying to win her over by kindness, fearing she soon would get

into serious trouble, circumstances helped her out. Lola's mother bought a stylish suit and a new hat for her. She wore them to a dance to show her friends. It was a gay evening. She remained so late she was afraid to go home, and slept in a rooming house with her chum. When she awoke she found her companion had departed, taking the new hat and dress, and leaving behind her worn clothing.

The girl came to us in tears, told what had occurred, and said she would not go home. That was our opportunity to help her. We could not buy her a new suit. But among the clothing given us by friends was a dress of expensive material and stylish cut, only slightly worn. We persuaded Lola to return to her mother with one of our workers and tell the truth. The result was a better understanding all around. And the mother, a good seamstress, soon refitted the second dress so that the girl made a better appearance than she had in the finery which had been stolen from her.

AND she had learned her lesson. She ceased having anything to do with her former acquaintances, became a steady and trusted worker and today holds a responsible position and has a good bank account. We didn't try to drive that girl. Just let her understand we wanted to be kind to her. And when she realized finally that she had made a serious mistake, she came straight to us for advice and help.

Edna, when eighteen, was arrested, charged with grand larceny. Because the Court believed she was not deliberately vicious, she was turned over to us. Her father had died when she was an infant. When she was fifteen, her mother, who had supported both by doing day's work, passed away. Relatives who took Edna to live with them sent the girl to work in a factory, took all her earnings, beat her, and supplied her only with second-hand and shabby clothing. Finally she ran away, came to New York and obtained a place in a department store. She was punctual and industrious, but her employers discovered she had been stealing. She was arrested and confessed.

The girl was of a most affectionate disposition. And, with no relatives who cared for her, she had tried to make intimates of those she met. To win their favor she had given away what she had stolen, retaining nothing for herself.

Edna was almost a mental and physical wreck when we got her. She never had known a real home. She always had felt herself inferior to other girls. And, after reaching the city, she had been driven half mad by loneliness. Realizing she needed a complete building up, that she must begin an entirely new life, we sent her to the farm until she was well. Then we obtained a good place for her, put her in a girls' rooming house, where she was surrounded by congenial companions, and saw to it that she had plenty of recreation, here and elsewhere. Occasionally some of the wealthy women interested in our work took her to their homes for "week ends."

It was no time at all before the Court gave her a full discharge upon recommendation of a probation officer. Today she is a competent office employee, receiving \$150 a month, has a substantial bank account and has helped other girls to get on their feet, frequently bringing them to us.

Industrious, self-confident, seventeen-year-old Eleanor came to New York to hide from an unnatural father who had beaten her cruelly and threatened to kill her because she had told government agents about the bootlegging carried on in his little Pennsylvania store. She had been compelled to sell the "moonshine," and had full knowledge of the violations of the law. Once before, when her father had

Famous Marcelling Cap

Now Offered at New Low Price

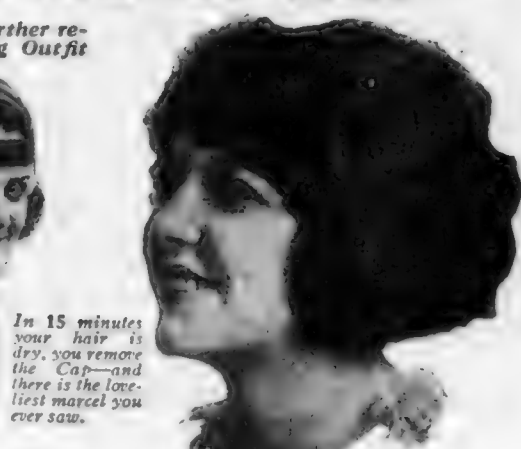
Tremendous volume of sales makes further reduction possible on remarkable Curling Outfit



After moistening the hair with McGowan's Curling Liquid, you stretch the elastic headband with the hands and bring it over the hair.



Then with the fingers puff out the hair in little "waves" and let it dry in this position.



In 15 minutes your hair is dry, you remove the Cap—and there is the loveliest marcel you ever saw.

NOTHING succeeds like success!

Rarely has any invention received such hearty approval as the McGowan Marcelling Cap, recently granted a Patent by the United States Government. From the very first announcement, orders have come pouring in and pouring in, until now this marvelous marcelling outfit is in the hands of more than 40,000 women.

Instead of pricing this unique invention at \$5 to \$10, as many advised us to, we went to the other extreme and offered the entire outfit (including a \$1.87 bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid) at only \$3.27—(\$2.87 plus average postage of 40c). This was little more than enough to cover the cost of making, advertising and selling, but we felt that by selling at the closest possible margin of profit, we could quickly get a great volume of sales.

As a result, we were flooded with orders and we could hardly supply the demand. But now we have just completed arrangements which will practically double our capacity—and we're going after the next 40,000!

For Every Type and Style

Whatever style of "bob" you prefer—shingle, Ina Claire, cross-wave, center or side-part bob—whatever kind of hair you have—soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—this new marcelling device is guaranteed to give you just the kind of marcel you want in 15 minutes' time. And the beauty of it is that you can have a fresh marcel every time you need it with as little trouble as it ordinarily takes to comb long hair. And each marcel will cost you about 1c.

Be Among the 40,000 Who Will Profit By This Reduction

The McGowan Marcelling Outfit consists

LEARN FANCY DANCING

Gain Health, Grace, Popularity, Wealth! Right at Home—Easily—Surely!

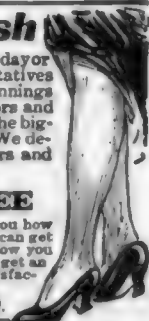
Let Madame Ludwig—America's foremost teacher—make YOU a wonderful fancy dancer. Thousands have been taught successfully by these marvelous methods. Your success guaranteed. Write today for Complete FREE information and our New Low Special Offer. MADAME LUDWIG STUDIOS 1105 Lawrence Ave. Dept. 873T Chicago, Ill.

\$16 a day—in Cash

Here is a chance for you to make \$16 a day or more IN CASH. We need representatives everywhere to take orders for Jennings Guaranteed Hosiery—in all styles, colors and sizes for men, women and children—the biggest values ever offered the public. We deliver and collect. You just take orders and get your profit at once.

AUTOMOBILE FREE

Write us today—right now. We will tell you how without capital, experience, or training you can get started in this dignified, profitable work—how you can easily make \$16 a day—and how you can get an Essex Closed Coach FREE. Part time satisfactory. Write now for full information. The Frank B. Jennings Co., N-43, Dayton, O.



WAS \$3.27
formerly sold for \$2.87 plus postage which made price \$3.20 to \$3.35

NOW \$2.45
Postage Paid

of the Marcelling Cap and a large size bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid. The Curling Liquid itself has always sold for \$1.87 a bottle and the Cap, if ordered separately, for the same amount—a total of \$3.74.

When we offered the combination for \$2.87 we had to do some close figuring, but we did it in order to get a great volume of sales in the shortest possible time. Now we're going the limit and making another reduction to \$2.45 (postage paid) for the entire outfit—a price which is based on the anticipation of selling 40,000 more during the next few months.

Send No Money—Just Sign and Mail the Coupon

Even at this reduced price you do not have to pay for your Marcelling Outfit in advance. Just sign and mail the coupon and when the postman brings your new found beauty aid, simply deposit with him \$2.45. Then after trying this outfit for seven days, if you aren't entirely satisfied in every way just return it and we will refund the purchase price in full. Your mirror is the judge.

Don't put it off another day. You have nothing to lose; everything to gain. Tear out the coupon, fill in and mail today. You'll always be glad you did!

THE MCGOWAN LABORATORIES
710 West Jackson Blvd. Chicago

COUPON

THE MCGOWAN LABORATORIES,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 124
Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan—Please send me your hair-waving outfit, which includes your recently patented Marcelling Cap and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit \$2.45 with the postman upon its delivery. After seven days' trial, if I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return the outfit and you are to refund the purchase price in full, without any further obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

Note:—If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$2.45 with your order and the McGowan Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



Superfluous Hair REMOVED

Let us tell you how superfluous hair can be forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet
D. J. MAHLER CO., 2922-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

PLAY AT ONCE
OR SEND IT BACK!
No knowledge of music necessary. No lessons. No practice. JAZZ CLARINETTE has sweet jazzy tone. Fine for dances, parties, entertainments. Special Offer: 87 Songs—jazz, old-time favorites—FREE with each order. (Regular price of songs alone \$2.00.) Played by young and old.

87 SONGS FREE

Real musical instrument; not a toy. 13 in. long. Don't send a penny—just name and address. On arrival of Clarinet and 87 free songs, deposit with postman our bargain price of only \$2.48 plus few pennies postage. Satisfaction Guaranteed or deposit money returned. Big musical Catalog free with each order. Send today!

FERRY & CO.
Dept. 7919, Chicago

SEND NO MONEY

Here's Work That is Almost ROMANCE!



**Many
EARN
\$50. to \$250. a
Week in RADIO**

Get into the great new BIG-Pay Industry—Radio. If you're earning a penny less than \$50 a week, clip coupon now. Send for AMAZING FREE BOOK. Be A Radio Expert, and draw down big money for the easiest and most fascinating work in the world. Positions everywhere. Need for Radio Experts in every community. Short hours. BIG PAY. Free book gives all the facts.

Learn Quickly And Easily At Home

Master Radio Engineers will show you how to qualify, quickly and easily at home, for Radio's fine work. We guarantee to train you successfully. Every day N. R. I.-trained men are taking good places in the Radio field. Thousands of openings now awaiting the trained man. FREE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE. Many other big features. Get the facts—CLIP COUPON.



"My charges for consultation \$2.50 per hour. All success due to you." R. W. Blackhill, Brooklyn.



"Radio a gold mine—your course worth thousands." A. R. Herke, Winnipeg.

Get This Free Book!

Send coupon below for FREE BOOK—"Rich Rewards in Radio." Read for yourself. No previous experience needed. Common schooling enough. WRITE NOW.



You get all these sets

Receiving sets, from simplest kind to thousand mile receiver, included to help you learn. An UNEQUALLED OFFER. Other special features for limited time only, so ACT QUICK!

**NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. 113-OB, Washington, D. C.**

MAIL COUPON

National Radio Institute,
Dept. 113-OB, Washington, D. C.

Without obligating me in any way, please send me your free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio," also complete information on your practical, home-study Radio course.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....State.....

threatened to beat her, she had rebelled and he had cut her head. When she learned he soon would be released from prison and received a threatening letter from him, excitable Eleanor feared his vengeance and ran away.

Later she added additional scraps concerning her unhappy past. Until she was eleven she had lived with her grandparents in Syria. After coming to America, her father's demand that she work in his store brought an end to her ambition to remain in school until she had obtained an education. During the year before his arrest, her father had announced that three Syrian suitors had named substantial sums for her hand in marriage. But each time she had pleaded she was too young to be married, begging that she be allowed to wait a little while.

WHEN she reached New York she was without money, friends or any knowledge of the big city. A chance acquaintance brought her to us. We instituted proceedings which placed her in our charge. Then we obtained a good place for her and put her in a rooming house where there were other friendly working girls. She made good at her job, went to night school and learned to speak English; she still is studying, though recently she married an American of her own choice.

Carmelia was eighteen and an Italian. Her father died when she was quite small, and her mother, a woman utterly without spirit, remarried. As the girl grew toward womanhood, her step-father became infatuated with her. After a time she realized she was in danger and ran away to live with an aunt in the country.

But the man learned where she was and threatened to go for her if she did not return to him. Fearing to bring trouble upon her relatives, but determined never to see her step-father again, she again ran away, this time to New York. The girl was brought to us, frightened, broken in spirit, not knowing which way to turn. We took the necessary legal action which brought the man to his senses. And we found a home for the girl where she was taken in as a daughter.

A social relief organization referred the case of sixteen-year-old Jennie to us, with the information that she kept late hours, that her companions, older than herself, were vicious, and that she appeared to be headed straight for the underworld.

Upon investigation we found the girl was one of a considerable family. Her father had deserted his home. The mother, who supported herself and some of her children by taking in washing, had a violent temper and beat her offspring so all were afraid of her. And the flat was, as Jennie described it, a "dirty mess," to which she was always ashamed to bring any one.

But we also learned the girl was selfish, extravagant, with no respect for authority, craved excitement and wanted to become an actress. She had been a poor scholar, and her only jobs had been in factories, where her wages had varied from \$10 to \$15 a week.

AFTER a quarrel she had run away from home, was picked up by the police and ultimately turned over to us. We placed her in a boarding home where one of our girls was living. From the outset they liked each other. And, when the little stray found herself surrounded by congenial companions and in a place which possessed the cleanliness she long had desired, she became thoroughly contented. We obtained a place for her in a better class factory. And she is there today, earning a good income, dressing as

well as any of her acquaintances and putting money in the bank weekly.

Each girl is helped according to her needs. In many instances difficulties at home must be adjusted and parents made to realize their responsibilities, taught to deal more wisely with their adolescent daughters to tide them over a difficult period. This is especially true of foreign parents, who do not understand their American-born children, and who still try to exercise old world restraints over them. Girls brought up in this country regard "freedom" as their right and insist upon going to dances and movies, retaining a portion of their wages and choosing their own husbands.

Frequently these fathers and mothers speak no English, and the workers who know the language of the parents must reason with them, trying to make them understand that they have no right to beat their daughters and must allow them more liberty of action.

The educational work which a skilled visitor does in going into these homes helps the father and mother to deal more wisely, not only with the sixteen-year-old daughter, but with the several younger children.

Adjustment within her foster home was accomplished in the case of sixteen-year-old Valeria, whose big, brown Grecian eyes opened wide as she repeated the threat of the wife of the "boss" of the restaurant where she worked and in whose home she lived. "Boss-wife she say she cut my head open like a fish," she declared, following with charges of long hours of work, beatings, no recreation and little clothing.

VALERIA had confided to a neighbor she intended to run away from the abuse.

Through her the story reached the League. There was a long consultation at the home of the child-woman. Finally it was agreed that Valeria was to have fewer hours of labor in the restaurant, some opportunity for recreation and leisure, a little spending money, less old fashioned clothing and no more threats of beatings.

The last time the visitor saw the girl she was quite happy. "Boss-wife all right now," she said. "She all right all time and I all right."

The League is not intended to provide crutches, but to prevent a state of remaining crippled, whether that state means mental, moral or physical delinquency.

Its service is offered and given freely to the runaway girl who often finds the restraints of home life too irksome. New York City is the Mecca for all runaways.

They come here with high hopes and ambitions, determined to make their way and expecting to find the golden pathway to success. Often they lack opportunity and ability. They meet with discouragements and failure, or they have not the necessary funds. At such a time comes the definite need for protection and help. Many girls came to the League when they were on the brink of moral danger.

ITS service is for the girl who is "broke," whether in health or pocketbook. It will provide her a free room and board. It will help her to find a job—not merely any job, but one she is qualified to take and keep.

The League sets about finding out what a girl has been, is and can be. It seeks a basis of scientific fact, mental, physical and social, in order that she may be adjusted to her family, her work, her school—adjusted to a life that will yield stability and happiness instead of restlessness, harassing temptations and despair.

A girl's need is her only requisite for admission. Our motto is, "Girls for girls."

**First
Payment
Next
January**

**Take a Year to Pay FOR
DIAMONDS
WATCHES-JEWELRY
Send No Money Down!**

No. CS1
Price **\$37**



\$1 Deposit: \$3 A Month
It is amazing to be able to get this gorgeously beautiful cluster of 7 sparkling, brilliant, blue-white, genuine diamonds set in platinum, in this solid gold ring, for only \$37. It's worth \$60.

No. CS13
Price **\$25**



\$1 Deposit: \$2 A Month
All the colors of the rainbow flash and sparkle most attractively from the best quality genuine blue-white diamond set in this hand somely designed 18 Kt solid gold ring. It makes a splendid present.

SPECIAL XMAS SALE!

Every reader of this magazine should come to us for their jewelry because we give the most for the money and treat our customers with the greatest of courtesy. We were established 46 years ago and are absolutely reliable.

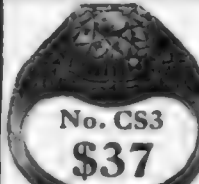
LOWEST PRICES: EASIEST TERMS
Thousands of satisfied customers say this is so. Our store is full of wonderful Xmas gifts, so is our big catalog.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: FREE TRIAL
You get a gold bond full value guarantee with each purchase. If you are not satisfied and return the purchase, we return your money.
YOU GET 8% INCREASE ON EXCHANGES
When you exchange a diamond for a larger one, we allow you 8% per annum more than you paid for it.

\$197.00 A CARAT
The greatest diamond values ever heard of. Guaranteed genuine blue-white diamond. **WORTH \$325 A CT.**

ORDER FROM THIS BARGAIN LIST			
Carat	\$25.00	Carat	\$147.75
"	\$49.25	"	\$197.00
"	\$65.65	"	\$246.25
"	\$73.75	"	\$395.50
"	\$98.50	"	\$394.00

No. CS3
\$37



\$1 Deposit \$3 a Month
Latest style, engraved and pierced 18 Kt solid white gold mounting, set with brilliant, blue-white, genuine diamond, which flashes and sparkles with the colors of the rainbow.

No. CS4
\$49




\$1 Deposit \$4 a Month
Extra fine quality, brilliant, blue-white, genuine diamond, full of fire and sparkle, set in artistically designed 18 Kt. solid gold ring, having 2 dark blue sapphires in shanks. Easily worth \$75.00.

No. CS39
\$61



\$1 Deposit \$5 a Month
This is one of the most beautiful mounting we have ever come across. It is exquisitely designed. The gorgeously beautiful blue white diamond is full of fiery sparkling colors.

No. CS35
\$119



\$9 Deposit \$9 a Month
Four sparkling brilliant small diamonds are set in the sides of this attractive ring. The large diamond in the hexagon top is set off by 2 triangular dark blue sapphires.

No. CS8—**\$22**



\$1.00 Down \$1.75 a Month
ELGIN or WALTHAM

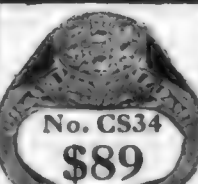
Your choice of famous Elgin or Waltham movement in this full 12 size, attractively engraved, gold filled case. Guaranteed a fine time-keeper. It comes in a handsome gift case, and the gold filled chain and knife are included absolutely free.

No. CS40
\$69



\$3 Deposit \$5.50 a Month
The 7 beautiful blue-white sparkling, brilliant genuine diamonds comprising this big cluster are set in solid platinum in the handsome ring. It looks like a solitaire of large size.

No. CS34
\$89



\$5 Deposit \$7 a Month
Extra large size cluster of 7 best quality fiery brilliant diamonds set in solid platinum in this beautiful mounting, which is engraved all around. Has 2 dark blue sapphires.

No. CS27
\$61



\$1 Deposit \$5 a Month
Man's 14 Kt solid green gold heavy-weight ring, attractively engraved in popular style, set with a genuine diamond that flashes and sparkles in a most attractive and fascinating manner.

No. CS42
\$55



\$1 Deposit \$4.50 a Month
Three large diamonds and 2 smaller diamonds and 2 triangular dark blue sapphires are set in this latest style, attractively engraved dinner ring.

No. 38
\$37



4 Diamonds & 4 Sapphires

\$1 Deposit \$3 A Month
Ladies small, fashionable wrist watch, 14 Kt. solid gold case, with 15 jeweled movement, set with 4 diamonds and 4 sapphires. Former price, \$50. You save \$13.

14 Karat Solid Gold \$19
\$1.00 DEPOSIT \$1.50 A MONTH
Stylish 14 Kt solid gold wrist watch with 15 jeweled movement. Worth \$30. Extra sterling silver bracelet free.



No. 11

FREE PREMIUMS

Every purchaser who answers this advertisement will receive from us absolutely free of charge, a choice of many valuable premiums. A list of free gifts will be sent to you when we receive the coupon. Choose premium you prefer.

THIS IS THE MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE.

We want to add thousands of new customers to our business this month and will give you a premium if you order from us.

WRITE FOR CATALOG

If you want something not shown in this advertisement, it is in our catalog. Thousands of bargains in diamonds, watches, wrist watches, jewelry of all kinds, silverware, toilet sets, etc. Mail coupon.



STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
Square Deal Credit Jewelers—Diamond Importers—Estab. 1879
1540 BROADWAY Dept. P-2039 NEW YORK
MAIL FREE PREMIUM COUPON

TEAR OUT AND MAIL!

SEND NO MONEY

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO., Inc.
1540 Broadway, Dept. P 2039, New York, N. Y.
GENTLEMEN: I HAVE SELECTED NUMBER.....

- ☐ Please mail it to me by parcel post, C O D the small deposit and I will pay the postman when he hands me the package.
- ☐ I enclose \$..... as a deposit to show my good faith. Please send the article size..... direct to my home for me to wear on free trial.
- ☐ Do not send any jewelry now but send your big bargain catalog to me showing thousands of diamond, watch, jewelry, silverware and toiletries bargains for me to choose. Send the List of Premiums so I can Choose My Gift.

NAME.....

LOCAL ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



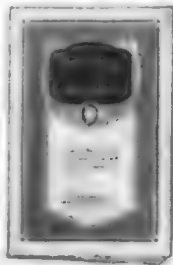
"SHE GETS \$50 A WEEK NOW"

"And I'm glad to pay it to her, for she's a real business woman. She came here as a typist—just like a score of other girls. I hardly knew her name until someone told me she was studying at home in spare time with the I. C. S."

"That girl has a future," I said to myself, and I began watching her work. She improved so rapidly that she was the first girl I thought of when I began to look around for an assistant."

Why don't you study some special subject and prepare to earn more money? There's no surer way to do it than by studying at home in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools.

The I. C. S. has a number of courses especially arranged for women. Some I. C. S. women students are making as high as \$35, \$50, \$75 and \$100 a week as private secretaries, artists, expert letter writers, pharmacists, assistants in chemical laboratories, high-priced sales executives, office managers, advertising writers and in Civil Service and Banking.



Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6262-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me your 48-page booklet, "How Women Are Getting Ahead," and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Assistant Bank | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cashier | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy | <input type="checkbox"/> Corporation Secretary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business English | <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Drafting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Designing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimming |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Typist | <input type="checkbox"/> Dressmaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering | <input type="checkbox"/> Millinery |

Name

Street

City State

Make Money at Home

Women wanted everywhere to fill places in our national organization of Specialists in Permanent Waving, Marcel Waving, Water Waving and Hair Cutting.

OUTFIT FREE No previous experience needed. We teach you quickly by mail and furnish professional outfit. Write for free booklet. No obligation. Beauty Arts Society, Dept. 16, 145 W. 36th St., New York City.



Marvo BRINGS BEAUTY
LIKE MAGIC

"A New Skin in 3 Days!"
Amazing, Scientific Discovery brings out youthful, clear, beautiful skin as if by magic! Blemishes, Blackheads, Pimples, Large Pores, Surface Wrinkles and marks of age disappear—BECAUSE THEY COME OFF with the old skin. Send for FREE BOOK "A New Skin in 3 Days." RESULTS GUARANTEED. MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 201, No. 1658 Broadway, New York.

The Ancient Fool

[Continued from page 67]

even though she was not proved guilty, would be a bad thing for his standing. Wearily I turned and slowly went to my room.

What should I do now? The future was dark indeed. No friends, no money, no means of earning money, no home, and I could not stay here any longer in the same house with Richard Hilton, despised, insulted, a butt for the remarks of the Amy Fultons of the world. And yet, where could I go? And Ambrose Hilton needed me now in all seriousness. But he could easily find another nurse. Still he had been kind to me, said I made his old age less lonely. And there was my promise to him. In a torment of mind and heart, I threw myself across my bed.

Slowly out of the welter of my thoughts, emerged two distinct and very opposite phantoms: my love for Dickie; my hate for Amy Fulton. So real, so vivid were these feelings that the room pulsed with their being. She should not have Dickie to ruin him, as I could foresee she would ruin him, with her selfish nature, her greed, her flaunting ambitions. She would drive him, work him day and night, and his only thanks would be a demand for more, more! I knew her type. I had seen them in action. And Dickie needed a woman who would love him tenderly, praise him, pet him, urge him on to greater deeds, not drive him to them. Had she been different, it would have been hard enough to give him up to her, but seeing her as clearly as I did, it was bitter gall to me.

Fiercely, I determined I would not do it. I would save him in spite of himself. I sat erect in the fierceness of my resolve, my hands clenched. But the next instant I slumped. How to do this thing? He had shown me definitely that he was on her side, nor to me had he ever mentioned a word of love. Naturally he was too honorable for that. But did he love me? No matter whether he did or not. I loved him, and would save him from Amy Fulton. But how?

Suddenly, clearly, the way stood open. How blind I had been! Two and two may make four, but sometimes we mortals have a desperate time making that simple addition. Ambrose Hilton had said that Amy was marrying Dickie for the money he would one day inherit; Ambrose Hilton had asked me to be his wife. Presto! Were I Ambrose Hilton's wife, Amy, knowing my hate for her, would figure that I would take immediate steps to acquire all his wealth. Let her think so, though I would not touch a penny of it. But let her think so, and Dickie would be free, for she would not marry him. True, I would be bound, but that did not matter. Dickie would hate me then, in good truth, for I could never make him understand, but the results would be worth the sacrifice. I could scarcely wait for the morning to tell Ambrose Hilton my decision.

MY EYES were not red for I had not shed a single tear. My hurt went too deep for that, but my cheeks were sallow; there were huge circles under my eyes. I had slept but little, and that fitfully.

He noticed all this when I brought him his breakfast tray. He himself was as chipper as a sparrow, looking much better than he had for weeks. I told him so.

"Queer, isn't it?" he smiled. "Generally, after a bad attack, and that was a bad one, it takes weeks for me to become normal again. But look at me this morning. Must be the magic of your presence, my dear."

I smiled wearily, and he gazed at me more closely.

"But you look badly. What is it, dear?"

I shook my head. I could not trust myself to speak just then.

"Surely not working too hard. Still grieving over the trial? You're too sensitive, my dear. Ah! I have it. Amy Fulton made some nasty allusions last night, did she not? I remember faintly. I was in such great pain."

"Worse than that," I answered bitterly.

"Ah, yes, it comes back to me now, little by little. She said you were my mistress, didn't she? She would! Ah, my dear, my dear! Marry me. Stop all these nasty tongues from wagging. Give me a few years of peace and happiness, now, at the last. Stop my worrying. You will not suffer. The day we are married, I will re-make my will, entirely in your favor."

"No, Mr. Hilton, I do not want your money, but perhaps—"

I HESITATED. Here was my opportunity, but my heart beat oppressively. It was not easy.

"Perhaps! You mean—you mean you will marry me?" His face was radiant.

I nodded. Again I dared not speak.

"Then you do care for the ancient fool a little? Oh, my dear, my dear, I'll need no medicine to get well now."

I gasped. I had not considered that Ambrose would really be foolish enough to think I could care for him, and yet I had not the heart to disillusion him just then, a little later, but not now. Hurriedly I turned my back, searching wildly for some excuse not to reply.

"But you must take your medicine," I snatched at the bottle.

He shoved it aside with a little laugh.

"I'll take it—in a minute—and do you know why?"

I looked astonished.

"Why? So that you can get well, of course. Dr. Hadley left it for you."

"Yes. It is his pet medicine, I guess. He warned me when he gave it to me an overdose would be fatal. That's why I'll take it."

I drew back alarmed. He laughed.

"No—no. It is because that is the same sort of medicine that killed Jim Brandeis. If it hadn't been for that, you would never have come into my life. Oh, Anne!"

"My name is Alice," I reminded him again in a low voice.

"Ah, yes—Alice. When will you marry me?"

"The sooner the better," I said in desperation.

"Good." He caught my hand in his old bony one. I suppressed a shudder. "To-day? This afternoon! Dickie shall be my best man!"

But Dickie was not the best man. No one will ever know how thankful I was for that. I could never have gone through with it under his gaze.

My knees shook. I actually shivered when Pete was sent to summon Dickie from his room to old Ambrose's room to hear the glad tidings. But Pete came back, looking most perturbed.

"Pardon, sir, but Mr. Richard Hilton is not in his room."

"Not in his room?" Old Ambrose was so concerned over Dickie's absence that he did not notice the look of relief on my face.

"No, sir. He hasn't slept there. The bed is not disturbed."

"Have you heard from him—since breakfast?"

Pete looked disturbed. He hesitated.

"Out with it," commanded Ambrose.

"This is important."

"Yes, sir."

"Well," impatiently, "out with it, I said."

"He 'phoned about half an hour ago."
 "Phoned? From where? What did he say?"

"I don't know where he 'phoned from, sir. He didn't say."

"Well, what did he want?" Ambrose was having a fit of temper. Plainly Pete was unhappy. Apparently he wished to protect Richard in something, and he did not want to disturb Ambrose.

"Better tell him, Pete," I said, "it would be very bad for Mr. Hilton to have another heart attack now."

Pete looked at me gratefully.

"He said, sir, that he would not be in his office at all today; possibly would not even be home for dinner. Some very important and unexpected affairs had come up. He wanted to know how you were, and he warned me not to disturb you with this news."

My heart contracted. I knew what that "business" was. As vivid as a picture, I could still see Amy Fulton beating his breast, promising to marry him at any time. She'd do it, too, to spite me if nothing more.

"Well," old Ambrose was saying, "he needn't be so secretive about his 'affairs.' He always confides in me, asks my advice. Didn't know that, did you, Anne? I'm not such an old fool, after all, you see."

Pete looked startled for a moment, but quickly concealed it.

"Perhaps he is being married," I suggested.

Old Ambrose chuckled.

"Not likely. Dickie doesn't do impulsive things like his old uncle. And just for being so secretive, he is missing out completely on a unique honor. Not many nephews have the chance of attending their uncles as best men."

Pete's astonishment was not concealed this time.

"Sir?" he said.

IT'S true, Pete. Miss Alice and I are to be married—today—in a couple of hours."

I smiled wanly.

"Let Pete be the best man."

Old Ambrose shook his head.

"No. At my one and only wedding, I am going to put on the dog. I'll 'phone Hadley to come over, at once."

Dr. Hadley came in a rush.

"The patient worse?" he greeted me in the hall.

"I'm afraid not," I answered. Then I bit my lips. Certainly the wrong thing for me, of all people in the world, to say. "That is—I mean—I guess I'll let him explain," I finished lamely.

Dr. Hadley and Ambrose were together a long time. Pete was summoned and hurriedly sent for a ring and the license. Old Ambrose had already 'phoned for a minister. The general excitement was contagious.

In my room, I laid out my most attractive frock. It was orchid and lacey. I shook it out, almost loving it for being so lovely. Leisurely I soaked in a warm bath, perfumed my hair, manicured my nails. If this was to be my wedding day, I would at least pretend to happiness as long as I could, even though the groom was the wrong man—oh, very much the wrong man.

In my heart, I half hoped Dr. Hadley would dissuade Ambrose from his purpose, though I knew he never could. The poor old man! An ancient fool! Perhaps! And yet beneath his silliness, I was daily discovering surprising little "good spots" as he called them, acts of thoughtfulness hidden beneath a light laugh. Witness his generosity to Pete, to myself, even. And above anyone in the world, he adored Dickie.

Luxuriating there in my bath, I recalled



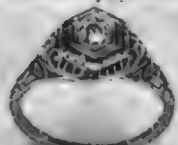
Sent for \$2 XMAS GIFTS



FG1—Three perfectly matched blue-white diamonds set in beautiful hand pierced mounting; 18Kt. white gold. Special price... \$36.75



FG2—Attractive bow-knot design ladies' ring; 18Kt. white gold, first quality blue-white diamond. Special price... \$22.00



FG3—Daintily pierced ladies' ring; 18Kt. white gold, perfect cut blue-white diamond. Special price... \$37.50



FG4—Wedding ring; 18Kt. white gold; hand engraved, set with five genuine blue-white diamonds. Special price... \$30.00



FG5—Gentlemen's newest style mounting; 18Kt. white gold, first quality blue-white diamond; two blue sapphires. Special price... \$50.00



FG6—Popular hand pierced ladies' ring; 18Kt. gold, set with first quality blue-white diamond. Special price... \$65.00



FG7—Ladies' artistically hand pierced mounting; 18Kt. white gold, fine quality blue-white diamond. Special price... \$50.00



FG8—Dinner ring; beautiful lace design; 18Kt. white gold three matched blue-white diamonds, two blue sapphires. Special price... \$42.50



FG9—A perfect cut diamond set in ladies' hand pierced mounting; 18Kt. white gold. Special price... \$11.75



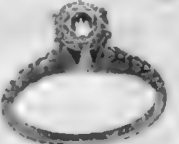
FG10—Scarf pin; solid platinum top, finest quality diamond; beautifully engraved; 14Kt. white gold pin. Special price... \$27.50



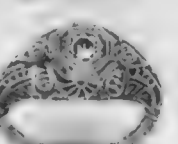
FG11—Ladies' rectangular shaped wrist watch of solid 14Kt. white gold; highest grade 17 ruby and sapphire jeweled movement. Lifetime guarantee. Special price... \$20.00



FG12—Navy blue-white diamonds set in 18Kt. white gold mounting to resemble two-carat solitaire; sapphires on sides. Special price... \$57.50



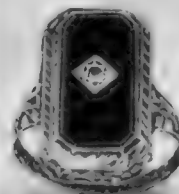
FG13—Genuine blue-white diamond set in 3/4 carat cup; ladies' engraved mounting; 18Kt. white gold. Special price... \$75.00



FG14—Ladies' hand pierced mounting; 18Kt. white gold; large superior quality diamond in center; two diamonds on sides. Special price... \$100.00



FG15—Gentleman's hand pierced scroll design mounting of 18Kt. white gold; hand pierced; genuine blue-white diamond. Special price... \$75.00



FG16—Genuine imported black onyx set with perfect cut blue-white diamond; 18Kt. white gold pierced mounting. Special price... \$18.75



FG17—Solid platinum top bar pin; genuine French blue sapphire in center; two blue-white diamonds on sides; beautifully filigreed; 14Kt. white gold pin. Special price... \$33.00



FG18—Beautiful 12 size thin model Elgin watch; hand engraved case; guaranteed twenty years. Hand lettered silver dial. Special price... \$16.50

\$2 Brings Your Choice

NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY
 Simply send \$2.00 and your choice goes to you charges paid. You have ten days in which to decide. Money back instantly if you are not satisfied as to the quality and value.

Ten Days' Free Trial

Send only \$2.00 and your choice goes to you in handsome gift box all charges paid. Guarantee Bond attesting to quality and value accompanies each shipment.

A Full Year to Pay

Simply send \$2.00 and receive your selection, all charges paid. After trial pay balance in 12 monthly payments. 10% discount for cash.

Free Royal Xmas Catalog

The most complete Catalog ever published of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cameras, Ivory Toilet Sets, etc., sent FREE. Prices from \$5.00 to \$1000—quality the highest. Ten days' trial and a full year to pay on everything you order from our \$2,000,000 stock. Send for your copy today.

Dept. 1504

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
 170 Broadway New York



Why Blonde Hair Requires a Special Shampoo

Unless blonde hair is given special care, it is sure to darken and lose beauty with age. But Blondex, the new shampoo for blonde hair only, prevents light hair from darkening and keeps it beautifully attractive—always! Also brings back the true golden beauty to even the most faded or darkened blonde hair. Leaves hair wonderfully soft, silky, fluffy. Highly beneficial to hair and scalp. Over half a million users. Recommended for children's hair. Not a dye. At all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS



Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 39, Chicago

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, rubs, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts.



The Romance of Youth

GLORIOUS youth and its vivid allure sparkle and beckon from the glowing ardor of her radiant cheek! Hers is the fresh, clear, youthful coloring of Pert compact Rouge. Soothingly fine, hand-made, of satiny texture, this lasting rouge is waterproof when applied before powdering. For perfect adherence of tint, she uses Pert cream Rouge—waterproof—as a base for the compact.

Pert compact Rouge—Blush, rose, evening (bright red), 50c.

Pert cream Rouge—Light orange, dark orange, rose, 75c.

Pert waterproof Lipstick, 75c.

Mail 12c today for a generous sample of Pert cream Rouge. Another 12c brings a sample of Wink, the waterproof liquid lash-darkener.

ROSS COMPANY

249 West 17th Street

New York

Pert Rouge

some of the episodes he had told me of Dickie's childhood. (for his talk, come to think of it, was largely of Dickie, and I was always eager to hear it.) The time he, Ambrose, had rescued Dickie from a burning summer hotel at the risk of his own life; and again how he had rescued him from an unscrupulous woman at the risk of his purse; how deeply hurt he had been when Richard had decided on a lawyer's career in preference to that of one in his uncle's office.

"And," Ambrose had chuckled, "when he became District Attorney, I told him I wished he would lose every case, but in reality I was mightily pleased."

I was roused from my reverie by Pete's knock on the door.

"How soon will you be ready, Miss?"

NEVER, I wanted to shout. For a panicky second, I felt I could not go on with it. Then Amy Fulton's triumphant smile flashed before me. I set my teeth. "In half an hour," I answered Pete.

If Richard Hilton brought his bride home that evening, she would get a greater surprise than she would give. There was not the least doubt in my mind that Richard's "affairs" were nothing more or less than his marriage to Amy. Unkind to his uncle, thoughtless, selfish, none of that would matter to Amy Fulton! She would have Dickie safe, and at the same time her revenge on me. Well, we'd see! Two could play at that game.

My only hope was that she would delay until the following day. Then all would be saved, my sacrifice for Dickie would not be in vain. How very much it would hurt me to see Dickie married to Amy Fulton I dared not let myself think.

But I had to take the chance. Half an hour, less now, I would be the bride of old Ambrose Hilton. I shuddered. And still I must go on. And all my life I had dreamed of a wedding day, of orange blossoms, of a man to be loved. Well, this was not dreams, but reality. I slipped the orchid and lace dress over my head, powdered my nose, opened the door, and stepped into the hall.

I do not know what I expected to meet in the hall. Perhaps I had a wild hope that Dickie would come rushing in, snatch me from the arms of old Ambrose Hilton, make me his own bride. Perhaps because of that wild hope, I lingered a bit on my way down the hall. But nothing happened. I had reached the door of Ambrose Hilton's room.

"Dickie is away, marrying Amy Fulton," I told myself furiously.

Quickly I opened the door and stepped into the room.

In a dead silence, all eyes were turned toward me, the minister merely curious, Dr. Hadley bitterly disapproving, Pete trying to hide his disgust. Slowly I looked from one to another, and then to Ambrose, sitting propped up with pillows, in a big chair. He was gazing and gazing at me. "Anne," he said suddenly, and opened his arms.

"Oh, Dickie," I cried within myself, and advanced slowly to Ambrose Hilton's side. His arms dropped. I forced a smile.

"I am ready," I said.

There was no commotion, no excitement. Ambrose's heart must be considered. The minister stepped forward; Ambrose took my hand in his. There was a moment's silence. I gave one desperate last look toward the door, and then the minister began the ceremony. In four minutes, it was over. I was Mrs. Ambrose Hilton! The wedding certificate was duly signed by the two witnesses. No one kissed the bride. No one congratulated Ambrose. To my over sensitive imagination, everyone moved, talked, acted as though they were attending a funeral instead of a

wedding. In a few minutes, they had all left.

"That's a relief, eh?" said Ambrose.

"Yes," I answered heartily.

"Good to be alone at last. Give the old man a kiss, my dear."

I bent over him dutifully.

"And now, I have a surprise for you, a real surprise," cackled Ambrose.

"What?" I flung round on him. Was this something concerning Dickie. I bit my lips lest I ask. Why did his very presence haunt me on this, my wedding day?

Ambrose only laughed.

"Wait."

Wait I did, but very impatiently, walking about the room, gazing into the mirror looking out the window. Old Ambrose chuckled and talked to himself.

"A real surprise! I told you, you wouldn't regret marrying me. And you won't. Not ever!"

I paused before a window. Not regret marrying an old man? I wondered! But I was married to him. Utterly impossible for me to believe that even now. And Dickie? Was he married, too? To Amy Fulton? Why was he away so long? Oh, of course, it wasn't dinner time, yet. Would he be home, even for dinner?

My reverie was interrupted by a knock on the door; I whirled.

Pete entered, followed by a man I had never seen before.

"Hello, Ambrose," he greeted my—husband.

I looked at him curiously. He was round-faced, round-bodied, red-cheeked, jolly. He looked like my childhood vision of Santa Claus.

"Hello, Billy," answered Ambrose in high glee.

"What's the everlasting rush?" asked Billy. "Your man, here, came rushing in, tore me away from lunch, scarcely gave me time to get my hat. Anybody'd think you were on your death bed, and wanted to change your last will and testament."

Ambrose chuckled.

"I always knew Pete was unusual, but he must be superhuman if he tore you from the table, Billy."

Billy grinned.

"Fair enough! But what in hell do you want?"

"You about guessed it."

Billy stared at him.

"No death-bed about you!"

Ambrose laughed aloud gleefully.

"Behold the groom! Just married, Billy, old boy. Cruel of me not to invite you, but there was no food. And this is Mrs. Ambrose Hilton."

He held out his hand to me. I came forward dutifully.

"My dear, I want you to meet an old friend and crony, Mr. William Appleby."

APPLEBY!" I gasped. "Not—but, of course, William Appleby, the famous lawyer."

Billy started to open his mouth, shut it, turned to Ambrose.

"Congratulations," he said, in a dry voice.

"Isn't she a picture?" Ambrose looked at me dotingly, then sobered. "And now to business—"

"But, Ambrose—" protested the lawyer. Ambrose looked at him sternly.

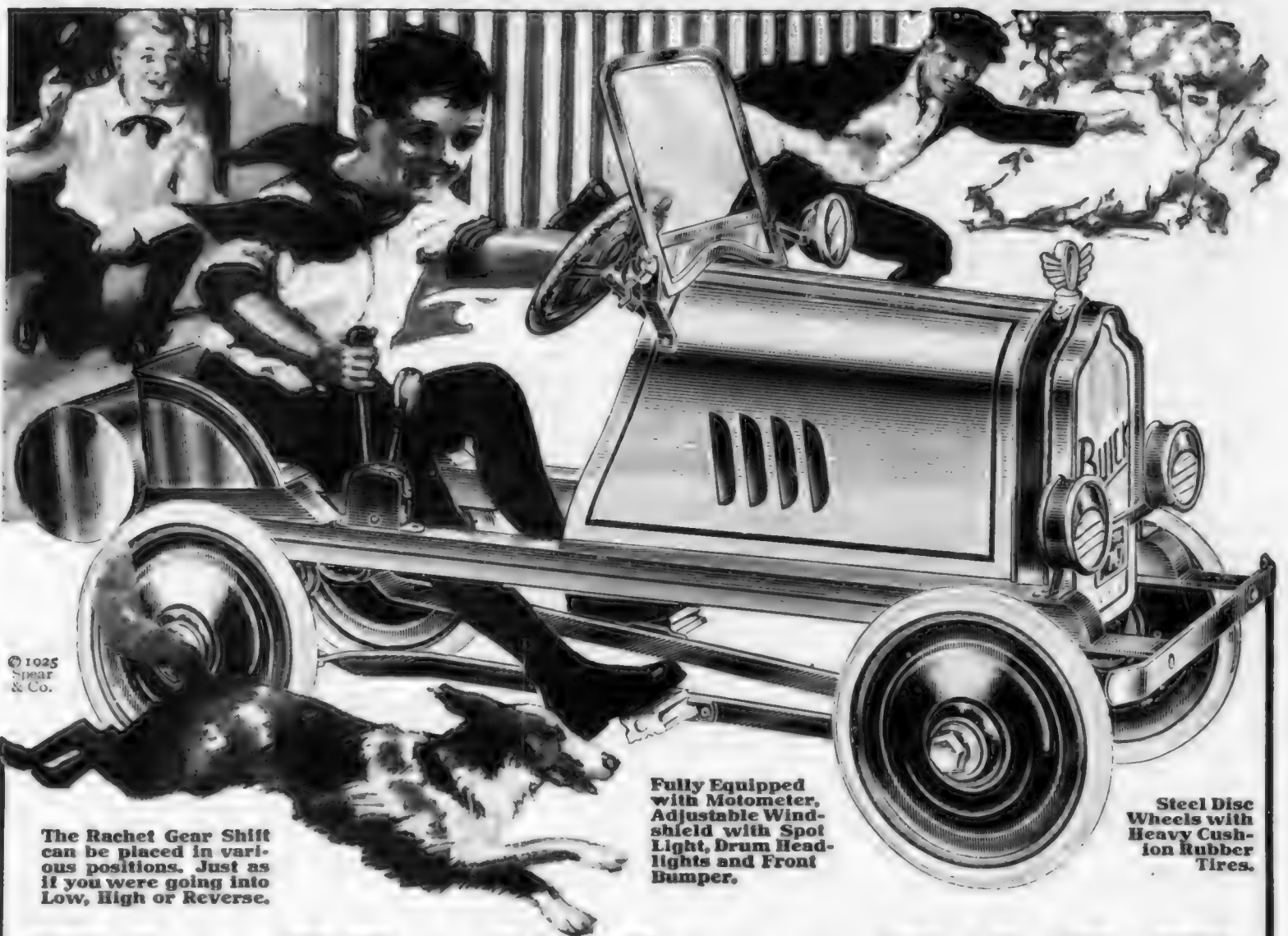
"It is my money, and my wife," he said, almost angrily.

Billy shrugged his pudgy shoulders, but his round face looked most unhappy. "Very well, only—"

I looked from one to another, bewildered. "No 'only' about it. Alice is the best wife I ever had, and she is to have all my money, every cent and snitch of it."

Then I awoke.

[Turn to page 104]



The Ratchet Gear Shift can be placed in various positions. Just as if you were going into Low, High or Reverse.

Fully Equipped with Motometer, Adjustable Windshield with Spot Light, Drum Headlights and Front Bumper.

Steel Disc Wheels with Heavy Cushion Rubber Tires.

Big Holiday SALE

DO you want your son to be the happiest boy in town Christmas morning? This boys' auto is a perfect Christmas Gift. Just imagine the days, weeks and months of muscle-making, health-making fun this 1926 "Buick" will give your youngster.

This classy speedy Racer is Powerful, Sturdy and Easy Running. Its equipment is Complete. Its radiator and hood are similar to the new 1926 models. Its colors are a knock-out: Brilliant Apple Green, with Chrome Yellow Striping, and Vermilion Red Wheels. Body, hood, gears and wheels are made of high grade steel. The car throughout is built to stand Rough Usage. It is High Class, Strong and Superior in every way. The up-to-the-minute equipment will gladden your boy's heart, for he will know that his car has everything the big cars have. This "Buick" is equipped with an easy Running Gear. The littlest fellow can easily start from any position or get up speed quickly. The Gear Shift can be placed in various positions; just as if you were going into Low, High or Reverse. The lever controlled ratchet brake is a splendid feature.

JUST think of this complete equipment: Cast Aluminum Motometer, Adjustable Windshield with Spot Light, Drum Headlights, License Plate, Front Bumper, Strong Clear Horn, Gas Control Lever, 10 inch Steel Double Disc Wheels with 1/2 inch Heavy Cushion Rubber Tires and Block Rubber Pedals. The attractive Instrument Board has stenciled Oil Gauge, Clock, Ignition Switch, and Speedometer. A Classy Car from Front Bumper to Gas Tank. Length of car over all is 46 inches. Made for boys 3 to 9 years' old.

SEND for this Boys' Auto today. It will be wonderful for your youngster's health. It will give him sturdy legs, strong stomach muscles, and the rugged vigor that comes with exercise in the open. **Equipped just like a \$22.50 auto. Order No. TA50. Sale Price \$16.85. Terms: \$1 with order, \$1.75 monthly. Orders will not be accepted from children. Coupons must be signed by adults.**

Equipped Like A \$22.50 Auto

30 Days' Free Trial

Sale Price \$16⁸⁵

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

Imagine your boy's delight when he sees this Snappy, Sporty Speedster Christmas morning! How his eyes will light up when he realizes that all this shining equipment is his own! He'll want to try it out right away; he'll want to show it to all his friends. He'll never stop thanking you. Send for this 1926 Buick NOW. It will be sent on 30 Days' Trial. Let your boy use it every day for a month. Then, if you and your boy are not completely satisfied, you may return the Auto. Your first payment and all transportation charges will be refunded. The trial will not cost you a penny.

How to Realize Your Home Beautiful

You can have Now the Home of Your Dreams, the home that will be one of the finest in your neighborhood. The first step is to get My Big Free Catalog. Send for it now. A pleasant hour with this Home Furnishing Guide will be a Revelation. You will find one of the biggest varieties of Home Things in the World. And, though you settle with me on Easy Monthly Payments my prices are much lower than cash-down prices elsewhere. My merchandise has proven satisfactory for nearly 35 years, and my Dignified Confidential Credit has been a boon to Hundreds of Thousands of families. My Big Free Book shows Thousands of Bargains in Furniture and Everything for the Home. It also shows a big selection of gifts for all occasions and holidays: Boys' Autos, Coaster Wagons, Dolls, Doll Carriages, Violins, Toys, Silverware, etc.

\$1

WITH ORDER

**SPEAR & CO., Dept. S-805
PITTSBURGH, PA.**

ADULT MUST SIGN COUPON

Send me at once the Boys' Auto as described above. I enclose \$1.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of 30 days' trial I decide to keep it, I will send you \$1.75 monthly. Order No. TA50. Sale Price \$16.85. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your Big Free Catalog also.

Name.....Occupation.....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No.....

Post Office.....State.....
If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send Shipment to.....
FREE { If you want Gift Book and Catalog Only, Send No Money, put X here
CATALOG { and write your name and address plainly on the above lines. ☐

→ Spear & Co. → Dept. S-805
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Furnishers for the People of America



Less 25 lbs. What a difference

Now in every circle you see countless slender people who once were fat. You see ten times as many as you used to see.

Ask them how they lost that excess. Some will say "abnormal exercise and starvation diet." But more will mention Marmola Prescription Tablets. That's the easy, pleasant, scientific way.

Marmola has been used for 18 years. Millions have learned its efficiency. Now people are taking over 100,000 tablets daily to attain the slenderness they wish.

Marmola is no secret. We state every ingredient, tell how and why it acts. You will use it when you know it, if excess fat is robbing you of beauty, health or vigor. Find out the facts in fairness to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

MARMOLA
General Motors Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for
25¢ Sample
Free

19

Dinner Ring

Diamond and sapphire dinner rings are the latest thing in jewelry. Ring illustrated here, set with 21 fiery, perfect cut dazzling stones and 2 triangular sapphires. This ring was copied from solid platinum genuine diamond model costing over \$500. Even experts have difficulty in telling one from the other. Biggest jewelry bargain ever offered. Why shouldn't you own one when it costs only \$3.89? Send no money. When ring arrives, pay postman only \$3.89. We prepay all postage. Keep ring ten days. If not satisfied, we return your money. Order today. This bargain price may be discontinued at any time. **FRANKLIN JEWELRY CO., 93-2 Nassau St., New York**

\$3.89

Trade Mark Reg.

Ramsay Papeterie

DISTINCTIVE-INDIVIDUAL STATIONERY

FINE individual stationery is an expression of good taste and a mark of refinement. Ramsay Ramsay Papeterie, fashioned from crisp, white Bond paper, is distinctive and correct for all social uses. We are now making this special introductory offer:

100 Double Sheets with Envelopes to match, postpaid, \$1.00

Your name and address imprinted on both from clear cut Copperplate Gothic type. Write (print) your name and address clearly and enclose \$1.00—complete satisfaction guaranteed.

RAMSAY COMPANY, 1106 Pine St., Saint Louis, Mo.

The Ancient Fool

[Continued from page 102]

"No—oh no, Mr. Hilton, please. I don't want your money. I couldn't take it. I won't."

Billy looked at me in great surprise.

"Aren't you Alice Conner?"

"I was," I said.

"But she is Mrs. Ambrose Hilton, now," said Ambrose, sternly. "And to her, I will all my property."

"No, please," I begged desperately. "It's Dickie's. I don't want it."

A look of understanding seemed to dawn on Mr. Appleby's face, but Ambrose did not see it.

"No! No! I tell you. What I have shall be yours. Dickie has enough of his own."

I appealed silently to the lawyer. He only shook his head.

"He's a stubborn old cuss," he said, half affectionately; "I've never been able to move him."

"And remember my heart, I'm not to be upset," Ambrose reminded me, gleeful at having his own way.

And so it came about. I still pleaded against it, but in spite of me, Ambrose Hilton made his final will and testament, leaving all he possessed to me.

"And that is your real surprise," he said to me, when once more we were alone. "What are you going to give me for it?"

I hesitated, blushed.

"Never mind, now. I see you are shy. That's good. It means you do love me, though I never really thought you would."

"Oh, please," I held out my hands.

"Don't be ashamed of it, my dear. Love is a wonderful thing. I know. All these long, long years, since Anne died, I've had only a dream of it, but now, now at last, has come the reality, and you, for I do love you my dear, very greatly. This will is only a small token of what I feel for you."

"Oh, please, Mr. Hilton," I begged.

"Mr. Hilton! That's good! Try Ambrose."

I blushed again.

"It will be easier soon. Run out, now. Tell Pete he can go. Tell him to stay all night." Ambrose chuckled slyly. "I want you to prepare our dinner with your own little hands, our wedding dinner."

He was growing facetious, and I fled, to give him order to Pete.

Our wedding dinner! Simple fare. Ambrose could eat only lightly.

"OH, THE whole thing is a farce," I cried aloud to the empty kitchen.

Prepare it myself! Indeed I would, grateful for the physical work and for the distance, short though it was, from Ambrose. At least my newly acquired wealth was not making me haughty. I donned a big white apron and started.

Why did he do it? I wanted Dickie to have that money; and he'd never accept it from me. And everyone would think I had inveigled him into it. And he was foolish about me—doty. And night was coming on!

"Oh, the fool! The old fool! The ancient fool!" I said aloud again, "But perhaps he's not the only fool."

"Who's not the only fool?" A young cheerful voice rang out. "Are you thinking aloud, thus, of me?"

I whirled.

"Oh, Dickie," I gasped, "I'd forgotten all about you!"

"Thanks," he ejaculated.

Never had he seemed so boyish, so light-hearted.

"Amy!" I thought bitterly, "He has married her."

"Where's Pete?" he asked.

"Gone. He left a good while ago."

"For good? Where's the silver?"

"Silver's safe," I smiled. Pete has gone, not for good, but only for the night."

"What's the occasion?" asked Dickie.

"Your uncle will tell you," I said, for Ambrose had made me promise that I would let him have the pleasure of telling Dickie of our marriage. I was more than willing.

"Oh, well," Dickie shrugged his splendid shoulders, "whatever it is, it will keep. Here, I'll help you."

"But I think your uncle wants to see you."

"He'll have to wait. I have important news myself."

I looked up quickly. It was coming now.

"Amy?" I breathed, "Is she here?"

He shook his head.

"Amy has nothing to do with this. It's all about you."

I looked at him frightened. My heart contracted.

He laughed aloud.

DON'T worry. I'm not sending you to prison. Listen," he caught both my hands in his, "this morning, a woman dies at the City Hospital, nothing unusual in that of course. Also, she made a death-bed confession. Not so unusual, either, perhaps. She admitted that she had killed Jim Brandeis."

"Oh, Dickie!" I clutched his hands. I felt faint.

"Lots of people claim such things. Why, goodness only knows, so I didn't rush over to tell you at once. I investigated. But it was true, I guess. She claimed she sneaked into James Brandeis' apartment and put poison in his medicine while you were out of the room."

"But how could she? The door was always locked."

"Said she had a key. Seems she was a favorite of his. He had foolishly given her a key to his apartment. Of course, when he threw her down, he got the key back. But she must have had this revenge in mind, for she had a duplicate made. It all hangs together beautifully although there's still one or two points I haven't been able to clear up yet."

"Oh, Dickie, oh Dickie, oh Dickie," I began to sob, hysterically.

"And you, you poor, innocent child. Blamed for such a ghastly deed. And how I persecuted you, hounded you, hated you. Can you ever forgive me, Alice? For, as bitterly as I hated you, I love you, love you, love you."

I looked at him dumbly, for I was utterly speechless. Seeing all that was in my eyes, he snatched me close against him. I felt his fast-beating heart. I was swept under in the flood of his kisses.

"Dickie! Oh, Dickie," I sobbed, clinging to him. And then suddenly, "Amy? What about her?"

"Last night finished that!" His jaw was set. I put my hand up and felt its powerful muscles. Ambrose and all the wild fantasy of the afternoon has passed from my memory. I was blissfully, entirely happy.

"Kiss me again, Dickie," I said.

He complied. And then, into our bliss, came a terrible voice.

"And this is the thanks I get."

Ambrose had hobbled to the door, apparently to see why I was so long about dinner. He stood there now, a veritable scare-crow, terrible in his anger.

"I forgot," I gasped.

"Uncle Ambrose," Dickie turned to him joyously, "Alice is going to marry me."

"Marry you!" snorted Ambrose. "How

can that be since she is already my wife?"

The face that Dickie turned on me was that of a man suddenly stricken in his full strength. I could not speak. Slowly his pain turned to disgust, anger, towering rage.

"Then it's all a lie. You are the low sneak I first thought you. Maybe you bribed this woman to lie on her death-bed. It's about what you are capable of. Would that I had never seen you."

"Oh, Dickie," I held out beseeching hands after him. But he turned his back on me, roughly brushed his uncle aside, and was gone.

I sank to the floor in a heap.

I heard Ambrose moving down the hall. A second later, the front door banged. Hours later, I managed to crawl to my room, and throw myself across my bed in all my wedding finery, rumpled beyond recognition.

PETE found me there the next morning. After hours of agony, I had dropped asleep where I lay, just as dawn was creeping in at the window.

When I felt Pete's hand on my shoulder, I sat up startled.

"Where am I? What's happened?" I asked.

"That's what I'd like to know," said Pete.

I rubbed my eyes and looked at him. He did not seem like Pete, but a strange, terrible being. I shrank from him.

"What is it, Pete?"

"Mr. Hilton's dead, though I suppose that's no news to you!"

"Dickie!" I screamed.

"Not Dickie. No use acting with me. Mr. Ambrose Hilton lies dead in his room."

I stared at Pete.

"No," I said.

"Yes," he mimicked me.

"He can't be," I insisted.

"Can be. Just you come and see."

"But how can he be?"

"I—think—he—was—murdered," said Pete slowly.

An ugly word! I still shuddered at the sound of it.

"But who would murder him?" I insisted. "Surely not Dickie. He adored him. And you were away."

Pete raised his eye-brows.

"Yes, I just came in a few minutes ago."

"Surely Dickie locked the front door when he went out."

"So, he was out the night, too. I think you'd better change to another dress." He looked in disgust at my crumpled condition. "There'll be a man from headquarters here in a short while."

"Headquarters?" I was still dumb.

"Yes, I phoned them. I was unable to reach Mr. Richard Hilton. He wasn't at Fulton's, nor his office, but I left a message for him."

"It can't be true," I said again.

"You might go see for yourself."

The suggestion was sarcastic, but I went in good faith. Pete followed close at my heels.

Ambrose Hilton sat in his chair, propped up with pillows just as he had sat yesterday, during our wedding. How bitterly it all came back to me. The poor old man! He was pathetic now, old, bent, alone and dead! But on his face was a smile. In his hands was the miniature he had once shown me of the pictured face of the girl called Anne. On the table near his elbow stood his medicine bottle—empty. Tears came to my eyes. I turned to Pete.

"Have you called Dr. Hadley?" I asked.

"He can not do any good, now."

"No, that's evident. But I think he should be notified."

"Do you want him?" Again Pete looked

They Called Me a Fool For Trying to Learn to Draw at Home!



But

Now I Make \$125 a Week in Commercial Art

the World's Most Fascinating Profession

THE fellows were all against me.

"You poor boob!" they fairly shouted. "What makes you think you're talented? You can't learn to draw without a teacher. You can't attend a school without giving up your job. And, man alive, you haven't got the money to do those things! Drop it—don't be a chump!" And they laughed!

But I remained firm. "All right, fellows," I said, "time will tell." And it did!

One week before, I had seen an announcement that told of an amazingly easy way to learn to draw—to get into the high paying field of Commercial Art. And a fellow didn't have to know a thing about drawing! He didn't have to have an expensive private teacher. He didn't have to give up his regular work. For he learned to draw right in his own home in spare time—for a few cents a day.

That advertisement nearly took my breath away. To get into the big paying field of Commercial Art—why it seemed almost too good to be true! But as long as it didn't cost a penny to investigate, I sent immediately for the free booklet. And I thank my lucky stars I did!

The course was more than I ever dreamed possible. When the first lesson came I was so excited I could hardly open the package. And every point was so remarkably clear—that from the very beginning I was learning how to draw the kind of work constantly in demand by Commercial Art houses. It was actually thrilling. And my progress was amazingly rapid because the print-and-picture method made every single step as clear as crystal. In only a few months time I was even selling some of my drawings. And now—well, I'm all set!

I have my own studio. I work when I please and I get good prices for my drawings too. I am socially sought after. And when I remember that the fellows once called me a boob—well, I simply sit back in my cozy chair and chuckle.

You, too, can learn to draw in your own

home in spare time—and without a teacher. Even if you have never touched a drawing pencil, this remarkable method makes learning to draw the easiest thing in the world. For you don't waste one minute on useless details. You start right in with straight lines and curves, then shading, perspective and sketching. Your progress is amazingly rapid because every step is as easy as A B C.

Through our personal instruction method it's just as if the instructor were at your very elbow. And soon you'll find you are making drawings that sell. Even while learning many students sell enough work to more than pay for the course.

And just think of the rewards in store for you in increased popularity! At every party you attend you can entertain as no other person has done before. Your novel humorous sketches, or your surprisingly life-like drawings of your friends will make you a wonderful entertainer—enormously popular.

Never before has Commercial Art offered such great opportunities, such a varied field, such "big pay", as right now. Good artists earn \$50 to \$250 a week—often \$100 for a single drawing. And you can be your own boss—make your own hours—be entirely independent in a profession that is really play!

Send for FREE Book

An interesting illustrated booklet, "New Easy Way To Become An Artist," will be sent to you without cost. It tells just how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes daily spare time and at a cost of only a few cents a day. Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how you can qualify for a high salaried artist's position. This booklet will be sent to you for the asking—absolutely without obligation. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it right now. Washington School of Art, Room 9612-C, 1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Washington School of Art, Room 9612-C
1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Please send me your Free Book on Art which tells about your new method.

Please write plainly

Name _____ Mrs., Miss or Mr.

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This Tenor Banjo



When You Enroll This hand-some full size, professional Tenor banjo is yours. We want to make one thousand new friends this month. We want to present one of these wonderful delightful instruments as a gift to each of one thousand readers of this magazine—and here's why. Before becoming a professor and a lover of music, particularly the tenor banjo, I yearned and yearned for the possession of a genuine, professional instrument, the same kind used by the big, successful professionals of the world. Now we want you to succeed. We want to help every musician-lover that we can attain success, and this gift offer is made to pave the way for you, and no previous musical knowledge is necessary. We have another surprise for you! Not only do we start you on the way to popularity, success and fame by supplying you with an instrument that you can compare to any used or displayed in your town, but under personal supervision you will be given, by mail, the benefit of the professor's twenty-two years experience as director of Glee and Instrumental clubs of New York University (his name is Harry S. Six). We don't just send you a lot of printed words and instructions and trust to luck that you will catch on. The professor's method is different and has proven to be the simplest devised by man—that is why we claim you'll be able to play in thirty minutes. Put us to the test.

Learn in 30 Minutes With My Picture Method

Arthur Brisbane, the highest paid columnist in the world, once said that "a single picture is worth a thousand words." He was right, for it stands to reason, when you take your instrument in hand along with the actual photographs of the professor in action as your guide, it is easy to imitate and do the right thing. But that is not all.

Phonographic Records Free We also furnish as an additional guide, phonographic records of the professor's playing of the piece you are learning, along with our thorough, printed and illustrated, easy-to-read course. Doesn't that sound easy? It is easy. If you could sit at my desk and see the letters and telegrams from our pupils, you would be convinced that we have perfected the simplest, yet most highly efficient course to insure your mastering the tenor banjo.

Don't Send a Single Cent

Investigate offer today. Don't put off until tomorrow when you might forget and miss this wonderful opportunity. It might be the turning point in your career. Just drop a line—use coupon or postal card and we will send you our interesting full particulars about this offer. You will receive our regular eighteen dollar, full size professional tenor banjo, and a gift of \$5.00. You will also receive our full size professional tenor banjo, and a gift of \$5.00. You will also receive our full size professional tenor banjo, and a gift of \$5.00.

EARN BIG MONEY—FREE BANJO COUPON

New York Academy of Music
Studio 449, 100 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Please rush all information regarding your Tenor Banjo Course and reserve a gift for me. This guarantee me in no way whatever.

Name.....
Address.....
State.....

Be a Beauty Specialist

Earn \$50 to \$75 a Week

Earn while you learn in spare time. 8 weeks easy to learn. Easy to teach. Marcel, Bleach, Waves, Dyes, Packs, Diet, Facial, Manicure, Massage, Formula, etc. Authorized Diploma—Money Back Guarantee. No experience necessary. GET FREE BOOK. Oriental System of Beauty Culture. Dept. 4412 1000 Diversy Blvd. Chicago

Ring Watch

SOLID white gold effect richly engraved. Set with 10 brilliant diamond cut gems. Gorgeous beauty! Tiny mirror and rouge compact hidden under clever dial. Blue synthetic sapphire crown jewel.

Send NO Money \$3.87

Pay postman and postage on arrival. Money back guaranteed.

BRADLEY, 6259, Newton, Mass.

at me strangely, his eyes peering into mine. "Yes," I said slowly. "This looks to me like an intentional—mistake."

"I see," said Pete, and sarcasm was now more than evident in his voice. "I'll 'phone him. But it won't do any good. I'm sure he'll agree with me."

I knitted my brows. What did Pete mean by that last remark? No matter. I didn't have time to puzzle it out now. I must hurry and change my dress. How should I appear? In nurse's costume, or as Mrs. Ambrose Hilton? I finally decided on my dark brown, simple dress.

When I re-entered Ambrose Hilton's room, several men were there moving about. Two of them were strangers to me, evidently the men from headquarters, for they were examining every feature of the room. Near the dead man's chair stood Dr. Hadley and Pete, talking in low voices.

A CASE, certainly, for the District Attorney," I heard Dr. Hadley say as I interrupted with my "Good morning!" He gave me a curt nod.

"I have sent for the District Attorney," said Pete.

"That's right. That's Richard's job."

"Have you heard from him?" I asked Pete, in a stifled voice.

"They 'phoned from his office that he was on his way here."

Both men seemed to draw back at my approach. This news threw me into a terrible turmoil. To face Dickie, so soon again, like this, after what had happened between us. It was too terrible, for he really was as much to blame for old Ambrose's suicide as I was. And yet, he must not think so. I must prevent that, for Dickie would never forgive himself.

The door was flung open, and Dickie stalked in. He was icy in his grief. He did not see any of us. He knelt before Ambrose.

We were all silent. But through the door bustled Mr. Appleby.

"Richard! Is this true? I've just heard. This is terrible. He made his will yesterday. Did you know? He left everything to his wife. Damn shame, I say."

"His wife! Ah, yes!" Dickie looked up then, and caught sight of me.

"You—you—" he choked as though he could not find words vile enough to fling at me. "You killed him, just as you killed Jim Brandeis."

"That isn't true," I screamed. "Dickie, you know that's a lie."

But he went on, unheeding me.

"I thought that's what you were up to when you first came here. I told you, you remember, that if you hurt one hair of his head, nothing could save you, not even your beautiful body. And now—this! This! To him! I'll crush you now. I've got a motive this time, a powerful one. And evidence, and the power to finish you. And I'll do it, too—you angel-faced, lying sneak. You fooled me for awhile, too, with your baby-face. But I see you now, for what you are."

"Dickie," I moaned. "Don't! Oh, don't do this thing to me."

"To you! That's good!"

"I was willing to do anything, to die, to spare you pain because I loved you. And this is my reward. Dickie, don't do this to me."

For a minute, I thought he softened. His eyes looked longingly toward me. Then he caught sight of his uncle, and his face turned ugly. He turned toward the two strange men.

"Take her, and throw her into the dirtiest prison on earth."

The two men approached to take me by the arms.

"Wait," I shrieked. "Wait. Give me half an hour. I'll prove my innocence."

"Don't listen to her," said Richard Hilton, glaring very angrily at me.

"You must. Just half an hour. Guard your doors. I can't escape. If I fail, I don't want to escape."

Dickie shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well. Just thirty minutes. What can she do in that time." He turned to Billy Appleby. "What can she do in thirty years to prove her innocence of such a dastardly deed, with her record, and to me?"

Yes, what could I do? But I had the desperate hope that if I could find that will of Ambrose Hilton's and tear it up, there, before them all, that at least, I would convince Dickie of my innocence. As to the rest of the world, I did not care. Let them put me in prison, let them brand me murderer, but if I could save Dickie's love out of all this terrible crash, I could live on, happy even in prison.

But where to start? I turned to Billy Appleby.

"Did Mr. Hilton give you that will?"

Billy Appleby shook his head.

"No," he said he had a good hiding place for it."

I begged them then to let me search the room. But my frantic search showed nothing resembling a will, and took twenty minutes of my precious thirty. Everyone was watching me, smiling sarcastically. Only Dickie followed my every motion with eyes that glowered.

It seemed as though failure was to be my only reward. I stood still in the middle of the room, my arms hanging at my side.

In that instant, it seemed as though someone touched me on the shoulder, I looked around inquiringly. My eyes lighted on the miniature held in old Ambrose Hilton's hand.

The desk! The secret door! Of course!

I turned and dashed from the room. Dickie and Billy Appleby followed me. On my knees before the desk, I struggled with the secret spring. Precious minutes were flying. Ah, there! I was right.

BEFORE me lay that all important document. I snatched it up, and a small white piece of paper fluttered to the floor. I picked it up, read it hastily, and with tears in my eyes, handed it up to Billy Appleby.

My dear, I am placing this where you, and you alone will find it. I was angry, desperately so, to see you in Dickie's arms. But I understand now. And do not blame either of you. It is only right and natural that you love one another. As I look back now, I see that you never professed to love me. Why you married me is a mystery since you so violently opposed this will, and since you did not love me. Anne is the only one who loves me, or ever did. I am going to her, at last. That medicine is handy. Do not regret, only be good to my Dickie. He needs you more than I do. And forgive an ANCIENT FOOL.

"Dickie. Oh, Dickie!" I broke down and sobbed convulsively.

And then, Dickie's arms were about me, my head on the rough cloth of his shoulder. He seemed to tremble with the thought of how nearly he had come to crushing me. "Oh, Alice," he said. And it was as though all the heartbreaks of his life were in those two words—and all the promise.

THE END.

Have you noticed the "\$5,000 for Your Stories" contest on page 72? Maybe you have a story that is better than Alice's in "The Ancient Fool," which you have just finished. Wouldn't you like to see it in SMART SET? Get busy; you'll find it interesting, and you may have a winner.—THE EDITOR.

The Hidden City

[Continued from page 37]

"Just because a man does not indulge in your particular kind of pleasure, you consider him a simpleton, I suppose."

"But, Eden, how can you do this, after our evening together?"

A strange sound passed my lips. I laughed aloud. We Friends smile frequently, but seldom laugh outright. Clyde's last appeal was too preposterous. Laughter struggled for release before I could stop it.

After all the shame and humiliation he had heaped upon me, he had the effrontery to recall those few sacred hours. After all the dreariness and sorrow he had brought into my life, he dared to intimate that I should be true to a trust he had already violated.

Do you blame me for laughing? Clyde's face grew purple. Little Emily clung to me, her arms locked tightly about my throat, as if she were frightened at this unaccustomed sound.

"I thought you were different," Clyde said, his bitterness matching mine. "I thought you'd understand. But what's the good of trying to explain if you're so sure in advance that nothing can justify me? You—you of all people. You're like the rest. Narrow-minded, intolerant. Blind to any ideas not approved by your ancestors. Judging by superficialities instead of getting at a fellow's motives. You're so devoted to the letter of your beliefs you lose sight of the spirit."

"I'm a fool to blame you for it, though. Some day I'll tell this to the whole town assembled. And I'll do it good and proper!"

If I believed that words of his could no longer influence me, I was mistaken. They could still hurt me, and they did. His denunciation rang in my ears. Martinsville—narrow? Martinsville—intolerant? Martinsville—blind?

He had taken unfair advantage of me by rushing off so soon. I wanted to argue with him and convince him of his error.

I thought of the years of harmony our village had enjoyed. Was that intolerance? I thought of the kindness shown each other in times of distress. Was that the letter of our belief and not the spirit? I could recall daily instances of sympathy and understanding right in my own home. What would have happened to me had my parents judged superficially instead of considering my motives?

At the evening meal, I merely mentioned to my parents that Clyde had come to explain his behavior but had been quite unsuccessful. My feelings toward him clouded my vision. I did not realize that I gave him no opportunity to explain.

OUR conversation had only succeeded in driving us farther apart. Almost it seemed we might never have known each other. He was more of a stranger than he had seemed the first night of his arrival.

Yet events seemed to conspire to keep him constantly in my thoughts. I kept brooding on his accusation, and wondering what he meant by telling "the whole town assembled." In retrospect, these words filled me with wonder.

I was myself guilty of that for which I had reproved Tillie Dunnecker. At a season of the year when only the most gracious of sentiments should have moved me, I entertained unworthy feelings toward the man who had brought discord into my life.

That year, the eve of the Lord's Birthday was the most beautiful I can remember. The air was crystal clear, exhilarating, life-giving. The world was crowned with stars, glittering points of light, like jewelled

Give Diamonds this Xmas

Bury them on Credit

\$1.00 DOWN BRINGS YOUR CHOICE 10 Months to Pay

BAER BROS. CO.

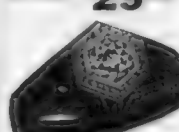
Buy by Mail and Save Money

Diamonds Are the Ideal Xmas Gifts

Everybody wants them—they never wear out—they are a **good investment** because they increase in value yearly—and if you buy them on **Baer Bros. Co. easy payment plan**, you can give, with a small outlay of money, **worth-while gifts that last** instead of insignificant trifles.



T75—Lady's 18 K. white gold ring, blue white diamond, hexagon top, two small diamonds on sides. **\$29.50**



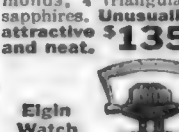
T56—Man's massive hand carved ring, 14K. green gold. Perfect cut blue white diamond set in 18 K. white gold top. **Good \$57.50 looking.**



T29—Engagement ring, 18K. white gold blossom engraving, perfect cut blue white diamond. **Very good taste. \$100**



T11—Solid Platinum dinner ring, 5 perfect cut blue white diamonds, 4 triangular sapphires. **Unusually attractive \$135 and neat.**



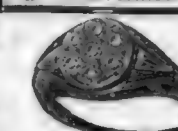
T43—"The Butterfly." 18 K. white gold lady's ring, perfect cut blue white diamond. **Exquisitely engraved. New creation \$45**



T53—Engraved and engine turned case, green or white, 7 jewel Elgin guaranteed movement, 12 size. (Watch illustrated one-third smaller than actual size.) **\$20**



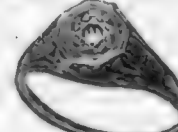
T15—Lady's Solid Platinum engraved gift or engagement ring, perfect cut blue white diamond. **\$87.50**



T33—7 perfectly matched blue white diamonds set in platinum, 2 sapphires, exquisite new model lady's cluster. **\$72.50**



T59—A guaranteed timepiece. Fancy dial, sapphire crown, engraved front and back, solid 14 K. white gold case, guaranteed and adjusted 15 jewel movement. **Special \$23.50**



T63—Engagement ring, 14 K. yellow gold, perfect cut blue white diamond. **\$50**



T84—Solid 18 K. white gold, 6 sapphires, 4 blue white diamonds set in platinum. 17 jewel guaranteed movement. **Big show—very artistic. \$75**



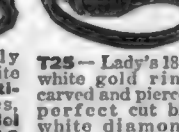
T46—Lady's Solid Platinum ring, large perfect cut blue white diamond in hexagon top, 4 small diamonds in heart shaped cups on sides. **Rare beauty. \$125**



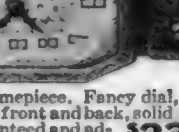
T27—18K. solid white gold seamless wedding ring, 5 perfect cut blue white diamonds, ring engraved all around. **\$30 Special price**



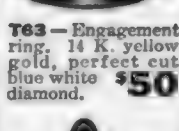
T61—Platinum top on 14 K. white gold scarf pin. Blue white diamond, 4 sapphires. **\$25**



T37—Hand carved 18 K. solid white gold onyx ring. Blue white diamond set in hexagon cup. **Very stylish \$25**



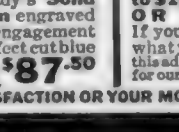
T48—Hand carved dinner ring, 18 K. white gold. Three perfect cut blue white diamonds, 2 triangular sapphires. **Fashion's \$57.50 Latest.**



T17—18 K. solid white gold ring set with perfect cut blue white diamond. **Price \$22.50 only**



T77—Man's flat belcher, 14 K. yellow gold, 7-diamond cluster set in platinum disc. Looks like 2-carat solitaire. **\$73.50**



Baer Bros. Co. use only first quality blue white diamonds.



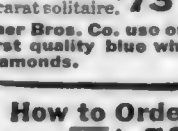
T27—18K. solid white gold seamless wedding ring, 5 perfect cut blue white diamonds, ring engraved all around. **\$30 Special price**



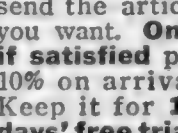
T48—Hand carved dinner ring, 18 K. white gold. Three perfect cut blue white diamonds, 2 triangular sapphires. **Fashion's \$57.50 Latest.**



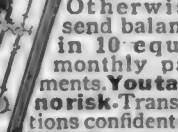
T17—18 K. solid white gold ring set with perfect cut blue white diamond. **Price \$22.50 only**



T77—Man's flat belcher, 14 K. yellow gold, 7-diamond cluster set in platinum disc. Looks like 2-carat solitaire. **\$73.50**



Baer Bros. Co. use only first quality blue white diamonds.



Baer Bros. Co. use only first quality blue white diamonds.

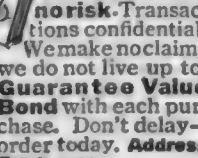


Baer Bros. Co. use only first quality blue white diamonds.

How to Order Send \$1.00 Only

No red tape—no delay—we will send the article you want. **Only if satisfied pay 10% on arrival. Keep it for 10 days' free trial.**

Your money back if not satisfied or if you can duplicate anywhere. **even for cash.** Otherwise, send balance in 10 equal monthly payments. **You take no risk.** Transactions confidential. We make no claims we do not live up to. **Guarantee Value Bond** with each purchase. Don't delay—order today. Address Dept. E-56



BAER BROS. CO.
Dept. E-56 6 MAIDEN LANE-NEW YORK



Former Bricklayer Now Earning \$12,000 a Year

"When I enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools, I was a bricklayer and I didn't know a thing about blueprints. Today I have my own contracting business and I am able to figure the most difficult jobs and execute them to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. My income is between \$12,000 and \$15,000 a year. It certainly was a lucky day for me when I sent in that I. C. S. coupon."

That's a true story of what just one student of the International Correspondence Schools has done. There are thousands of others. Every mail brings letters from men and women telling of increases in income and salary due directly to spare-time study.

One hour a day spent with the I. C. S., in the quiet of your own home, will prepare you for success in the work you like best.

Mail the coupon for Free Booklet

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 6261-C, Scranton, Penna.

Oldest and largest correspondence schools in the world

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

<input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blue Prints <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder <input type="checkbox"/> Building Foreman <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman <input type="checkbox"/> Plumber and Steam Fitter <input type="checkbox"/> Heating and Ventilation <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing Inspector <input type="checkbox"/> Foreman Plumber <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Rys. <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigation <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign Painting <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondent <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accounting <input type="checkbox"/> COMMERCIAL LAW <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE <input type="checkbox"/> Mining Engineer <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Oversee or Engr. <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising
---	--

☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ RADIO

Name _____ 3-6-24

Occupation _____ Business _____

and Employer _____ Address _____

Street _____

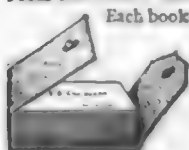
and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

MIDGET NAME CARDS

THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book



Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 1/2 x 3/4, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agent Wanted.

MIDGET CARD SHOP
104 Main Street Greeno, R. I.

Learn Advertising at HOME

The highest paid men in the world are advertising men. You can learn easily and quickly at home during your spare time. Bigger opportunities now in advertising than ever before. Tremendous demand for our graduates at big pay.

Send for FREE Book. Giving interesting information and vital facts—just what you want to know about advertising. Write today!

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING
Dept. 2069 2201 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

thorns in that other Crown. Still, I felt that something unforeseen would happen.

As I sat at Meeting next morning, with a warm, Christmas sun streaming in through the window and falling upon me like a benediction, I tried to tear this unseemliness from my heart. Hardly had I begun to pray for Divine Guidance when a voice I knew too well broke into my devotions.

"Friends!" said that voice. "There's something I've wanted to say to you for a long time. Since I'm a stranger, maybe today would be the proper time to say it."

It was Clyde Orsay. Clyde the outsider, Clyde the worldling addressing the Friends' Meeting! Trained as we were to accept the day's preacher merely as an intermediary, nevertheless a distinct thrill of expectation could be felt throughout the Meeting. Every head went up and all eyes strained toward him.

I think I told you somewhere in my story that visitors as well as members of the Society of Friends may talk at Meeting whenever inspired by the Word of God. In big cities, no doubt, this happens occasionally. In Martinsville, to which strangers came so seldom, no such instance was on record.

Phrases flashed through my mind. "Some day I'll tell the whole town assembled. And I'll do it good and proper!"

Every head went up save mine. I bent mine lower, and my heart pounded the last drop of blood from my body into my face. "Not now, Clyde," I prayed. "Oh, if you have any last vestige of feeling for me, don't say it now!"

But he had come prepared to denounce us, as I believed, and having already spoken the first words, nothing could influence him to retract.

"Friends," he went on, in a voice strangely devoid of the bitterness I expected. "I came here as a stranger, and you took me in. You didn't approve of my business here, but you gave me your help whenever I needed it. That was more than other folks might have done. I appreciated it. But now you've turned on me. I'm not a judge, and I'm not here to tell you what to do. I just want you to listen to my side of the story. I, myself, was brought up in a religious home. That's why I respect your creed and admire the kind of life you lead. If it wasn't for that, I wouldn't care what you think of my ways."

At this juncture, I ventured to raise my head. Clyde had discarded his working attire for clothes such as he had worn when we went to the dance. He looked even taller in them, more decisive, and some subtle virility seemed to emanate from him. It was not so much the earnest expression in his face, nor the intensity of his voice, as a combination of both that produced his strange fervor.

YOU'VE built a wall about yourselves. You say that all which happens on this side of your wall is right; all on the other is wrong. You seem to know just where right ends and wrong begins. I wish I did. You don't build any fences around your property, but the way it looks to me is that you've built a fence against the rest of the world. Now, the world outside isn't all bad. It's true that you're loyal, and would do anything for each other. But do you care what happens on the other side of your wall? No, because what happens on your side is right. Whatever I do on my side is wrong."

Eagerly Clyde's eyes searched the sea of faces before him, halting in their restless search when they met mine. Just for a minute—but in that minute the little wall which I had built about myself swayed uncertainly. The congregation stirred uneasily. Already the nature of his accusation began to be clear. Father sat with

his head bowed and eyes closed. Mother was grave. I remembered that Clyde had wanted to explain and I had not let him. I was aghast at my own blindness.

Then Clyde went on to tell how these men had happened to visit him. They were old army associates. Having heard that he was in Martinsville, they had travelled two hundred miles just to spend one night with him. They were good-hearted fellows, he said, much older than he, ready to share the last crust with a friend. But a little lax in their personal habits. They had of course brought the liquor with them, drinking and gambling being their favorite pastimes.

"Don't a man's motives mean anything? To one of these men I owe my life. Yes, he saved my life on the battlefield. There's nothing I wouldn't do for him. All that I've got, he can have. Do you think I'd shut the door in his face just because you don't like his drinking or language?"

I could scarcely breathe with all the misgivings that oppressed me. Many other women, who certainly could not have had the personal interest in this that I had, sat with fingers clasped tightly, moved by the mounting ardor of his voice.

"I'm no angel myself, and I don't want anyone to think I am. I played cards with them, and I drank with them. But is there a single man here who can swear—" he caught himself up. "Excuse me. You don't take such oaths. I mean, did anybody see me drunk? Nobody took the trouble to find this out. If it was one of your own men you wouldn't judge him so quickly. Would you?"

The Meeting House grew quiet as a tomb. Except that we are trained to make no sign of emotion during the sermon, many would have gasped at his frankness. I knew too well that the accusation of intolerance and narrow-mindedness had appalled them as it had me. But would they realize the injustice of our behavior as I did, or would their indignation rise to a higher pitch in denial?

IN THAT interval of silence I faced my own problem squarely. I loved Clyde. This unnatural bitterness had been a screen of my own making to hide the truth. Realizing that our love could never reach its natural conclusion, I had deluded myself with this bitterness, lest I cherish some fond memory of him.

I loved Clyde, and if he would still have me, doubtful as this seemed, I would go to him. Nothing must interfere. Not even my parents. After hearing Clyde, I knew that in the end he could convince them of his worthiness.

Clyde was still standing. In his drawn face, his eyes glowed almost feverishly.

"I said before that I admire your ways and your creed. That doesn't mean that I'm ready to adopt them. I'm not asking you to change to my way of living. If you're really open-minded, you oughtn't to ask me to change to yours. All I want to say, on this day, is 'Tear down your wall.' There's a lot on our side that ought to come in. There's a lot on this side that we need there. It's a time of good-will. Let's reach an understanding."

A half hour of contemplation elapsed before the Christmas Meeting dispensed. Outside, Clyde became the centre of attention, and to my relief I saw that he was being thanked for having pointed out this fault. The congregation was moved. There could be no doubt about that. But just how much this simple sermon had influenced the community toward adopting a larger outlook, no one could say yet.

At Father's invitation, Clyde came home to Christmas dinner with us. Father himself asked the Blessing, thanking God for having sent Clyde to point out the error of our ways. Then he apologized to Clyde

for his hasty judgment; his hard and set conclusions.

I cannot remember what happened during that meal. I know I did not talk to Clyde, nor he to me. Tears stood too perilously close to the surface for me to venture an idle conversation.

"I admire thy insight," said Father to him, "and respect thy fearlessness. Such a man as thou art may indeed be a fitting friend to the most scrupulous."

My parents left us, knowing we would have much to say to each other. I thought it my duty to speak first. I had to steel myself to do it. I felt so small, so mean, I remembered how I had prayed that he might see into our hearts as we could see into his. And now he had seen even deeper.

BUT Clyde was impatient of explanations. He swept me into his arms. He kissed me again and again until every breath I took seemed by some miracle, to be transformed into a kiss.

"Paradise lost—and regained, my little Eden!"

"Clyde, wilt thou—really forgive me?"

"I was a fool for not making you understand in the beginning. Instead I was proud, and wouldn't let you see that I really cared. But I do, my dear, I do. I care enough to give up my profession and come here to lead your simple life."

"I would not ask thee to do that," I protested softly. "I would follow thee anywhere, Clyde."

There was no reason for our waiting. Clyde would have to be in the district many months. We could know the joy of our own home during that time.

Several weeks later, we were married in the Friends' Meeting House. I wonder if you can appreciate the meaning of this. Previously only two Friends could be united in wedlock by our own ceremony. The power to change this ruling rested with the elders of each branch of the Society, and when the news of our betrothal was announced, the elders exercised their right.

Thus was the first stone in our wall dislodged. Outwardly, Martinsville may seem the same sleepy village it once was. Inwardly it has changed. A new spirit is growing—a conviction that if all which we considered worldly is used for a good purpose, that is its own excuse for existence.

Several of the very young children have been sent away to private schools in big cities. A few girls and boys of my age have gone out seeking careers—medicine, and music, and art. Humility Fenwick, has married and lives in Chicago, and is shortly expected for a visit.

At times Clyde's work carries him to distant towns. I go with him, and wear your kind of clothes. But the instant I return, I slip back into my grays and browns, my caps and kerchiefs—not because they are better, but because I am used to them, I suppose.

Only somehow we cannot grow accustomed to automobiles. I know you will laugh at me. The more adventuresome of us have vacuum cleaners, and wash machines, and even radios.

Whoever wishes to sell a horse within a radius of fifty miles comes to Martinsville. We cling to our two-wheeled carts and our buggies.

THE END.

Now that you've finished this three-part story of Martinsville, write me what you think of it. Don't forget to mention the others of this issue—and you may win a prize.—THE EDITOR.

Marvelous New Treatment

Will Whiten and Beautify Your Skin In 5 Days—or money back

Now every girl can have
the clear, milk-white complexion
that all men admire.



Before retiring, apply this remarkable new bleaching cream to face, arms and neck with the English Beauty Brush. In the morning use the Finishing Creme. In a few days your skin will take on new clearness and beauty that will simply amaze you.

DON'T be discouraged if freckles, blackheads, sallow skin, pimples and other blemishes are keeping you from the beauty that is rightfully yours. Now a remarkable new discovery quickly routs these enemies of beauty and leaves the skin fresh, clear and glowing with health.

With this new treatment results are so quick and positive that you can hardly believe your eyes. You'll simply be amazed to see how quickly sallow, "muddy" skin begins to clear and take on that fresh peach-blow tint that is the delight of masculine eyes.

Try this new way to beauty

Every girl knows that a clear white skin is the most important requisite to beauty. Regardless of how handsome and regular your features may be, you can't have the matchless beauty that all men admire if your skin is dark, sallow or blemished. The most beautiful women of history have all had lovely, white, transparent skins—the kind you can have in just a few days if you carry out this new treatment faithfully. The ordinary skin bleach is simple enough to compound. Any chemist can make one. There are dozens on the market that give fairly good results, but none to compare with this new scientific product. For years we have been experimenting and searching for just such a beauty aid as Presto-White—a safe sure bleaching cream that will bring out the beauty of the clear, transparent skin without the harmful effects that so often follow the use of ordinary bleaching agents.

This remarkable new skin beautifying treatment not only includes a generous sized jar of McGowan's Presto-White, but also a jar of Finishing Creme to apply mornings. Presto-White bleaches the skin and removes freckles, pimples, blackheads and other blemishes—the Finishing Creme soothes the skin and offers a splendid base for powder.

If you could see what wonderful transformations this remarkable treatment is effecting every day, you'd expect us to ask at least \$5 to \$10 for it. We would be justified in doing so, for it is easily worth that much and more to any girl or woman. But we know that after all the best advertisement is the satisfied user and we are anxious to get thousands of "boosters" helping us sell this remarkable new discovery. So we are going to offer the first 10,000 treatments at just enough to cover the actual cost of making, advertising and selling, which we have figured down to \$1.97.

Send no money - just sign and mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this treatment in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings your Beauty Outfit, just pay him \$1.97, plus a few cents postage. Remember, you don't take any risk. Your mirror is the sole judge. If you are not perfectly delighted with results, simply return the Outfit after five days' trial and we will refund your money without a question. Don't put it off another minute. Mail the coupon today.

If you want the beauty that is rightfully yours; if you want to clear up your skin, and do away with sallow, "muddy" complexion forever; if you want to remove freckles, blackheads and other blemishes that rob your beauty, sit right down and fill in the coupon.

McGOWAN LABORATORIES

710 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

COUPON

McGOWAN LABORATORIES

710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 122, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove at your own risk that your new treatment—Presto-White—will remove freckles, blackheads, pimples, and other blemishes, whiten my skin and leave it soft, beautiful and glowing. When the postman brings my outfit, I will pay him \$1.97 (plus a few cents postage). After five days' trial, if I am not delighted with results, I will return the package and you are to refund my money in full.

Name _____

Address _____

(Note: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you can remit \$2.00 and the Treatment will be sent postpaid.)

WHAT HAVE YOU TO OFFER?

Short-stories, poems, articles, songs are wanted for publication. "PROFITABLE WRITING" explains in full. Send for your free copy.

CO-OPERATIVE SERVICE COMPANY

317 N. 42nd Street Philadelphia

Make \$100 go a week

You, too, can make the big money which men and women in the selling game earn today. Build up a permanent, profitable business of your own selling our nationally known silk hosiery direct to wearer. No investment—profits begin immediately. Our free instructions make it so easy and pleasant that you cannot fail. No experience necessary. Work full or spare time. Men and women—write today for our new plan which shows you how to make \$40 to \$125 a week and be your own boss. Write today to **SILKSILK Hosiery Co.** Department 8-34 315 Fourth Ave., New York

Learn about our big bonus offer.

RUBY FREE

To introduce our imported Mexican **BLU-FASH GEM**, the only low priced gem exactly matching genuine diamonds, with same blue-white brilliancy and rainbow fire, guaranteed for life, we'll send free this beautiful, flashing fiery red Mexican Ruby. Just clip out this ad, mail with your name, address and 10c to partly cover handling cost and we'll mail **FREE** with catalog of gems and special half price offer. Write today. Mexican Gem Importing Co., Dept. U-5 Mesilla Park, N. Mex.

MILLINERY LESSONS FREE

Any woman or girl, over 14, can easily learn Millinery during spare minutes. Start a 'MILLINERY SHOPPE'

Make \$1200 to \$5000 a Year

Why pay \$15 for a \$3 Spring hat?

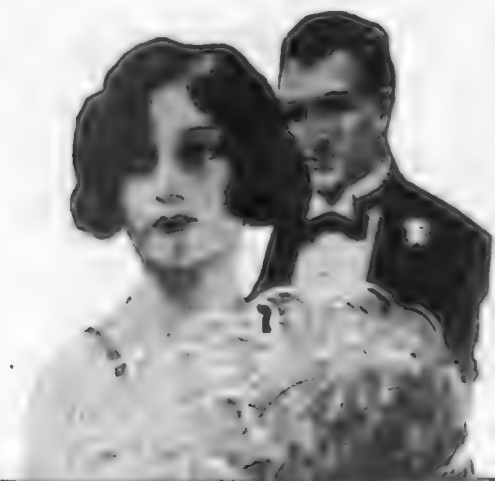
Mail Coupon Today Sure

Send me free your illustrated Millinery book containing sample lessons.

Franklin Institute Dept. J-240 Rochester, N.Y.

Name _____

Address _____



Your Opportunity To Possess Beauty—

To enjoy the homage and admiration attractiveness commands, lies in the appearance of your skin and complexion. Give to them an enchanting loveliness—the glorious sparkling touch of Beauty that

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

has rendered for over 85 years. Antiseptic and astringent in effect, making it exceptionally valuable in cases of blemishes, wrinkles, flabbiness, excess oiliness and undue color. Renders a lasting beauty instantly, that preserves and protects the skin and complexion. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in compacts.

Send 10c for trial size.
Ferd.T. Hopkins & Son, New York



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and \$1.00 at druggists.
Hilscoz Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

HINDER CORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15 cents by mail or at Druggists. Hilscoz Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.



Get Rid of Your FAT Free Trial Treatment

Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day. Let me send you proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician,
State of New York, 286 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., Desk A 152



SEND No More 10¢ To Pay
TO HELP COVER COST OF HANDLING, WE WILL SEND YOU A FULL CUT, ONE CARAT
CoroditeDiamond
NO C.O.D.—NOTHING TO BUY OR SELL
NO STRINGS ATTACHED TO THIS OFFER
We make this remarkable offer so that every lover of beautiful jewelry can have the opportunity of comparing a Corodite Gem side by side with a Genuine Diamond. We want you to see with your own eyes the fiery flashing beauty of this Gorgeous Gem. CORODITE DIAMONDS are double polished and have the true diamond (52 facet) cut. So closely do they resemble the genuine that even lifetime experts are astonished. The illustrations above show how beautiful a CORODITE looks when mounted in a ring. Send your name and address and 10c in coin or stamps (to help cover cost of handling) to us Today. Your Corodite will come Fully Prepaid by return mail.
E. RICHWINE CO., Dept. B-46 CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Seventh Player

[Continued from page 57]

It was a queer position I'd found to enable me to stay on in Papeete. I was waitress and mixer of drinks at what Jack O'Brien was pleased to call his hotel. It was my skill in the last named capacity that got me the position, I think—that, and Jack O'Brien's quick, if slightly weather-worn eye, for a pretty face and figure. I went about my rather humiliating new duties indifferently and uncaringly enough. I had learned to take care of myself in many ports and Jack O'Brien and his native wife were good-hearted.

I seemed to be living in a dream, those weeks. All connection with my past life was broken. I faced the truth now. I was in love with Dexter Fenton. I had been in love with him even when he had sat sodden with drink, taking glasses mechanically from my hand in my father's home. I was living only for a boy doomed, perhaps, to die; a boy who had probably never given me a full, seeing glance; a boy who was now lying delirious with another girl's name on his lips.

I WENT often to see him in the bare cell-like room where they were keeping him. He had but careless attention, I think, for a man as ill as he was. I tried to tempt him with delicacies cooked by Jack O'Brien's native wife.

It was with mingled dread and gladness I watched him climb slowly back to convalescence. I saw the delirium go out of his eyes and the fever fade from his cheeks and I gained a new friend on the island, the man being held for the murder of my father.

Desperately I tried to prod his memory of what had happened that night. His mind was a blank. He had a confused recollection of me giving him drinks, of losing, losing, losing everything he had. Then—nothing.

He would sit up in his narrow hard bed and run his hands through his crisp dark hair, his face working with the effort of remembering.

"You remember," I'd insist, "the Swede left, then Lo Fun, then Morrison. You remember Morrison's leaving, don't you?" I'd lean toward him feverishly.

"I don't seem to remember—a thing," he'd say slowly. "I was paralyzed. I have a vague feeling of being there, of losing, of drinking—I was paralyzed. I'd been paralyzed for months. I wouldn't allow myself to come to. There was—a reason—why I couldn't."

"Don't you remember Aveille's leaving?" I'd persist. I couldn't give up.

"Not a thing," the boy would say hopelessly. "When I woke up they had the bracelets on me and it was morning. They claim I was putting it on, that passing out stunt. But it was the real goods. Well—" he'd rally cheerfully—"we musn't worry."

"Suppose they send you away," I'd falter.

"Suppose they do," he'd say indifferently. "Better than rotting in this hole."

"Isn't there someone I can notify," I asked him one day; "someone in the States who could help you?"

"Not a soul," he said cheerfully. He grinned, a weak sort of grin.

"You spoke of someone quite often when you were ill," I said, flushing scarlet; "Aline."

He grinned again, and the grin went off in a trembling of his lips.

"The laugh's on me," he managed to say. "She married the other fellow." He began lighting a cigarette immediately and I had to help him.

We were silent for a long time after that. The boy smoked with a fine assumed carelessness and I watched him.

"The laugh," he said at length, "seems to be on me all around. Somebody—must have—stacked the cards." He loosed little puffs of smoke between his words and watched them interestingly as they floated up, thinly blue.

"I'm a cheerful companion for a young girl," he said remorsefully. "Here you've been comin' in here like—like Florence Nightingale herself—and I've never asked you how things are goin' with you."

It didn't seem to me there was any need of telling him how things were going with me.

Mario, the Argentine, came to Jack O'Brien's hotel for the late supper that night. I often thought, wearily, that eating and drinking was all that human beings thought of in that latitude. I was a sort of assistant manager at Jack O'Brien's by that time. I had charge of the make-shift bar, of mixing drinks for more important patrons, such as visitors from the boats or petty French officials, and it was my business to see that the native girl helpers were kept busy, thus giving Jack O'Brien's wife time to sit and grow fatter.

Mario hung about me that night as he always did. Under Jack O'Brien's eye I had to be courteous to him. The Argentine spent his money freely.

"I hear your young friend is going to live after all," he said.

"Yes," I admitted.

"I hear they're planning to pack him off on the next boat," he went on.

"Are they?" I managed to keep my voice steady. The next boat! Ten days!

Mario smoked coolly. He eyed me speculatively.

"You're making a mistake," he said, tapping the ash from his cigarette with a slender brown finger—"You'll be sorry, I think, for having taken the glacial pose with me. How long will it protect you at a place like this? I'm offering you marriage. How many of the others are?"

I was scarcely hearing him. I looked out at the strange silhouette of a Tahiti night against the moonlit sky and waters. There seemed to be not a breath of air or a movement of leaf or wave. The low laugh of a native girl came from somewhere in the darkness. I wanted to beat my hands against it suddenly, this Tahiti. Had I ever thought it beautiful? I hated it now.

Dexter Fenton was to be taken a prisoner on the next boat to come through those golden waters! The real murderer was standing here smiling at me and saying brutally—"I'm offering you marriage—"

I TURNED abruptly and left him. I would not let him see and mock the grief that came up in my eyes.

I went about my duties at O'Brien's in a daze that next week, spending all my spare time with Dexter Fenton.

He knew, it seemed, that he was to go on the next boat. He spoke of it carelessly, his very carelessness of his fate wrenching at my heart.

"The trouble is," he said, grinning, "they won't knock me off. They'll stow me up for twenty years. A quick end—I wouldn't mind that. It's what I came out here to find."

"On account of—Aline?" I knew what his answer would be.

He nodded. "Funny thing, too," he added; "the fever seems to have burnt that lady out of me, more or less. I can see now what a bally fool I was. Well—" he

grinned again—"there won't be a hell of a lot of folks put out when I kick off."

I walked to the small high window of the cell and stood with my back to him. Three days! Three days and the boat would be in! It wouldn't, after all, do him any harm to know. It might help, a little.

"There'll be one," I said steadily. "There'll be one a—little more than put out. I know—it can't mean much to you, perhaps. It—it may mean nothing. But whatever it means—I love you." I was clasping my hands nervously now—I was forcing myself to go on. "You shan't say nobody will care. I'll care. I loved you the first time you staggered into my father's place, I think. The hardest thing I ever did was give you—more liquor. I wanted to hold your—your head in my arms. I wanted to scream at them all . . . You'll think me a fool." I turned back at him. My eyes were wet.

Dexter Fenton's eyes were wet, too. "You—you're a brick," he said. "Say—say—you might do that now. You might hold my head now. It's—it's cheek, I know." He ran his fingers through his hair, trying to regain his composure.

In another minute his brave, careless pose had broken up and he was on his knees by the bed, his head against my knee.

He seemed one of those fresh cheeked young English boys, afraid for a moment, and I comforted him.

Things happened quickly, at the end. I was in O'Brien's dining-room, lobby, and bar combined when a Señor Alvarez came in and registered. He wrote his name on the dirty book on the high bar that was also the desk. He made a quick movement at his coat lapel and said a few curt words to Jack O'Brien.

"Ain't seen anybody o' that description around here," O'Brien answered, his face blank.

PAPEETE, like other ports of its kind, is a hiding place of men and many pasts. It is the part of discretion for an inn-keeper in such a port to know nothing, of course. I paid no attention to the incident until, passing the stranger his glass over the dirty book, I glanced at the huge black scrawl and saw that he was an Argentine. Waiting until O'Brien had waddled away I smiled at the newcomer. "Looking for someone?" I asked in a lowered voice. There was a wide hope in my heart. I was catching at straws now. The boat was in.

He studied me.

"You're like your dad, I suppose," he said testingly. "—don't know anything?" "He's not my dad," I countered, "and I know a lot."

He drew something from an inside pocket, keeping it carefully covered with his hand.

"Ever see him before?" He whipped his hand suddenly from before the face of a small photograph. His eyes were intent on my face.

A small cry escaped me.

"I see you have." He returned the picture quickly to his pocket and eyed me sharply. "The question now is, are you working with me to apprehend a criminal—a murderer—or are you planning a way to warn him?"

"He's wanted?" I could scarcely control the trembling of my voice.

"Yes," he said shortly. "Somehow or other I trust you. Can you tell me where he is?"

"I can take you there." I laughed hysterically. "Have you a gun?"

The night in Tahiti can be kind, after all. It was very still on the veranda of Jack O'Brien's hotel, the guests having gone that night to a hula festival which would probably last until the early hours of the morning. Only Dexter Fenton and

At Last!

You Can Learn STAGE DANCING from NED WAYBURN Right At Home



Marilyn Miller, now starring in "Sunny"—one of many famous stars who have had the benefit of Ned Wayburn's guidance and inspirational help.

NO LONGER is it necessary to come to Broadway to learn stage dancing from that most famous of all teachers—**NED WAYBURN**. For now—thru exactly the same thorough and dependable methods that have made Mr. Wayburn's New York Studios world famous—you can learn stage dancing—**right at home**—in your spare time.

Ned Wayburn has helped up the ladder of fame such stage celebrities as Evelyn Law, Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller, Gilda Gray, Fred and Adele Astaire, Oscar Shaw and hundreds of others! Ned Wayburn is also responsible for many of Broadway's greatest musical productions, including the best editions of the internationally famous "Follies". Throughout his entire Home-Study Course, this wizard of stagecraft is always advising, helping and criticizing you when necessary—thru absorbing, personal, clear as crystal instructions. You'll be amazed to see how this marvelous Home-Study Course—which covers **EVERY** type of stage dancing—will shorten the gap between your ambitions and a high-paying delightful stage career. *It is entirely different from anything you've ever seen.*

Free Book Tells All

If you are interested in a stage dancing career for the big money—fame, happiness

it offers—or even if you are interested in stage dancing merely as a sure road to health and beauty—if you want the best training that can be obtained anywhere—surely you will send for Ned Wayburn's new, interesting **FREE** booklet which gives complete details of his marvelous Home-Study Course—tells how he makes stage stars—tells what he can do for you! Mail the coupon below for your copy of this booklet. Don't hesitate a moment. Act today—**NOW**.

NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway, (Entr. on 60th St.) Studio XT At Columbus Circle, New York. Open all year 'round 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Except Sundays. (Closed Saturdays at 6 P. M.) Phone Columbus 3500

Ned Wayburn Studios of Stage Dancing, Inc. 1841 Broadway, Studio XT, New York City.

Please send me your new **FREE** Booklet and complete information on "Ned Wayburn's Home-Study Course In Stage Dancing". This request is to place me under no obligation.

Name.....
(PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY)
Address.....
City..... State.....

They Thought I Was Bluffing

—When I Told Them I Learned Music Without a Teacher

YOU could have heard a pin drop! I had just finished playing Rubenstein's "Melody in F". My friends were dumbfounded—they couldn't believe their ears. At last I was the center of attraction instead of a mere onlooker! "Why you didn't know a thing about music not so long ago, Bob?" "How in the world did you ever do it?" A note of half envy, half admiration crept into their voices. "Oh, he's been taking lessons for years and has kept it a secret!"—followed Betty and Sue. "You can't fool us though, you never learned to play that well without a teacher."

They were all wrong though. At first I didn't believe it was possible to learn music by mail. I thought I needed special "talent". But thanks to a startling new simplified method, I soon discovered my mistake. It was simple as A-B-C, and actual FUN learning. Now I can play any piece of music—classical or jazz—and play real notes! I never have to refuse when I'm called upon to entertain. Now my life is just a joyous round of gay parties and admiring friends.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE Play Any One!

Mandolin	Saxophone
Piano	Cello
Organ	Ukulele
Violin	Cornet
Banjo	Trombone
or any other instrument	

Send For Our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

to see how you, too, can quickly teach yourself to be an accomplished musician right at home—through this very same wonderful method—let us send you our interesting Free Booklet and a valuable



Demonstration Lesson—also Free. Select your favorite instrument in the panel, and the U. S. School will do the rest. Over 350,000 students. Special Offer now open to limited number of new students. So write at once. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 42712 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 42712 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home", with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you the above instrument?.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Ena Novak, dreamy-eyed motion picture star

Beautiful Eyes That Weave a Spell

of enchantment always owe their irresistible magic to the shadowy depths of luxuriant lashes. With every dark-veiled glance they bewitch and ensnare.

Bring out the hidden enchantment of your eyes by darkening your lashes with WINX. Just touch them up lightly and they immediately appear much longer, darker and heavier.

WINX is a harmless waterproof liquid that cannot run or smear. It dries at once and keeps your lashes beautiful for days. Brush attached to stopper of bottle. Complete, black or brown, 75c. U. S. and Canada. At drug, department stores or by mail.

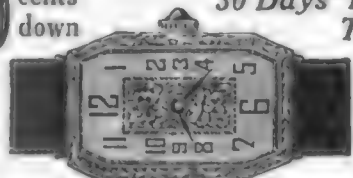
Mail 12c today for a generous sample of Winx. Another 12c brings a sample of PERT, the 24-hour waterproof rouge.

ROSS COMPANY

249 West 17th Street New York

WINX
Waterproof

50 cents down 30 Days' Free Trial



Latest Popular Rectangular Wrist Watch

14kt. white rolled gold case, platinum style, beautifully engraved. Silk grosgrain ribbon band and 14kt. rolled white gold engraved clasp. High Grade Ruby and Sapphire jeweled movement, tested, regulated, perfect time-keeper.

25-Year Guarantee Given Each Watch

Send only 50 cents down. Watch comes to you for 30 days' free trial. If you like it, and convince. If you keep it, send \$14.50 a month for balance. If you don't like it, return same and your deposit will be refunded. This offer may never appear again. Stock is limited. Act now! Rush 'em at once.

FREE Send for our Free Illustrated folder showing largest variety of high-grade wrist watches on 14kt. platinum's **GUARANTY WATCH CO.** 154 Nassau Street, Dept. L-12, New York

PLAY INSTANTLY

THIS PROFESSIONAL MODEL TENOR-BANJO UKE

Get this real PROFESSIONAL MODEL TENOR-BANJO-UKE for just about 1/2 the regular price—and our amazing new method by which you can play instantly is included absolutely FREE. This is an instrument you can proudly show anywhere because it is the real thing and not an imitation. Positively the finest and sweetest toned Banjo-Ukelele ever made. Equipped with Real Nickel Banjo-Tension Brackets. Nickel straining ring and tail piece. 8-inch polished Birdseye Maple Shell and Moulded Neck. A genuine Professional Model in every respect. Amaze and Delight your friends. Entertain others and be the envied center of attraction wherever you go.

SEND TODAY



WAS \$10

NOW ONLY

\$5.96

FREE

Method and 30 Pieces of Music

Send today and you will receive FREE our wonderful new easy Banjo-Ukelele METHOD including 30 pieces of music enabling you to pick up this super quality instrument and amaze and delight your friends by playing the latest popular hits.

SEND NO MONEY

Pay Postman only \$5.96 plus postage on delivery of instrument. Method and Music are FREE. If you are not satisfied just send it back and your money will be refunded at once under the terms of our binding legal Money Back Guarantee. No fairer offer can be made. Send today.

C. F. JOHNSON & CO.
19 W. Jackson Blvd.
Dept. M 393 CHICAGO, U. S. A.

I in all Papeete, perhaps, had no interest in the festival. There was a rich golden moon and the trees stood in silhouette against the waters. The laughter of dancing native girls came in on a breeze that was thick as incense with the perfume of flowers.

"It's beautiful," Dexter Fenton said. "You're beautiful, too," he added, turning to me.

I reached my arms out to the night and drew in a deep breath. I had put flowers in my hair, native fashion, to welcome the boy from the States back from his little cell-like room. "I'm happy," I explained.

He touched one of the flowers at my temple lightly.

"I'm not exactly miserable myself," he grinned. "Say, I could say a lot to you,"

he went on boyishly. "Alvarez told me the little part you played in puttin' on to Mario so quick. Without his confession in a hurry I'd have been on the boat and God knows when or how." He caught my hands. "I could say a lot about a lot of things but I'm only goin' to ask you this," his deep blue eyes looking anxiously into mine: "Were you fool that day in the jail when you said—y—said—"

"No," I said as bravely as I could. "I wasn't fooling."

"I want you to know," stumbled the boy from the States, "I feel that—I feel that way, too."

Tahiti can be kind. There is no place like it in the world, we think, the seventh player and I, for a honeymoon.

What About Yours?

Prize Winners for the August Letters of Criticism

First Prize—\$25.00

Maude Sumner Smith, Omaha, Nebr.

Second Prize—\$10.00

Gwynneth Jane Gibson, San Diego, Calif.

Third Prize—\$5.00

Laura A. Scott, Cleveland, Ohio.

Have you written yours? The above prizes hold good for this issue. Write us what you think of it.

The Little Tin God

[Continued from page 41]

the others. And then they all laughed. "There, dear," soothed Larry Marsh. "You just have a nice little cry. It relieves the heart so. We understand."

This from Larry Marsh, who was not only the mildest creature in the world but generally quite out of things when it came to repartee!

But the hardest blow of all, as they sang in the army, was to have to face the little tin god every day. You see, there was no help for me. I couldn't transfer to another prof; I needed this course. If I cut, I would lose credit, as the term was only just beginning. And I could not afford to lose credit.

There is a general belief that defiance is the result of a certain hardness of heart. I do not believe this to be true. I know in my case it was not. That rebellious streak in me signified no companion streak of indifference. Underneath it all, I was as sensitive as any eighteen year old girl, and every lesson in Prof. Banks' room was a period of exquisite torture.

Not that he ever made any reference in word or look to the affair. Even though I begrudged him a kind thought, I had to grant him that much. He behaved as if nothing had happened. It was the attitude of the class that made it all so hard. I was under constant surveillance, that bantering sort of surveillance which is not meant in an evil way, but which has an evil effect. It goaded me, until I came to the conclusion that only by further mocking the professor in public could I convince everybody that I hadn't the least spark of feeling for him.

One day, about a week after this episode, I got to class rather early, and quite by accident, was the first to arrive. Prof. Banks was working at his desk. I greeted him decisively, and scarcely waiting for his answer, strolled toward a window, which commanded a view of the whole campus. Almost immediately, a long

shadow enveloped me. Looking up, I found my enemy leaning against the wall and looking down at me.

This time his gray eyes were quizzical, and seemed extraordinarily clear against his weather-browned skin.

"I'm sorry, Miss Dane," he said simply.

If only there were an audience to this!

"About what?" I hedged.

"About last week."

Something inside me smiled serenely. I was going to draw the last drop of sweet revenge from this conversation. "What are you sorry for?"

"For having made a mistake. Somehow I thought you had a sense of humor," suddenly lapsing into that note of railleury.

"And may I know what brought you to this erroneous conclusion?" I asked in turn, with deliberate iciness.

"I'd been watching you," came the unexpected reply.

It seemed a positive affront that he should have dared to do so. "You might direct your scientific investigations where they would be more greatly appreciated," I retorted hotly.

DID I say it was scientific investigation?" he laughed back. "I'm not always the scientist. You know sometimes I'm human, too."

"How condescending of you to admit it!"

The class, finding us in this attitude of intimate conversation drew its own conclusion. Youth feels intensely, and I felt then that I would have given a precious month of my life rather than meet their questions. They were so wild to hear what he said, that they could scarcely wait to get out of earshot of his room.

"He apologized to you?" the girls gasped.

"He said he was sorry," I explained, begging the issue a bit, as girls will do, in order to re-establish my supremacy.

"I call that decent," rumbled Bill, in that outspoken way of his. "He didn't

have much to apologize for, believe me."

"He certainly did!" I reminded him. "For eavesdropping. Isn't that enough?"

"Oh, I don't know," mused Edith, who seemed to be taking Bill's part with suspicious frequency. "After all, he had the right to stand in his own doorway."

"The king can do no wrong," I mocked. "But if I felt that way about him, would I make a monkey of him in public?"

"You didn't," said Edith, pointedly.

"You just wait—and watch," I promised them. "I'll even give you a hint. Next week—during lecture period."

I knew they would all be keyed for the event, which, I felt convinced, would be the perfect knockout. Once a week one member of the class was expected to write and read a paper on some special subject assigned the week before. These assignments were definite. That is, one always knew just who would be called upon to read her paper. My turn fell upon that very next lecture period, and I had a tricky little plan whereby I meant to destroy another tradition that hung over Prof. Banks.

I SUPPOSE I ought to tell you what that tradition was. He was considered fool-proof, a trait which gained him additional secret admiration. He was absolutely impervious to the usual student tricks. You couldn't even divert his attention from the lesson to another subject, a favorite undergrad stunt when the class was unprepared. Wise in the ways of students—but I was going to outwit that wisdom, not by attempting the same old tricks. They were not spectacular enough.

The day came. "I believe Miss Dane is on the program," Prof. Banks announced.

As I arose, I could feel the tensiety about me. Leisurely, I turned the pages of my notebook, until, obviously, I reached the proper one. Then I began to read, smoothly as one does from a written page.

The tensiety relaxed. After all what I read was coherent and scientific. They imagined I was going to write some nonsense and read it off. Inwardly I smiled. My moment was coming.

At a point halfway through, the professor stopped me. "Would you mind reading that paragraph again, Miss Dane? It puts the whole matter concisely."

I was, and still am ready to swear that not a suggestion of panic was visible in my face. Only I had to make a supreme effort of memory to comply with his request, but I said, "I'll be glad to," and repeated the paragraph.

It was customary for the class to applaud at the end of these readings. When I stopped, a sincere burst of appreciation greeted me. Prof. Banks was looking at me queerly. Now for the moment—and to my complete gratification—he played into my hands.

"Splendidly written, Miss Dane," he said. "I think it might be of general interest to other courses. Would you care to let me file it in the science library?"

He stretched out his hand. Up went my head. I turned the book out toward the class so they could see that the pages were blank!

"I can't very well give it to you," I laughed. "There isn't anything to give, not a word written on the page. I made it up as I went along."

Wise in the ways of students, was he? The class sat aghast at my audacity. Like Peter Pan, I wanted to crow at my own cleverness. The dropping of the proverbial pin would have sounded like the fall of a crowbar in that silence. The little tin god had fallen into my trap. But the little tin god did not seem aware of this. Triumphant I searched his face for signs of anger or discomfort.

"I know it," he said calmly. "That was

why I asked you to repeat. But you see your memory is not as good as mine. You didn't repeat accurately, thereby confirming my suspicion."

A shout of barbaric laughter exploded into my face, the kind of shout one hears when the home team steals a touchdown from the visiting eleven. Quickly, cleverly, in a flash, the professor had again swung the pendulum in his favor. He had known that I was bluffing, and let me keep on just to make my humiliation greater. Instead of tearing down his pedestal I was adding to it, stone by stone.

Again his laughing, teasing eyes maddened me. I meant to show him that I had a sense of humor, and I managed to save my face by joining in the laughter, however much it hurt.

And it did hurt. What was there in this man that enabled him to come out on top whatever the odds? Why did I let him hurt me? What power did he possess whereby he could hurt me?

Anger and chagrin consumed me. In the period of forced truce which followed, I suffered more keenly simply because I could not haul down my colors. People do not realize that the road of rebellion is a lonely one. It leads to isolation. I had many friends but no confidante. I had my pick of escorts but no companion among them. Pride stood in my way. The mere thought that a man had bested me was enough to insure a sleepless night.

I had been so sure that this strategy would work that I had made no plans beyond it. Shortly before Thanksgiving, the posters went up for "The Follies of Engagement," and, as I stood reading one, what I believed to be the inspiration of the century came to me.

This was an annual student performance given exclusively by and for engaged co-eds and their fiancés. It was reputed to be the cleverest, wittiest, most sparkling entertainment of the year, consisting largely of satire on the behavior and problems of engaged couples. So secret was the whole affair, that, despite the presence of co-eds in the audience, no complete story of the doings ever leaked out. In fact, just enough was told in snatches to arouse the curiosity of those who were not engaged.

It was really the only affair, including the Faculty Frolic, that couldn't be crashed. I had tried the year before, and had actually got in and found a seat, when two amazons on 'varsity basketball lifted me up and dumped me in a snow-bank outside.


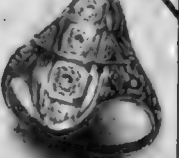

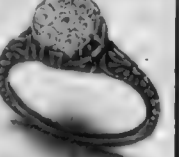
IN ORDER to get an invitation for herself and her fiancé, a girl had to report her engagement to a committee, one month before the performance. All the bona fide brides who managed the evening did not intend to be fooled. It was all very formal and mysterious, and therefore vastly exciting. Yet, even with all these precautions, there was a heavy traffic in campus engagements around this time. Of course, the boys were just as wild to see the show too, and they gladly offered themselves as temporary fiancés in order to gratify their curiosity. The most oddly assorted couples were constantly announcing their engagements, only to become estranged after the performance. Fred laughingly hinted more than once that I would confer a great favor on him by accepting his mother's ring, returnable any time I chose. Edith and Bill Kirk went about, conspicuously whispering in corners.

Really, the confusion and scheming, the secret heart-ache and anticipation caused by "The Follies of Engagement" can hardly be imagined. And I, no less than the rest, was eager to get in, though far be it from me to enter by the usual means.

So, as I say, standing before the poster, a way to kill two birds with one stone



SURPRISE and delight your loved one with a really beautiful gift! A dollar's all you need at Bales! Send a dollar—mention gift desired. That's all! Prompt shipment made. Charges prepaid, under our **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** If fully satisfied pay balance **NEXT YEAR 10% monthly. TEN FULL MONTHS TO PAY! ORDER NOW, AVOID THE LAST MINUTE RUSH.**

 X51 —14Kt. solid gold solitaire. Flery blue-white genuine diamond...\$65.00 \$1 down; \$6.40 monthly	 X52 —Dinner ring. 14Kt. white gold, three fine quality genuine diamonds; two blue sapphires \$48.50 \$1 down; \$4.75 monthly
 X53 —14Kt. solid gold gent's tooth ring. Fine quality blue-white genuine diamond...\$55.00 \$1 down; \$5.40 monthly	 X54 —Platinum set clasp, seven flery diamonds exquisitely pierced. 18Kt. white gold ring...\$52.50 \$1 down; \$5.15 monthly

\$1.00 BRINGS ANY GIFT
PAY BALANCE 10% MONTHLY

 X55 —18Kt. white gold exquisitely engraved and pierced ring. Large fine genuine diamond. Two blue sapphires...\$49.50 \$1 down; \$4.85 monthly	 X56 —Dainty 18Kt. white gold ring set with fine quality, blue-white diamond...\$35.00 \$1 down; \$3.40 monthly
 X57 —Solid white gold. Four genuine diamonds, two French blue sapphires. Guaranteed 15 Jewel movement. Complete only...\$42.50 \$1 down; \$4.15 monthly	
 X58 —Hand engraved 14Kt. green gold gent's ring, white gold top. Fine quality blue-white diamond...\$52.50 \$1 down; \$5.15 monthly	 X59 —Exquisite green gold Ladies' Aquamarine ring. Two fine genuine diamonds...\$42.50 \$1 down; \$4.15 monthly

FREE CATALOG—if the gift you have in mind isn't in this "ad," send **AT ONCE** for complete catalog illustrating in natural colors most complete assortment of Diamonds, Rings, Watches, Silverware, etc., in America! Our prices as Direct Diamond Importers and wholesale jewelers defy comparison. **MOST LIBERAL TERMS EVER OFFERED! ASK FOR CATALOG NO.**

O.F. BALE & CO.
21-26 Maiden Lane New York



Peggy Shows How.

Peggy Baxter was not what one would call good looking. Somehow, folks thought her slow, slow of thought, slow of action.

Today however, Peggy was reborn. She was good to look at and because she knew this, she had confidence in herself. She was far from slow of thought or of action.

"Peg, you are lovely and lively today," said Alice. "What has come over you? That gown is wonderful. It fits perfectly and the coloring is just right for your type. And you, yourself, are bright as a new dollar."

"It's all in this dress. I love it. I feel like new in it. And think girls, I made it myself at a cost of only four dollars."

"Made it? What do you mean? Surely you didn't make that dress."

"Yes. I designed it and I made it myself. Otherwise, I could not afford to have it."

"Why Peg, I didn't know you could design and make dresses."

"I couldn't. But fortunately I read of a wonderful school that comes right into your own home, so that during your spare moments you can learn how. It's exceedingly fascinating, to see the garments, made during the instruction come into being before your eyes out of practically nothing. And the joy of wearing them, knowing that you, yourself, created them. Why girls," Peggy went on, "I can now have three beautiful perfectly fitted and specially designed dresses for the money I formerly paid for one. On this one dress alone, I saved several times the cost of the instruction."

"Over 25,000 women have taken this instruction. You girls ought to take it up. Why don't you? It is unnecessary to have sewing experience and you can give as much or as little time to the work as you like."

Start In Business

Many who have taken this training have opened Gown Parlors in their own homes, or elsewhere, and because of their special training have quickly built up a most desirable clientele. Gown and Costume Designing and Creating is probably the best paying vocation now open to women and girls.

Spare Time Work

Many have done work for their friends, during spare times, and increased their income from \$35 to \$50 a month.

Learn at Your Own Home

You can take up this fascinating work at your own home by mail, giving only your spare time otherwise wasted, to the work. Girls and women usually find the lessons so fascinating that they give much more time to them than they had anticipated, giving up amusements and entertainments for the lessons.

Send for Free Sample Lessons

We want you to know just what these lessons are like. Write your name on the attached coupon. A very interesting book containing free sample lessons will then be sent you, by return mail. You will be under no expense or no obligation. You OWE IT TO YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY to get these sample lessons. Mail the coupon NOW. You may forget it, turn to the next page.



FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept. J-636, Rochester, N. Y.

Kindly send me free sample lessons in the subject checked below. Also show me how I can easily learn in a few weeks to design and make original dresses and costumes or hats at about one-third the usual retail selling price.

- ☐ Gown and Costume Designing and Making.
☐ Millinery.

Name

Address

This coupon is valuable. If not used, hand to a friend.

presented itself. The old fairy god-mothers had nothing on me. "No sooner said than done," was their motto. Mine was "No sooner thought than done." Indeed, as you will see, I scarcely even thought about the exact way in which it would enrage the little tin god. It was a piece of impulsive devilry that appealed to me.

I went straight away to the student lounge where the committee was meeting, and promptly registered my engagement to—Prof. Peter Banks!

The committee of three sat petrified. "No!" they chorused in complete amazement.

"You'll keep it a secret, won't you?" I begged in pretended embarrassment. "I don't even think Peter will come to the Follies with me. You see—well—there are personal reasons for not announcing it just yet. Only he wanted me to come. He said he was sure you could be trusted."

"But you lucky girl!" cried Mary Jansen, a soph who knew me.

"I think I am," with proper modesty.

"Why, you've broken a million hearts! Nobody ever suspected it!"

"They all had the same chance," I pointed out.

Of course they believed me because they could never suspect me of such supreme impudence, and although they swore secrecy, I knew that the news was too electrifying for them to keep any such promise.

Slowly, by hints and whispers thrown out after taps, my engagement to Peter Banks would trickle out. What a joke—what a joke on him!

Only alas, I reckoned without my host. That night, at eight-thirty, a little frosh who roomed in Carter Hall knocked at my door. She came with a message from Miss Cody, the dorm prof. There was a visitor to see me in the reception room. Who was it? A gentleman, but Miss Cody didn't give her the name.

Certainly in my wildest dreams I could never have imagined anything so fantastic as the truth. Prof. Banks came forward to greet me! Not the man I knew, in tweeds and old army hat, but a different Banks, perfectly groomed and gracious, in dignified dinner clothes. A velour hat and cane lay on the table.

Even then I never suspected the nature of his visit, until suddenly he seized both my hands and held them tightly. Truly, I thought he had gone mad.

"Are you crazy?" I said in alarm, freeing myself. "What are you doing?"

"I GUESS I am a little mad," he teased. "I've just heard the wonderful news of our engagement."

I still do not know why the roof did not fall in and kill me. I wanted it to. I prayed for it. Psychologists say that every criminal has a weak spot by which he betrays himself. This was my weak spot—that I did not foresee any such contingency.

"Who told you?" I demanded in alarm.

"I was mortified that another should have had to tell me," he returned.

"Who told you?" I insisted, stamping my foot petulantly.

"The committee came to verify the report."

"Oh, they didn't! They couldn't!"

"How else would I have known? Aren't you going to ask me to sit down, Louella? I suppose I may call you that."

"Sit down on a hundred chairs if you want to," I snapped. Relentless fingers seemed to be gripping my throat.

"I've brought you a gift," he went on nonchalantly, searching around in his pockets. "Oh—here it is. A dusky tribal queen in Central Africa once gave it to me as a betrothal gift for my pale-faced bride."

He came very close. Even in such

formal attire there was about him an atmosphere of the woods, of dried pine needles and fresh cut young birches. I could not help noticing this, though I resented it. On his outstretched palm, he held an unset diamond, square cut, small, but with such startling brilliancy imprisoned in its clear depths that one could almost believe the stone to be possessed of some mystic, primitive power.

In a frenzy, I whisked the rare stone off his palm into a far corner of the room. "I'm not your pale-face bride," I cried childishly.

"YOU'RE certainly not pale-faced," he laughed, regarding my flushed cheeks. "But you mustn't treat my gifts that way. You hurt my feelings. It isn't fair."

"All is fair in love and war," I quoted.

Peter Banks straightened. His eye compelled my gaze. With a queer tightening about my heart I realized that he was something like the diamond, brilliant, with a sort of primitive compelling power hidden in the depths of his nature. Almost, I was afraid of him, and that in turn seemed to shake my self-confidence. I did not mean to let him see this.

"Well—which is it? Love or war? Or both perhaps?"

"I could slap you for that," I said between clenched teeth.

"If you ever did, I would drag you around by every dark hair on your head," was his rejoinder.

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Would you like to test it?"

"Why didn't you deny the engagement?"

"Why should I. I'm quite satisfied. Extremely satisfied. In fact, Louella, I'm pleased as Punch."

Of course he did not mean a word he said. All the time that look of banter lurked in his eyes, and his lips curled ever so slightly with secret smiles.

Words escaped me. "Oh, how I hate you!"

"Fine," he agreed. "It shows I am making progress."

"Haven't you any honor?" I thought I could prick him to anger. "Why don't you deny it?"

"I repeat—why should I?"

"It isn't true."

"You said it was."

"That has nothing to do with it," I hedged.

"It has everything to do with it. The campus would stamp you as a love-sick girl who tried to trap me into an engagement."

I wonder now if my jaw dropped. I felt as if it ought to. I tell you I was shocked, frozen. A whole lifetime of recklessness culminated in this one terrible moment. Louella Dane—love-sick! Louella Dane—trapping a man into an engagement!

"You little tin god," I said to him. "You think the whole world is mad about you. They know me too well."

"Oh, I know why you did it," he assured me; "to make a laughing stock of me. Nobody else would believe it. There's a lot you must learn about mob psychology, my dear Louella."

"You didn't have to defend my honor."

"If you don't know how to guard it, another must do it for you."

While I fought for my very life, I knew he was right. I had delivered myself into his hands. Why had I not looked about me first? Why had I not planned more carefully? What a fool I was to give him the victory. I think it was this knowledge that broke my resistance. I had to get out of it. Perhaps one desperate appeal.

I no longer cared if the tears rose. Bitterness, and a girlish dread of the consequences of my own act sent the very heart

of me to my lips. When I approached, he rose. We stood about a foot apart. Quite unconsciously I clasped my hands, and tilted my head to look into his eyes. The expression in them encouraged me. He was just, and manly. He *must* listen.

"Professor Banks," I began brokenly. "Couldn't we let it rest for a week. And then—you—oh, please, please. Couldn't you let it be known that we had quarreled? I've been punished for my silliness."

His fingers moved restlessly. Once he lifted his arms, but dropped them hurriedly. Again that sense of some primitive power seemed to emanate from him. I thought he was softening.

Then he chuckled. "What? Before the Follies? I should say not. I haven't known any of the joys of engagement but I should, at least, like to see some of the follies. I'm curious to go, too. No, my dear, you must consider yourself engaged." He bowed. "Peter Banks, your humble servant."

He gathered up his hat and cane. I stood in the centre of the room, dazed. At the door he turned.

"Louella," he said soberly. "What makes you do such—such unworthy things?"

"You!" I bit out. "You little clay idol," and I ran from the room, brushing by him.

Later I remembered the diamond. It seemed unsafe to leave it around, and I crept downstairs again. Miss Cody, the dorm proctor, found me in the reception room, staring at the brilliant stone. She was a history teacher, a white haired woman with a very young face, and sad lines about her mouth.

"What a beautiful jewel," she said softly. "For your ring?"

That was the last straw. She knew. Everybody knew. I flung my arms about her neck and cried myself into exhaustion. Fulfilling her role of Mother to Carter Hall, she whispered her comfort, no doubt believing that I shed tears of joy. The next morning I put the diamond into an envelope and left it in the professor's mailbox.

That the few weeks before the Follies were a period of misery, I need hardly say. I would gladly have presented him as a gift to any one of the envious girls who followed the details of our engagement with such avid curiosity. The night of "The Follies of Engagement" stands out as a perfect nightmare, in which my unwanted fiancé was the monster and I the victim. When we got out, I made my first voluntary remark.

"I don't care to go to the dance," I said, anticipating a protest on his part.

"Neither do I," he retorted shortly.

At the dorm gates I turned. I did not want him to go a step further.

"I believe this ends the whole affair," I said.

"I hope so," he said fervently.

Things which defy explanation occasionally happen to us. Now that he agreed with me, his lack of chivalry piqued me.

IF THAT'S the way you felt about it all along, you needn't have troubled yourself to defend my honor," I told him sarcastically.

"Do you know what's the matter with you?"

"If there is anything the matter, I don't want to hear it from you."

He seized my wrist and drew within range of the light under the stone arch. Indeed, he almost jerked me over. There was a challenge in his eyes, and something adamant about his chin. I thought of the diamond, and somehow grew afraid.

"When a patient won't take medicine, it has to be forced on him. You're going to listen. You're a spoiled darling. You've always had your way because people don't



Be Popular! -This Brand New Way

Learn to Draw Cartoons Thru Quick, Simplified Home Study Method. It's a Cinch and You Can Earn \$50 to \$200 a Week

DON'T be a social "do nothing." When the rest of the crowd have finished entertaining "musically" YOU have something new to offer—something surprisingly different. Draw funny pictures—cartoons of every description—caricatures of the crowd. Sweep them off their feet—keep them roaring with delight. Be the "big hit" at every party. People will flock around you. You'll be invited everywhere—win new friends galore.

\$100 a Week in This Fascinating Business

Besides the barrel of fun you can have drawing cartoons you can make it your profession and earn a fine week's salary—enjoy easy hours—freedom from routine and be your own boss. Successful cartoonists easily earn from \$50 to \$250 a week and even more. Right now, with the demand for comic strips, political and sport cartoons ever on the increase, is the time for you to prepare for this high-paying, pleasant profession.

Learn Cartooning This Easy Way

Regardless of how little you know about cartooning now, this home-study method starts you at the simplest fundamental principles of

cartoon-making and takes you through every branch of humorous and serious cartooning. You will be amazed at how quickly it teaches you to draw salable work. Many students of this method began to sell their drawings before they were half through their courses. The training paid for itself long before they finished it.

Send for FREE BOOK

Learn more about the wonderful opportunities in Cartooning and details about this remarkable home-study method. A handsomely illustrated booklet has just been prepared which, upon request, will be sent to you without the slightest obligation. This booklet gives a thorough outline of the cartooning field and explains in detail this wonderful new method of teaching Cartooning. Be popular and financially independent. Send for it today! Washington School of Cartooning, Room 9612-C, 1113 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
Room 9612-C, 1113 15th St., N. W.
Washington, D. C.

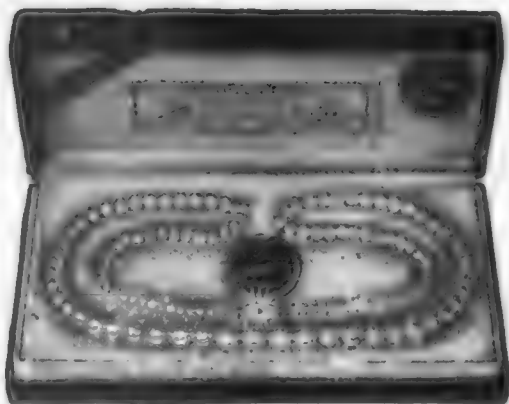
Please send me, without obligation, your Free Booklet on Cartooning and full details of your home-study method of teaching Cartooning.

Name.....
(Print Name Plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

(If under 16 please give age.....)



SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

Beautiful La Dora Pearls

Solid Gold, Diamond Clasp, only \$4.83
(Regular Retail List Price, \$15.00)

To introduce our lovely La Dora Pearls in all parts of the country, we offer, for a limited time, a full 24-inch necklace of perfectly matched and graduated La Dora Pearls fitted with solid white gold safety clasp set with genuine chip diamond, in beautiful velvet, silk-lined gift case, at the unbelievable price of \$4.83.

AN IDEAL GIFT

that will delight any woman or girl. La Dora Pearls are not to be confused with the cheap imitation pearls being offered on the market. La Dora Pearls are the proud product of France, where the art of creating indestructible pearls has been mastered. They possess the charm, the soft delicate colors and iridescence of the true deep-sea pearls which cost thousands of dollars. The passing of years will not lessen their glorious beauty. Absolutely guaranteed not to break, crack, peel or discolor.

Money Back Guarantee

Upon receipt of Necklace, if you are not delighted with the wonderful value, return it to us and we will promptly refund price paid. Send us your order and remittance of only \$4.83 at once and in a few days you will receive an exquisite La Dora Pearl Necklace that you will be proud to own, or present as a gift. If you desire, we will send C. O. D., you to pay postman \$4.83, plus 15c C. O. D. charge on delivery. This is a rare opportunity. Order now.

WILLIAMS & CO., 4750-66 Sheridan Rd., CHICAGO

Play a Tune In 10 Minutes

OR SEND IT BACK

Anyone can play the Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Mandolin, or Guitar, in ten minutes with this wonderful new device. Works like a typewriter—just press the keys. Play by numbers instead of notes.

Amazing New Invention

No knowledge of music needed. No expensive lessons. No weeks of tiresome practice. So simple a child can use it. Prominent musician. Thousands of delighted users. Astonish your friends with your playing. Become popular! New pleasures.

New money making opportunity!

Send for FREE book, also catalog of musical instrument bargains. No obligation to buy.

FERRY & CO., 3222 N. Halsted, Dept. 9919 Chicago

AGENTS Some Seller at

Looks Like \$5.00 Worth Gives You \$1.05 Profit!

With Our Great Introductory Offer

Giving These \$1.25 FREE Dress-Making Shears

With each sale of our wonderful 11 piece Toilet Article Assortment for only \$1.75. Total store value \$4.60

\$18 a Day Profit on only Twenty Sales



Lucky 11 Toilet Set—Retail Value \$3.35!

MY! HOW THEY SELL!

You get the attention with the free Shears. Walter Harris sold 800 boxes in six weeks. Profit over \$100 a week. You can do this too.

Act Now! Sell like hot cakes year 'round. A baby could sell Lucky 11. Don't wait a minute. Save time.

Send \$1.75 for complete outfit including display case. At least write for circulars explaining our unique plans, including 80 other packages. ACT NOW!

E. M. DAVIS CO., Dept. 7836 CHICAGO, ILL.

want to argue with you, not because you were so irresistible. When I came to you that day it was because I really believed you were a companionable person. I wanted to be friends with you, and tease you a bit, perhaps punish you a bit, even clash in personal encounter. But now?

"Oh—I'm hurting your feelings, am I?" he swept on. "That's what you need. To have your feelings ground underfoot as you are always grinding the feelings of others. If this is a woman's privilege, I don't want to have anything to do with women. Only the sort of paper doll you think I am would consent to being blown about by your eternal whims. Selfishness—that's what it is. You have no sympathy, no understanding. I'm glad I'm through with your selfishness. I'm glad I don't have to talk to you, or see you, or cater to your fancies."

He left me standing there under the blazing light. Every word had burned into my soul, tearing and destroying as it went. In the distance I could see him still walking—with that peculiar stride.

GOOD riddance," I thought, habit rising strong within me, but a feeling of stunned bewilderment belied the words.

I went about dazed, like a person with no object in life. I did not know what to do next.

Studiously I avoided Professor Banks, difficult as that was in class. He ignored me, too, even more pointedly. I made no explanations to my friends. In fact, I fled from their questioning eyes, and knowing smiles. A habit of moody silence, and a desire to be alone were always with me, and I yielded to both as often as was possible, nursing my humiliation in secret.

Such were my feelings, when, in the spring of the year, the whole situation came to a swift, unforeseen culmination. I repeat "unforeseen," for in spite of all stories, the professor and I did not start out together for the woods. We met accidentally.

You see, on Friday afternoons, instead of holding regular class, Prof. Banks took us out to the woods for first-hand study. That is, he did not lead us out two by two like a ladies' seminary. We separated into smaller groups, scattered through wood and field, collected specimens, and returned to a previously designated meeting place to discuss our findings.

That Friday afternoon, urged by this craving to be alone, I began to edge away from my own group, until, at last, I was free.

Almost as if I were being chased, I sped through the solitary woods, drinking in the fragrance of early spring. How much friendlier trees seemed than people; how inviting the moss covered stones and unexpected brooks! Presently something stirred in the bushes. Out stepped Peter Banks.

"Where's your partner?" he asked rather gruffly.

"I haven't any, and don't intend to have any."

"Only an experienced woodsman ought to get in here alone."

"I guess I can take care of myself."

He fell into step beside me. The path was wide at that point.

"You needn't trouble yourself to keep with me," I said.

"Until the class reassembles and is dismissed, I am responsible for your safe return. You are still under my jurisdiction."

"We're at it again," I thought with bitterness, but made no answer.

Hostile silence fell between us. Onward we went into the deepening gloom, each carrying a burden of resentment. At intervals one or the other of us stopped to pick something. Our feet sank deeper

and deeper into the carpet of last year's leaves. The trail narrowed to a one-man affair. Then we came to a fork.

He examined the tree at the fork and chose the left road. I am sure that that was where we made the error. Of course, the right branch might not have led anywhere, either. It would not be fair to blame him. Even an experienced explorer can make a mistake. But certainly the left branch just faded out, and before we knew what had happened, we were lost.

It was then five o'clock. We should have been at the North Gate to meet the rest, and I could not help wondering what the others must be thinking. Anyone familiar with the woods knows how easy it is to get off the path. Prof. Banks did not think it at all unusual, and assured me, that, as long as there was daylight, we could extricate ourselves from the labyrinth. But how long could the feeble light last? Gradually, yet not imperceptibly, night was lowering gray gauze curtains between the trees. As we beat about trying to regain our sense of direction, swift darkness descended, blotting out the universe. I could not even see Prof. Banks.

Well—no account of detail will alter a fact. We were lost. A man and a girl who hated each other, marooned in a vast, mysterious, frightening, invisible world of blackness. The pounding of my heart against my ribs almost choked me.

"What are we going to do?" I demanded defiantly, thankful that he could not see my distress.

"Stay here 'till dawn," he replied through the velvet curtain that separated us.

"We can't!"

"That's the law of the woods," His voice rang out authoritatively. "When overtaken by darkness, wait for dawn."

"Couldn't we light a beacon?" I persisted, refusing to face any such necessity.

"No match. I never smoke in the woods. Anyway, dew has fallen. We'd never get a fire."

The darkness was so thick, truly, it seemed to stir when he spoke. It was not easy to argue with an unseen adversary.

"What do you suppose the Dean and the President will say? It's a fine mess."

"Well—" he answered. "We were once engaged. They won't say anything."

"That's all you know about the Dean," I retorted. "Oh, we've got to do something, do something, I tell you."

"Yes, find a nice comfortable log and sit on it all right," he said dryly. "Only you must give me your hand, Miss Dane. You see, there's a precipice ahead of us."

AFTER all, I was unversed in such matters, and any possibility of danger had never entered my calculations. At his last words a violent internal shudder seized me. Until that moment, I could not believe we were really lost. We were just two figures groping around on a dark stage with property trees set at hazardous angles. Any moment, the electrician would flood the stage with light—

"There's a precipice ahead of us!" The words echoed in my ears, thrusting reality before me. Inkiness enveloped us, but there are degrees of blackness, too, and just ahead yawned a blacker cavity, like a mouth waiting to devour us.

"How do you know?" I challenged, for want of anything else to say.

"I can tell by the way our words carry. Then, too, some people have a sixth sense for detecting such things. Horses have it, too. Would you like me to prove it to you? I'll throw a stone over the edge. You count the number of seconds before it hits bottom."

I heard a faint rustling, as, no doubt, he bent to pick up a stone. My very life seemed to depend on the count. I held my

CLOSING OUT DIAMOND BANKING BUSINESS

**Genuine Diamonds
Less Than Wholesale**

Here's your chance! Get your beautiful genuine diamond at less than wholesale. **Pay nothing down—10 Days' Free Trial.** We are closing out our diamond banking business, \$100,000 stock of finest diamonds go at a big sacrifice. Get catalog to select from quick.

No Money Down We are the only house in America that really allows you to wear a genuine diamond without paying one cent down.

10 Days Free Trial No Red tape. No delay. We save you one third—trust you for any article you want and if you are not entirely satisfied within 10 days, return the merchandise at our expense and **YOU OWE US NOTHING.**

Ring No. 1 Nothing Down \$5 per month. The popular lady's DEVORIE. Dazzling steel blue diamond, 18K solid white gold ring, beautifully hand engraved and pierced. Regular \$90 value Price \$68.

Ring No. 2 Nothing Down \$5 per month. Klein's Special Gentleman's Ring. The large dazzling steel blue diamond selected for perfect cutting, is set in massive 14K green gold mounting beautifully hand engraved. Regular \$400 value. Price now \$77.

Ladies' Wrist Watch Nothing Down \$2 per month. Small size, latest style, white gold filled case. Movement fully guaranteed to keep accurate time. Biggest bargain in America. Only \$23.95.

Jewelry Book Free Beautifully illustrates and describes a million dollar stock. Greatest Bargains you ever saw. Explains credit plan which makes it easy to get just what you desire at big savings. Get your copy today! Free. Send Postcard NOW!

**One
Whole
Year to
Pay.**

KLEIN & CO. 122 W. MADISON ST. DEPT. 1606 CHICAGO
1/4 Century Same Place

Be a Nurse Massagist, etc.

Men and Women earn \$30—\$75 a week. Earn while you learn at home. Nursing, Massage, Hydro and Electro-Money-back Guarantee Course. Under Medical Supervision. No experience necessary. Authorized Diploma. Get FREE Health Specialist BOOK, now.

SEYL INSTITUTE
Dept. 44L, 1060 Diversey Blvd., CHICAGO

Established 30 years

FREE Book on Deafness

Write today for 168 page FREE book giving full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of grateful users whose hearing has been restored by use of our "little wireless phones for the ears."

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
133 Todd Building Louisville, Ky.

Be a Trained DENTAL NURSE

**Women! Girls! Earn
\$30 to \$65 a Week!**

Ideal profession for women of all ages. Trained Dental Nurses earn \$30 to \$65 a week assisting Dentists at chair, in office and Laboratory. Easy, pleasant work with short office hours.

Learn at Home!

I will train you at home during spare time so you can qualify in a few months for a steady position at BIG PAY. Everything made so simple and clear you cannot fail.

Big Demand!

Hundreds of splendid positions now open for trained Dental assistants in every locality. Free Employment Service helps place graduates in this new, uncrowded field.

Get My Book—It's FREE!

Let me tell you all about the fascinating work of the Dental Nurse. Get my Free Scholarship offer and detailed plans which assure your success. Don't fail to get your copy—write today—It's free!

**Earn As You
Learn**

Make my training pay for itself. Others are doing it. I'll show you how.

Outfit FREE

I supply, without charge, complete outfit of Laboratory equipment and material—everything to make your training thorough and practical.

**Read What
Graduate Says**

"After completing your course I obtained position as Dental nurse at once. Received a salary increase first week." Mrs. Steele.

McCARRE SCHOOL, 1338 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 88X, Chicago, Ill.

breath in pain, until, at the twelfth second, a faint sound of impact floated up. A sigh of relief escaped me.

"That's—hm—that's pretty deep," remarked my companion.

The thud of that stone on the bottom beat in my temples. It emphasized our isolation and heightened that sense of loneliness I had been trying to repulse. Now it enveloped me. I dared not speak. A sob had lodged in my throat, and I knew that to move my lips meant to betray myself.

"Will you give me your hand?" he repeated.

We groped toward each other. A hand emerged from nothingness and found mine. That hand gave me the first sense of his physical presence, and much as I scorned any such support, the touch of his cool, firm fingers momentarily restored me.

Stumbling, yet exercising extreme caution, we located a log and gratefully sank down upon it. I felt tense, strained with the effort. Gradually, my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and objects began to materialize. The professor was now a dim outline, just a form behind heavy draperies. Being lost in the woods at night is an experience of illusions. The trees assume distorted shapes, now larger, now smaller, now emerging from the vacuum, now swallowed by it. The murmur of leaves is magnified. Time ceases in its march.

Then came the illusion of voices. We began to "Halloa!" hoping to attract attention in the valley. Perhaps they had already missed us and would start out. The sounds rolled mournfully down the sides of the pit. The chasm seemed to call back to us.

I DOUBT whether one who has never been lost in the woods at night can appreciate the wild thrill, the fearful exultation of hearing an answer to one's call for rescue. At the first sound I did not believe my own senses. At the second, I jumped up, unmindful of the precipice.

But the professor was schooled, and he jerked me back by the arm.

"You're hurting me!" I cried incensed. "I have to. What are you trying to do? Commit suicide? How do you expect them to find us if you jump around?"

"Then you heard it, too?" "Yes," sternly. I did not understand the expression in his voice.

I shall never forget the period that followed. I was tired, exhausted, cold, yet I found strength to draw breath and shout. They came nearer. Once they could have been no more than fifty yards from us.

"Why don't they come?" I whispered frantically. The professor still held my wrist.

Suddenly he relaxed the pressure. I had a strange feeling that he stroked my hand. "Louella, try to compose yourself," he said very gently, "and try to understand what I am going to say. They will not find us tonight. Their voices travel up to us but ours do not reach up to them. The wind is against us."

Mocking, siren strains seem to rise from the depths of the pit. He was right. The wind was against us. Everything was against us.

Later, Peter Banks buttoned his coat about me. "Remember, I'm hardened to this," he said huskily, anticipating resistance.

But what was rebellion to me now? What was anything? I was so tired, so cold, so miserable. Nothing mattered—my college course, my medical career. Probably I would be expelled, in spite of what he said. I was sorry for my parents.

His coat felt warm and pleasant. Mingled with the odor of tobacco, I detected that other fragrance, of pine

WURLITZER

**"Bill Carola"
Landau's
Serenaders**

Couldn't Play a Note— Now Makes \$100⁰⁰ a Week

"When I sent for your catalog, I didn't know a note of music. A few months after I bought my Wurlitzer instrument, I had taken my place in a professional orchestra. Now I am making \$100 a week, three times what I made as a clerk. I wish everybody knew how easy it is—anyone who can whistle a tune can learn to play a musical instrument."—Bill Carola.

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You may now have any Wurlitzer instrument for a week's free trial in your own home. Examine the instrument, note the fine workmanship, the full, rich tone value and especially how easy it is to play. No obligation to buy—no expense for the trial. We make this liberal offer because we want you to try for yourself a genuine Wurlitzer instrument, the result of 200 years' experience in musical instrument building.

Easy payments are arranged to suit your convenience. This is your opportunity to try a famous Wurlitzer instrument in your own home.

Send for Free Book

Illustrates and describes every known musical instrument—more than 3000 articles, many of them shown in full colors. All genuine Wurlitzer instruments—buy direct from Wurlitzer and save money. Special offers on complete outfits.

**We also give you our Free
Trial, Easy Payment Plan.
No obligation.**

**Send Coupon
Today!**

Send this Coupon

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1919
117 E. 4th St. Cincinnati 329 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago
120 W. 42nd St. New York 250 Stockton St. San Francisco

Send me your Free Book on musical instruments. Also your Free Trial, Easy Payment Plan. No obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Instrument _____

WURLITZER

* * * * * Cincinnati, Ill. The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. * * * * *



French Girls Cultivate their beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I have just returned from Paris. It was my 34th trip in a 40 year search for the utmost in beauty helps.

More than ever I was impressed with the average beauty of French girls, and the youth of French matrons. They live where science studies beauty. And where I found the beauty helps which gave me my great career.

Those helps have cost me a lifetime of searching, and a fortune. Now I am placing them at every woman's call. Toilet counters everywhere supply them in my name. They are sold at modest prices, and each combines many helps in one. In this way I am trying to aid millions to the benefits I got.

One is my Youth Cream. It is the utmost in a face cream. Products of both lemon and strawberry are in it. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use one at night, the other in the morning. Never is my skin without it. If it does for you what it does for me, you will be delighted.

Let me send you a sample. Compare it with the creams you know. You will realize at once its supremacy. You will be glad to know it in all the years to come. My latest Beauty Book will come with the sample. Clip coupon now.

For Trial Tube

Mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.
I want to try Youth Cream. 25-SS

Name.....

Address.....



Make Money in Photography!

We train you quickly at home. No experience necessary. Spare time or full time. Photographs in big demand by magazines, newspapers, advertisers, etc. Portrait Photographers make more money today than ever before. Commercial Photography also pays big money. New plan. Nothing else like it. Write today for details and new FREE book, "Opportunities in Modern Photography."

International Studios, Inc.
Dept. 2069 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Own a Beautiful Wrist Watch

\$1.00 Down 30 Days Free Trial



14 Kt.

15 Jewels

Very latest Rectangular wrist watch. 14 Kt. solid white gold hand engraved case. 15 Ruby Jeweled movement with a beautiful designed dial. Silk grosgrain ribbon, and solid white gold clasp. Guarantee given each watch.

SEND ONLY \$1.00. You will receive watch postage prepaid. You have 30 days to decide. If pleased with its accurate time-keeping and beauty send \$3.00 per month for 7 months, full price \$22. If not satisfied return watch. We will cheerfully return your money. Order now.

REGENT WATCH CO. 93 Nassau Street Dept. E 4, New York

needles, and fresh flowing birch sap. It made me long for steaming hot coffee, and my own room in Carter Hall, and sleep.

The first faint streak of gray meant blessed relief. The clear, solitary notes of awakening birds stabbed me to the quick.

"Look!" said my companion, pointing before us.

There lay revealed the greatest illusion of all. For, the log on which we sat all night was not at the edge of a cliff, but on the peak of a beautiful knoll, its gently sloping sides so thickly carpeted with moss that the sound of our rolling stone was swallowed! Fascinated, incredulous, we watched the scene. Nature had indeed enjoyed her little joke at our expense.

Then I went to pieces, not with great convulsive sobs, but with quiet brimming tears that I could no longer control. I had no desire to control them, no pride left in keeping up a show of courage. The dawning world reeled and danced through that mist of tears.

I felt my partner chaffing my hands. "Louella, I want to say something to you, but I do not know how to begin. I think you can help me."

Mute grief twisted my soul. If only I could have burst out. Quietly, against my volition the tears continued to come. "What—is it—you want to say?"

"I want to ask you to marry me, only I do not know how. Help me—please," he added whimsically.

The embers of my old self glowed for a second. "Then you may consider your own words the proposal and my words the re—"

"Louella—don't! Dear, foolish girl. I love you."

"Haven't I suffered enough torture tonight. Oh, why do you mock me?"

"I do love you."

"You say that because you want to save me from expulsion. But I won't let you humiliate me. I won't marry you to get out of a difficult situation."

"I love you," he repeated doggedly, as if the mere repetition would convince me.

"After what you said that night?"

"No—before what I said." He leaned

very close to me. In his face were lines of suffering but in his eyes a disconcerting tenderness.

"Louella, couldn't you guess that I loved you that first night I came to you? I was hoping that your little joke might not be a joke after all. Why, the day I found you impersonating me, I could have carried you off before the whole class. Tantalizing, provoking little gypsy, you were."

I fought against the warmth that emanated from him, against the tensivity of his voice, against that queer, primitive power I had felt before.

"And I suppose that accounts for the fine things you thought of me?"

"I lost my temper. I was disappointed because I could not make my way to your heart as quickly as I'd planned. I was wrong. I hurt you, and had no right to. If I've seemed like a strutting idol, I haven't meant to. I lost my temper because—well, because I'm a man, I suppose."

I DID not see him move, but immediately I felt his strong arms around me, drawing me irresistibly to him.

"I told you once that I'd pull you about by the hairs of your head, if you defied me. And I will. I won't argue with you about love. You've got to feel it. Look into your heart and tell me honestly that you hate me, that you don't love me and never will love me."

I looked into my heart, and there, clearly as in a mirror, I saw the little tin god enshrined. He was right. One must feel love.

"Oh, Peter, Peter," I sobbed. "Take me with you, wherever you go, always."

He cradled me in his arms. "Dear little girl." With his kisses, he banished not only that night of terror, but all that had stood between us. The primitive power within him was just love, and I recognized it now in all its poignancy and beauty.

By some chance there was no commencement bride that June. So in order to keep alive the happy custom of having a wedding in the chapel on the afternoon of Commencement Day, Peter and I took the place of the usual senior couple.

My Friend's Wife

[Continued from page 51]

it the next morning when I awoke as dawn was streaming through the ward. But daylight lends courage. A crock, was I? I'd show 'em...

A little wire pulling. A little wrangling. A little: "I'm still good for service, sir," and I was allowed to retain my uniform. Funny how a man becomes attached to the service—and then magic words: "They need men out in German East Africa. The show is over there, more or less, according to Smuts, but there's still work to be done. Guess it's sort of a picnic, but still work. Want to go?"

DID I want to go! I'd have gone to the ends of the earth. Then suddenly, when it was all arranged, I cabled—guardedly to soothe the soul of his imperial highness, the Censor—to Jim: "Hope to see you soon!"

I had never believed that a man's heart could sing, but mine did as I visioned meeting old Jim again, and Sybil. They would not mind the empty sleeve and my awkwardness occasioned thereby... I did not realize that German East and British East during the war were far apart.

But in my case they didn't prove to be so. Though I landed at Dar-es-Salaam, fascinated by the sight of the *Kocinig*, which the Germans had sunk ineffectually to block the bottle-necked harbor, thrilled

by the sight of the white buildings and the palm ringed curving shore and the hospital on the north, fully expecting to be shipped from there to some destination south. Kilwa or Lindi, or the Ruvuma, there were orders awaiting me. I was directed to proceed at once to—in Uganda. And in—were Jim and Sybil!

If I got squiffy that night in the detail camp under the palms to the south of the town at the mess of some gallant gentlemen, who would blame? One of them, a man after my own heart, helped me down the steep cliff to the sandy stretch of shore where the waves broke restlessly, squatted beside me and helped me to light a pipe.

"To think," said I, viewing the moonlight on the water, dark except for the green and red lights of a hospital ship at anchor, "that in a world such as this there can be such a thing as war."

"Allah is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet!" said my companion, a young subaltern who had earned his spurs, as a livid scar across his face showed. He was as drunk as I...

Presently he rose to his feet. "It's getting late," he announced with the air of one making a discovery. "I'll have to be toddling. Got to march off at five. Due down the line. Feel like turning in?"

"No."
"No? All right, old bean! Cheerio."

Don't mind if I leave you now, do you?"

"No."

"Everything all right?"

"Absobloodylutely!"

"Then, good-night."

"Good-night, and—thanks."

He held out his hand. I took it. Suddenly he pointed to the little purple and white ribbon on my breast. "Lucky devil," said he—I learned afterwards he was only twenty-one—"I wish I could get one." Then he was gone, clambering up the cliff with the agility picked up from his training in the open country.

When he disappeared I fingered my empty sleeve. The soft wind blowing across the water and rustling the palms was waking forgotten memories in me. I thought of a certain dance, and a girl, a girl with large dark eyes and a piquant face surmounted by masses of coal black hair.

"Sybil!" I called, as the vision conjured up became almost real.

The small waves lapping the shore a little below my feet mocked my cry...

I arose and turned in about one o'clock. In the fashion of sinners, I slept the sleep of the just...

* * * * *

MY GOD! If it isn't old Drake!" A glad cry, a welcoming one, and Jim and I shaking each other's hands, with mute askaris and Goanese clerks looking on in amazement.

"When and how did you get out? Why are you here? How long are you going to be with us? What are you doing?" And then, the inevitable notice of my left arm and a sudden silencing of exuberance.

"Old man, I'm sorry."

"I'm not!" It was a lie. I sought to be flippant. "I was transferred for action in G. E. A." I said. "Last minute orders from Dar-es-Salaam sent me up here. I believe I'm to be stationed in this place for a while drilling recruits or the like—a one-armed man isn't much use—and generally enjoying myself."

"You must come up to the bungalow at once and see Sybil. She has never been done talking about you since she met you," announced Jim, who for some reason did not seem to be the same old Jim.

We departed together, he talking and talking, trying to crowd into a few moments the conversation of years. A rickshaw bore us swiftly to his bungalow, a low rambling affair shrouded with bougainvillea and sweet with the scent of tropic flowers. Sybil, as adorable as ever, was standing on the verandah to greet him. When she saw me: "Oh! Drake!" she cried.

As I said in the beginning, no man had any conception of what being in the army might mean to him.

The minute I set eyes on Sybil I knew I should never have come. The feelings she had awakened in me the night of the dance when I had first seen her awoke tempestuously, the sudden love which had flamed only to die at the announcement that she was engaged to Jim, my best friend, leaped up again, and I knew that all my reasonings, all my endeavors to forget, all that had happened since, even the war and my wounds, had made no difference, and I loved her with all my heart and all my soul... But:

"How do you do?" I said calmly. And thus my training stood me good stead.

During dinner we chatted of many things. It was a merry meal with Jim, good old Jim, turning the conversation this way and that with obvious endeavors to divert my mind from the fact that I was a maimed man... He did not notice the glances which passed between Sybil and me.

God knows I never intended to be disloyal. But I was disloyal to Jim that night.

When he shook hands with me as I climbed into my rickshaw to be driven to my quarters I felt like a cad, for I knew that I loved his wife, and I knew that she no longer loved him.

I saw them both often afterwards, every day. I discovered that my military duties—I was really on a pensioner's job—gave me much free time.

"Run up to the bungalow any time you're free," Jim had said. "It's pretty lonesome for Sybil." And she urged me to come... I know I shouldn't have accepted the invitation of them both. But the Post was small. It was impossible to stay away without explanations. There were many times when I was with Sybil alone.

A man can play with fire as well as a woman. I was playing with fire. Seated on the verandah of an afternoon with Sybil, exquisite in a soft clinging frock which revealed the rounded curves of her supple body, felt mad flames in my heart. Still I played the game. She was my friend's wife...

I don't know how it began, but one night Jim got woefully drunk at the club. He was almost carried home by his "boy" and put to bed. "I'd better be toddling off now," I said to Sybil, trying not to notice the big tears in her eyes.

"Don't go!" she begged. "Jim's often like that. It's one of the things—"

"One of the things?" What did she mean?

"Oh, Drake! Oh, Drake, dear!"

The next second she was sobbing on my shoulder and I was clumsily trying to comfort her.

When she was calmer I left. "I've got to get away from this damn place," I told myself. But I could not go. I was "in the army" and I had to stay.

I tried keeping away from the bungalow, but I couldn't. I thought of fleeing the country. But that was out of the question... And I was madly in love—with my best friend's wife.

She knew it, Sybil did, and she too tried to play the game. But women are weak. I think they're even weaker than men. Perhaps it is because in places like this they have less to divert their minds. And Jim was not helping her.

There was another night when he was almost carried home from the club; a night when he was put to bed and Sybil and I were alone on the verandah; a night when she pleaded again, "Don't go! He's often like that. It's one of the things—"

And again I asked, my heart throbbing queerly within me. "One of the things?"

But this time she answered. "Oh, you don't know, Drake. You don't know!" And then again she was cuddled in the curve of my arm.

YOU don't know," she continued, her voice muffled against the khaki drill lapel of my coat. "He's a weakling, a drunkard, a coward!"

"Hush!" I commanded. "You must not say that of Jim."

"Must not?" she tore herself from me.

"No," I said, trying to still the tumult in my heart. "He's my friend!"

"Is he your friend now?" She bared her shoulders. They were lined with livid scars, and her back!

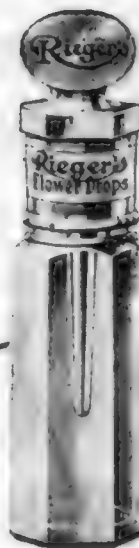
"Jim did that!" she said.

I rose to my feet and crushed her in a one-armed embrace. "God in Heaven!" The veins were standing out on my forehead. In my heart was the desire to kill...

"I love you, Drake," said the girl in my arm. "I truly believe I always did..."

A figure suddenly appeared in the doorway. Jim! I pushed her from me, and turned to him.

He saw the light in my eyes. He raised his hand, a supplicating hand. Wait!



\$15.00
an
ounce

\$8.00
a half
ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume! Send Now.

Rieger's Perfumes—at all Drug and Dept. Stores
If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to address below

Paul Rieger's Flower Drops

Full size bottle with long glass stopper, containing 20 drops—30 weeks' supply: Lilac, Crabapple, \$1.50
City of the Valley, \$2.00
Rose, Violet, \$2.50
Romanza, \$2.50
Above colors, oz. \$15.00
Half-oz. \$8.00

Special Souvenir Box

Attractive special box containing five different Rieger Perfumes that regularly retail for \$1.75 \$1.00
This Souvenir Box makes an unusually acceptable gift.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's Honolulu Bouquet

You will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of this new creation. Perfume—\$1.00 per oz.; Toilet Water—4 oz. \$1.00; Face Powder—\$1.00; Soap—40c. Send 20c for generous trial bottle of this delightful new perfume.

Crème of Violets A wonderful New Greaseless Cream
For beautiful, velvet-smooth, white hands. Nothing to equal it after shaving—leaves skin smooth and cool. Large tube—50c.

Send Coupon Now

Paul Rieger & Co. (Since 1872)

206 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

Enclosed find \$ for which send me the following:

Rieger's Flower Drops (odor)

☐ Sample bottle, 20c ☐ Full size bottle, \$.....

☐ Special Souvenir box, \$1.00 ☐ Crème of Violets, 50c

Honolulu Bouquet ☐ Perfume, 1 oz. bottle \$1.00
☐ Perfume, Trial bottle 20c
☐ Toilet Water, 4 oz. bottle \$1.00
☐ Face Powder, \$1.00 ☐ Soap, 40c

Name

Address

Send stamps, currency, money order or check
Remember, if not pleased your money refunded



"\$60 more a month!"

"Last night I came home with great news—a \$60 increase in salary! I took the money out of my pocket and asked Mary to count it. You should have seen her face light up when she found the extra \$60. I think she was even happier than I was, for it was the third increase in a year.

"To-day I am manager of my department—earning more money than I ever thought it would be possible for me to make. I owe it all to the training I received from the International Correspondence Schools. That little coupon was the means of changing my whole life."

How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait for years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour each night spent with the I. C. S. in your own home will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Don't let another priceless hour go to waste! Without cost or obligation, let us prove that we can help you. Mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 6251-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost, please tell me how I can qualify for the position of _____ in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (Including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | |

Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____

Occupation _____ If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian Limited, Montreal

Sheik-Lure

New Imported Perfume Sensation For Both Sexes



All The Rage
Solid—No Liquid to Spill
No Bottle to Break—Convenient
Just a touch on the skin and the haunting, romantic fragrance thrills and lingers many days. The scent that lures. Everybody adores it. The finest, rarest imported oriental perfume. An aroma De Luxe. Beautiful Ruby Transparent Case with ring attachment for lavalliere or vest pocket. The rage in the cities. Lasts many months—yes, longer than a liquid \$10 value. Send no money. Pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage or send dollar bill with order. Sheik doll Free with first order. Money back if you are not delighted. Order by post card or letter today—NOW.
LURE PARFUMERIE, 1010 Market Bldg., Chicago

I paused. After all, he had been my friend and the habit of years is hard to break.

"I'm all Sybil says," he said quietly. "I'm worse than that. I've known it for a long time." He hesitated and swayed slightly as a drunken man sways, or one laboring under some strong emotion. I think I started toward him, but I am not sure. Sybil's hand caught my arm. Jim saw the gesture and smiled wanly. For a second I was sorry for him, but the feeling fled as I remembered that white flesh of the girl beside me marred by his ruthless hands... My fist clenched. Again Jim pleaded:

"Wait!" Again I relaxed. "Thanks," he murmured. Then: "I have something to say. It—it won't take long. When you have heard—but—but—" His voice grew thick and he seemed to be struggling for words. "I've been a cad and worse. But I'm making reparation now. I've been mad and a fool... Drink. The doctor told me it would get me. He'll swear it did—he's a stout fellow—and

there'll be no trouble. Alcoholic poisoning sounds all right on a death certificate. But, it isn't that altogether. I've taken—oh, well, what does it matter? But you and Sybil will know I've tried to atone. It's the least I can do for her, after all I've done. It's the least I can do for you, old man. You've always played the game..." He staggered back to his room, swayed—I caught him in my arm.

Three weeks later we buried him in the little English cemetery on the hill. Sybil cried—as women will—when his coffin struck the hard earth. After the interment I led her away—"We've got to make a new start," I said.

Sybil placed her arm in mine. "Do you think," she asked, "the world will ever be the same?"

But I was thinking—wondering what it might have meant for Jim if he had been in the army—and I sort of feel even today, after seven years with Sybil, that the war balanced its evil influences with good ones.

The High-Water Mark

[Continued from page 47]

ashore and fight a real man for once." "Directly, M'sieu!" said the Frenchy, and it was the first time I really saw him. He was as big as MacKay, who stood six-feet-two, and very broad and deep.

He came ashore like a cat after a mouse, and he and MacKay went at one another like two devils. I danced up and down and cursed my soul black because I wanted to see a fair fight, and wanted to get a punch at the Frenchy, too. It wasn't a nice, clean bout, either, for they both used rough-house stuff, and plenty of it.

For half an hour the wharf creaked and groaned under their stamping and smashing and falling and getting up. And, what do you think? The Frenchy licked MacKay.

THEN the big Frenchmen turned and grinned at me with the two teeth he had left.

"M'sieu," said he, "that dissolute girl has only weaklings for lovers!" only he didn't say "dissolute" girl. I got that out of a book, because it isn't so plain as what he said. "All her lovers are weaklings!" he taunted me. "But I shall get her again, and show her what a man is like!"

"Sit down!" I said, "and get rested. I give you ten minutes to get your breath!"

I am not so big as MacKay, being only five-foot-ten, nor so broad as the Frenchy. But I am what they call a deep-set man.

"Perhaps, when I am satisfied, I will throw what is left of her to you, M'sieu!"

"Are you ready to fight now?" I asked, and he laughed and kicked at me, but I danced back and then in and got in a smash before I lit on my back. I was up again in an instant, and down again, but up again, and then I lost count until I was down and not able to get up.

"Ho!" said the Frenchmen. "That girl needs strong lovers!"

I guess maybe those college guys are right when they say that there is a lot of strength a man never gets hold of until the minute he needs it worst. I needed it then, and it came, and I went for him with murder in my heart.

I grabbed him around the neck and smashed and kicked and maybe I bit him, too, although I fear I forgot that. He was panting now, but every now and then I would hear something bust, and I'd think, "Good-by, another rib!" and lash in harder than ever, until I heard a big crash, and

found he was down and me on top of him.

So I stamped on his face to loosen what teeth he had left, and then started to get away.

Then I met another bloody wreck, and it was MacKay. He made a pass at me.

"Butt into my fight, will you?" he said, and I slammed him down on his back and went on.

I grabbed at a post, because things were going around and around, and my lungs were bleeding because my ribs were busted, but not as bad as I had expected. Then things cleared for a bit, and there was Jenny, looking at me, cold and proud.

"So!" she said. "This is how you keep your solemn oath to me?" and went past me, and away, and then things got hazy and blurred and then black.

So that is the way of promises! You make 'em, and then you go and bust 'em!

I came to, by and by, and where do you think I was? I was in Jenny's own room, laid out on her bed!

I knew it was Jenny's room for there was her father in bed in the room across the hall, sitting up in his night-shirt and pulling away at his pipe.

"Ho, Buck!" he shouted to me when he saw me trying to sit up. "There's men in the world yet!"

But I hurt all over, and my mind was upside down, and I wanted to curse, or laugh, or pray, or cry, or—I don't know what! Then I shouted back at him, because he seemed to be fading into distance. "I—bust—my—oath—all—to—hell!"

And then a lot of noises and lights busted inside of me and I went back into the blackness.

OUT of the darkness a voice came to me. I'd know that voice and hear it in—well, it was Jenny's voice, and it was saying, over and over:

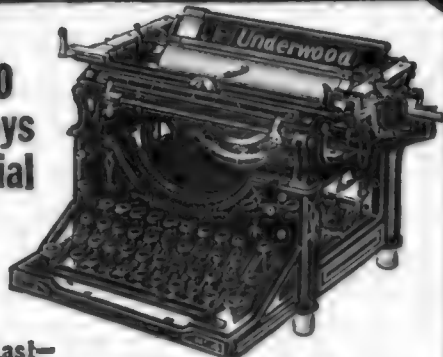
"You broke your promise, Buck! You broke your promise—and so did I! So did I, Buck! I love you, dear Buck! I broke my solemn promise—my oath for you—Buck!"

Well, that's about all. The way promises go, you see! Love sort of comes before promises, and a man sees things one way and a woman the other, but they both see straight when it comes to love.

I know, because the blackness rolled away for a bit, and there was Jenny bending over me and crying, and—then she kissed me!

1/2 SAVED on all Standard Typewriters

10
Days
Trial



At Last—
World's best typewriters with every modern writing feature at positively lowest prices and on easiest terms ever offered.

A Year to Pay—5 Years Guarantee
Standard Machines so perfectly Re-Manufactured by the exclusive Young Process that they look and write like brand new. Our exclusive, distinctive process makes possible better typewriters at lower prices.

FREE BIG ILLUSTRATED TYPEWRITER BOOK

Write now. See our amazing typewriter bargains. Read what users say and the unusual service we will give you. Don't wait. Write today.

Young Typewriter Company
654 West Randolph Dept. 163C Chicago, Ill.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That
I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
175 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

BUST DEVELOPED

My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR 14-DAY TREATMENT FREE. If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only
Mme. E. B. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fortune Telling
The GENUINE
Globe! CRYSTAL ORACLE
answers every question—Love, Marriage, Money, Luck, Mystifying, thrilling, fascinating game and entertainment.
\$2.45 Combination Outfit includes 6 inches round CRYSTAL GLOBE, 188-page book on DIVINATION by Crystal, Dreams, etc.; also \$1 Pack of Hindu Fortune Telling Cards. Send 20c for postage; pay balance when delivered. **PARK PUB. CO., 1518 E. 12th St., N. Y. C., Dept. 55.**

Clear-Tone

The Wonder-Working Lotion

Use like toilet water. Is positively recommended for quickly and permanently removing
PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS

Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch and Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Endorsed by druggists, physicians, skin specialists, barbers, and over 100,000 men and women test cases, who succeeded with Clear-Tone after failing with everything else.

FREE Write today for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

E. S. GIVENS

174 Chemical Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

For the First Time

[Continued from page 28]

who are reading this may think it strange. But . . . Dora and I have no fault to find with old Mother Nature. We have never seen ourselves, or others like us, in any light but the rosy glow of admiration.

The Christmas box reached New York safely, and in return Margaret sent her mother . . . a bracelet. When I saw that I realized of course that the girl didn't know, but Dora only laughed happily and kissed the pretty trinket again and again. "She'll be surprised, won't she?" I couldn't refrain from asking.

The Princess shrugged her shoulders and I knew then that Dora was satisfied it would be a delightful surprise. Well, why not?

It was less than a week later that Dora received a telegram from Mr. Norcross, her attorney in New York, who had full charge of Margaret's education, stating that the girl had eloped from the school to be married. It wasn't until the Princess saw the groom's name that she could lift her eyes from the ominous yellow paper, and then she was too excited to speak. When she handed me the message I saw first "Garry Waterbury," and realized that Margaret had married into one of the best families in America. That fact somewhat softened the blow for Dora.

Margaret has left Greystone School to be married to Garry Waterbury, second son of J. J. Waterbury of New York. Family agreeable, but J. J. has sent son to Honolulu to take care of branch office there.

Amos Norcross.

"Well," said Dora at last, torn between pride and disappointment, "Margaret comes of as good stock as the Waterburys. The Ravenwoods were landed gentry in England. . . Married! . . . My baby! . . . Oh, Martin, she isn't my baby any longer!"

When she cried on my shoulder I was selfishly glad that Margaret had done what she had. But I didn't dare to put my arms around Dora and had to be satisfied to pat her gently on the back, comforting her as best I could.

"Perhaps," I ventured, "you won't want to quit the business now. With Margaret married and everything, probably you won't want to retire."

Dora looked up quickly. "That depends," she said.

"On what?" I wanted to know.

And she blushed and dimpled and answered, "Everything depends on my son and daughter, Martin."

THAT night she sent away for about a ton of literature on Honolulu and the Hawaiian Islands and I knew what was in her mind.

Margaret wrote to her mother from Chicago, but the letter was a long time in reaching Dora, because they always corresponded through Mr. Norcross' office. Margaret addressed her mother there and the lawyer forwarded the mail to Dora wherever she happened to be showing at the time. Commonsense should have told us that the girl and her husband were coming to California on their way to Hawaii, but when the Princess and I saw them that evening in the crowd at the fair grounds it was as unreal as the tinsel crown which Dora wore on her head.

Here were Margaret and young Waterbury strolling down the Street of All Nations, and there were Dora and I, next to each other on our respective platforms, selling ourselves to the crowd. Beside her coronet, Dora wore her salmon pink

*It stands to reason:
There is no substitute
for personal, practical
training in
great shops!*



—as taught in the Great COYNE Shops—
**Prepares You for a
Big-Pay, Fascinating
Steady Job!!!**

Electricity is the Field of Wonderful Opportunities today. It offers BIG PAY, clean, fascinating work and steady employment—anywhere, any time! COYNE-TRAINED MEN are in demand because COYNE training is complete and thorough.

Complete Electrical Training in 12 Happy Weeks at COYNE

My newly-enlarged Electrical Course is the result of 27 years of experience, solving the needs of young men and of the Electrical Field. My course is absolutely thorough, easy to master, covers every single phase and factor of the subject and fits men for BIG Electrical jobs, HIGH-SALARIED, thrilling jobs.

**YOU DON'T NEED ADVANCED
EDUCATION OR EXPERIENCE**

**HUNDREDS
OF COYNE
Trained Men
EARN \$60
TO \$200
A WEEK**

Earn While You Learn

My EMPLOYMENT DEPARTMENT helps you to get a job to earn part or all of your expenses while training and assists you to a good job on graduation. It stands by you THROUGH LIFE without cost to you.

We are Specialists in teaching Electricity. We have taught it for more than a quarter of a century



Send Right Away for My Big FREE Book and Special Offer of 2 Big Extra Courses. Be sure to send at once for my big FREE BOOK containing 151 actual photos of electrical operations and methods; also my special offer of 2 Big Courses without extra cost. Write today before offer is withdrawn.

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

H. C. LEWIS, President Established 1899
1300-10 W. Harrison St., Dept. 6159 Chicago

H. C. LEWIS, President
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
1300-10 W. Harrison St.
Dept. 6159 Chicago, Illinois

Dear H. C.—You can just bet I want one of those big handsome FREE 12x15 books with 151 actual photographs of electrical operations and shop scenes, printed in two colors. Send it quick, before the supply is exhausted. Be sure to tell me all about Special Offer of 2 Big Extra Courses.

Name.....
Address.....



"Can I Reduce?"

Ask Miss Crawford!

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months! But this big reduction is not imaginary—Marjorie Crawford, 6710 Merrill Ave., Chicago, did it.

She used Wallace reducing records to play off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method.

"The day my weight reached 235 lbs. I sent for the free trial record and put in one earnest week of daily use. It was novel and I enjoyed it, and lost eight pounds that first week. I used the movements faithfully, and nothing else. I didn't take any medicine, I didn't starve myself, either, and there was not one week that I failed to lose at least five pounds until I was down very close to what a woman of my height should weigh. My present weight is 150. You can be sure I'm going to keep it there."

Anybody Can Reduce by This Remarkable Method

Thousands of women—men, too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 85 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with these records. Many more have used them for lesser reductions. Such cases ordinarily take less than a month. If you weigh too much for comfort, health, or appearance's sake, you owe yourself this relief.

Free Proof to Anyone

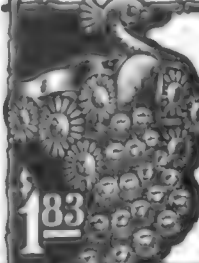
Send name and address now and your first week's reducing lesson, record and all, will come by return mail, prepaid. Do not enclose any payment, don't promise to pay anything: this free trial means free.

You'll enjoy the use of this demonstration record. You'll commence to reduce the very first week. Let actual results decide whether you want to continue! The coupon brings everything:

WALLACE (597)
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name _____

Address _____



Peacock Ring
From the Oriental land of the balm tree comes the prettiest jewel creation ever known to Fifth Ave. or Paris—the genuine full-fashioned Peacock Ring. Sterling silver hand-dressed, 18 emeralds and sapphires, arrayed as feathers and ruby eye in the head. Why shouldn't you own one when it costs only \$1.83? **SEND NO MONEY.** When ring arrives, pay postman \$1.83. We prepay postage. Keep it 10 days, if not satisfied we will return your money. Order today! This low price may be withdrawn any day. **Franklin Jewelry Co., 95-F Nassau St., New York.**

183

AGENTS

NEW! GRAB THIS FREE OUTFIT QUICK!

STAY-REST Trousers Presser—wonderful new invention—looks efficient, and it is. That's why 250,000 have been sold already.

My First Week I Made \$93
"Since then I have earned over \$100 every week," says S. L. Patterson, of Iowa. Many others making big money. No wonder! Billions of interested prospects. A quality product. Puts lasting crease in trousers. Takes out bagginess—smoothes entire surface—demonstrates in 40 seconds. Sells quick to every man.

FREE Selling Outfit

Your profits paid in advance. Simply write orders. We deliver and collect. Test it without cost, full time or side line. Send postcard for offer of free demonstrator. Join the big money-makers. Write today.

THE GETGEY-JUNG COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

crêpe de chine with bright trimmings and paste ornaments. Of course in private life Dora's taste in dress was perfect, but on the circus lot the holiday-makers expect the celebrities to be groomed according to their titles. Dora was a princess and she was attired to look the part. Above her head, and on either side of the platform, were gaudy posters announcing the Princess Fedora's history and triumphs, and I remember Harker, her manager, was making an awful din selling her photographs. Twenty-five cents each, and an extra quarter if the Princess autographed her portrait. You'd be surprised to learn how eagerly they are bought by the curious; a very fair part of the Princess' fortune was derived from the sale of her pictures.

While I had never seen Margaret Ravenwood, I recognized her instantly from the numerous likenesses which Dora possesses and if that wasn't enough, the girl was wearing a familiar bracelet. Never another like it in the world—oh, there wasn't any doubt as to the young woman's identity. Slender, lovely, regal in spite of the banter she exchanged with her husband, Margaret came down the Street of All Nations, pausing with young Waterbury at nearly every exhibit on the way. Jolly Josie, the fat girl, the Indian sword swallower, Naida, the Lily, who is an albino and very pretty, and Joe-Joe, the ape-man. Then came the Princess Fedora and, just beyond, yours truly.

LOOKING at Dora, I thought first she was going to turn and run—hide herself until Margaret and Waterbury had passed on down the Street. It was only natural that she should want them to see her in her ridiculous costume, between Joe-Joe and me, just as if she weren't the *artiste* she is. But—something chained her there and she afterwards said she couldn't have moved a step if her life depended on it. There she stood, white as a corpse, tongue-tied, torn with conflicting passions, looking in her daughter's eyes for the first time in sixteen years.

I wonder now how she ever lived through it. There was no kindness, no love on Margaret's face. She stared at the Princess Fedora, never dreaming she was her mother, and would have turned away hadn't Waterbury called her to him.

He was a handsome fellow, tall, broad-shouldered, and with delightful manners. As I gazed at him, man to man, for the first time in my thirty-nine years, I sensed regret. For a second I was dissatisfied, caught myself wondering if I had been cheated out of something, if this other man would reach heights that I would never be able to scale. I shall never know. I shall never know. But for a moment I hated this six-footer, this man who was a man.

"Look, Peg," said young Waterbury, at that moment; "the Princess is quite good-looking. Let her autograph her picture for you."

Gay and gracious Garry was, the two of them children on a holiday, "doing" the fair and circus on the night before their steamer sailed for Honolulu. I wanted to shake his hand for the pleasant things he had said about Dora, but Margaret—Margaret was something else again.

She drew back, away from the Princess, and an unmistakable frown gathered between her lovely eyes.

"Come along, Garry," she said to her husband in icy accents. "Really, I don't care for her portrait. I've always detested dwarfs! . . . If you must have the picture, you take it from her, dear. I should faint if she ever touched me with her claw."

So that was that.

Dora didn't scream, didn't faint. I don't

know much about the blood that flows in her veins, but the Princess is a thoroughbred, all right. And Margaret Ravenwood—yes—was like her father. With head high and eyes dry, the Princess Fedora held her ground, carrying-on to closing time. But she paid for it later, for directly the lights were dimmed and the crowd had gone home, she fainted dead away in my arms.

WHILE Dora was in the hospital, fighting for her life, I wanted to send for Margaret, wanted to force her to acknowledge her mother and give the poor, stricken soul a daughter's care. But Dora wouldn't hear of it.

"If you send for Margaret—for Peg—I'll never speak to you again as long as you live, Martin," she declared. "Margaret must never know! Send for Norcross, Martin. Never mind the fee, tell him I want to see him and I can't come East."

Dora remained in the hospital while the lawyer was speeding across the continent and the attention showered upon her by nurses and doctors must have helped some to ease the hurt at her heart. Everyone loved her! When she was on the road to recovery, her room was like a flower garden and she held daily receptions at her bedside, admired, petted, pampered like royalty. And that is the way it had always been. Kings and queens had received Dora and found her a cultured woman and a delightful companion. Even Jack Ravenwood, who was five feet seven, had treated his Lilliputian wife as if she were a lovely little doll. No one had ever drawn away, and "detested" her, calling her perfectly formed little hands "claws," until her daughter appeared on the scene.

"She didn't know, Martin," Dora sighed, pleading for her daughter. "If she had known I was her mother, it would all have been different."

"Then let me tell her," I said.

But Dora shook her head. "She called me a—dwarf, Martin," she pointed out with a wry smile. "Well, I suppose I am. Only . . . little people sounds so much nicer, so much sweeter, Martin. My mother and father were full size, and Jack was, of course. And my baby—Margaret—Peg, he called her—I'm sure her children will be normal and so I—I'm going to die, Martin. When Norcross arrives, he'll arrange everything. My savings go to my daughter, and when she reaches Honolulu she will hear that . . . Dora Ravenwood is dead and buried. Too late then to attend my funeral, and Garry—Garry should be able to help her forget her trouble. Margaret loved her mother, Martin; it was the Princess Fedora she—she detested. So her mother's dead, and Princess Fedora goes marching on."

I WAS afraid to put into words the thought which occurred to me then. But I felt deep within me that my old friend was going to stick, and that there was more than a chance of her some day being more than a friend. No, I wasn't glad that things had happened the way they had. I love Dora. And even while I may be only a dwarf myself, her happiness is more to me than my own.

But sometimes I do think that things have turned out for the best. Margaret and her husband came all the way back to the States to visit "Dora Ravenwood's" grave, but just the same, in spite of her grief and her mourning, I am sure Garry Waterbury's wife is happier without the Princess.

And I—Well, I suppose I haven't missed so much in this life after all. I am very well satisfied.



Play PIANO By Ear

No matter how little you know about music, if you can just remember a tune, I teach you to play Jazz, Ragtime, Popular Songs, **BY EAR** easily, quickly. Beginners and even those who could not learn by the old fashioned method grasp the Niagara idea readily. Self-instruction—no teacher required. You learn many new styles of bass, syncopation, blues, fill-ins, breaks, trick endings, etc. Why spend years studying tiresome scales and finger exercises? I teach you to **Be a Master of JAZZ and RAGTIME At Home in 90 Days**

and play any tune you can remember, by ear. Original method, wonderful, easy. No do-re-mi—no scales—just a little practice—results are amazing. No other course like it—fully protected by copyright. Simply write your name and address.

State if you have ever taken piano lessons. If 10c (coin or stamps) is enclosed you also receive wonderful booklet "How to Entertain at Piano." Ronald G. Wright, Director, NIAGARA SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 802, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Send for this Free Book

Don't Fail to Read

The gorgeous new novel

The Exquisite Perdita

By E. BARRINGTON

Author of "Glorious Apollo" and "The Divine Lady"

which tells—as only this author can tell—the story of her romance with that dashing, handsome Prince of Wales who became George IV

Beginning in December

Hearst's International
Cosmopolitan

On All News-stands Nov. 10

1,001 Nights on Broadway

[Continued from page 23]

I undressed her and put her in my bed. Then I called a doctor. He thumped her over, asked her and me some questions, shook his head—it was a physical breakdown; the girl would require simple food, complete rest, abstinence from cigarettes and alcohol and excitement—for weeks.

Next morning she was a wee bit better, but woefully weak. The jazz of her night-life personality was all out of her. She was just a sick kitten, and she clung to me and sobbed softly. She begged me not to leave her and not to send her away. I was the only one in the whole world who loved her, she moaned, and if I abandoned her now she would die. I assured her she could stay, and that, though I must go on working, I would give her all the rest of my time and all my help and sympathy. And I did.

It was during the weeks that followed, weeks when I would hurry home after each show to nurse my patient, when I would sit up with her through most of each night, that she told me the strange story of her life—oh, not chronologically, or by way of narrative, but in helter-skelter bits, as her mood befell her.

A most amazing story, though, when viewed from the short distance required for a focus on all of its twists and squirms in so brief a time; for Jane wasn't far past twenty when she told it.

It surged, to me, with commentaries on so many phases of our times, our conditions, our intricate social phenomena. It convinced me that we are still children—bad boys and girls, too, fighting and playing and cheating and lying and scarcely better than animals who are not credited with consciences.

I SHALL try to tell you Jane's story, very much as she told it to me, together with many of her observations on people and things as she found them, and occasionally some of my own, as I have found them and as she let me see them.

I shall assemble the scattered memories into a more or less orderly and consecutive tale, dwelling rather lightly on its early stages, for they deal with domestic situations and human problems too deep for me to shed much light upon; but the later ones, in the atmospheres of the theatre and the life around it, which perhaps it has been given to me to understand more fully than most folks, I shall detail at some length.

So—let's go:

Jane was born in Chicago, somewhere on the near West Side, among the rookeries and tumble-down shanties which not so long ago were legion around the skirts of the old district of vice and dirt and shame in the vicinity of the Old Desplaines Street police station. Her father had been a barber, and her mother a servant-girl. The father had died when she was twelve or so, and her mother got work scrubbing the floors of a big skyscraper, nights.

The burden of housekeeping and raising the four younger kids fell on Jane. The mother came home about daylight, broken-backed and sour, and soon after she would crawl out of her bed, would be off again to walk downtown to her work.

So poor that living was stripped to its elemental factors, surrounded by the raffish of a vast city's most miserable undesirables of all kinds, the bright-eyed youngster, with all the responsibilities and drudgeries of a mother and none of even her sorry thrills, grew to hate life, the world, everything.

Buy Your
Xmas Gifts
NOW—pay later

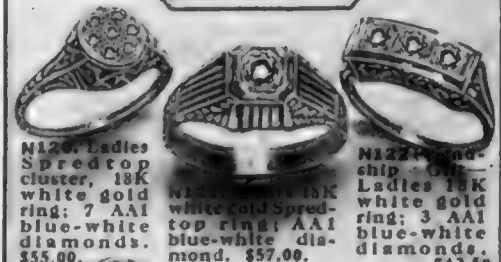
\$2 Brings Your Choice

10 MONTHS TO PAY

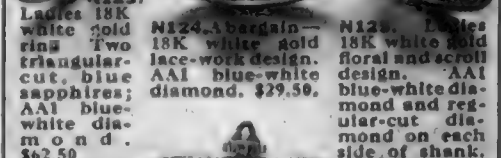
Now you can get worthwhile gifts for Xmas. Simply pin \$2 to this ad, indicate your choice and mail it with your name and address TODAY. We will open a charge account for you and your selection will come for approval and 15 Day Trial. Convince yourself of its value. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 monthly payments—otherwise return and your deposit will be sent back. Our Charge Account Plan is simple and easy. WE TRUST YOU—no inconvenience to you—no difficulty—all transactions confidential. MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY.



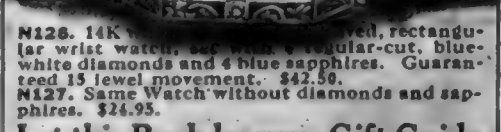
N117. Ladies 14K green gold engraved ring, blue-white diamond. \$62.50.
N118. Ladies 18K white gold Dinner Ring, artistically hand-carved and pierced design; 7 AAI quality, blue-white diamonds. A bargain at our low price. \$64.50.
N119. 18K white gold Octagon-top ring; blue-white diamond. \$50.00.



N120. Ladies Spread-top cluster, 18K white gold ring; 7 AAI blue-white diamonds. \$55.00.
N121. Ladies 18K white gold Spread-top ring; AAI blue-white diamond. \$57.00.
N122. Ladies 18K white gold ring; 3 AAI blue-white diamonds. \$42.50.



N123. Ladies 18K white gold ring; two triangular-cut, blue sapphires; AAI blue-white diamond. \$62.50.
N124. A bargain—18K white gold lace-work design. AAI blue-white diamond. \$29.50.
N125. Ladies 18K white gold floral and scroll design. AAI blue-white diamond and regular-cut diamond on each side of shank. \$52.00.



N126. 14K white gold, rectangular wrist watch, set with regular-cut, blue-white diamonds and 4 blue sapphires. Guaranteed 15 jewel movement. \$42.50.
N127. Same Watch without diamonds and sapphires. \$24.95.

Let this Book be your Gift Guide
3,000 appropriate Xmas gifts in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and Toilet Articles—all prices exceptionally low. **TEN MONTHS TO PAY ON EVERYTHING**

L.W. SWEET INC.
1105-T 1660 BROADWAY NEW YORK



U. S. Government Jobs \$1140 to \$3300 A YEAR

(Postal Pay Just Raised)

PICK YOUR JOB

Railway Postal Clerks
City Mail Carriers
City Postoffice Clerks
Clerks at Washington, D. C.

STEADY POSITIONS

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, lockouts or politics will not affect them. U. S. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year. There is no such thing as "HARD TIMES" in the U. S. Government Service.

\$1,900 TO \$2,700 A YEAR

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$78.00 each pay day. Their pay is increased to a maximum of \$2,700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day.

PAID VACATION

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, are given a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). They usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation, their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When away from home they get extra allowance for hotel. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS POSTOFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at \$1,700 a year and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2,100. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. Examinations are frequently held in the larger cities. City residence is unnecessary.

CLERKS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Open to men and women 18 or over)

Salary \$1,140 to \$1,860 a year. Required for pleasant clerical work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, kicking around from post to pillar, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU EARN \$1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2,700 A YEAR?

YOU CAN GET THEM

These positions are not hard to get. Country residents and city residents stand equal chance. Experience is unnecessary, and political influence is not permitted.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.

DO IT NOW—This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in you getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. J323, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Kindly send me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Specimen examination questions and free sample coaching; (3) Free copy of illustrated book, "How To Get a U. S. Government Job"; (4) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (5) Tell me how I can get the position I have checked.

Railway Postal Clerk.....(\$1900-\$2700)
Postoffice Clerk.....(\$1700-\$2100)
City Mail Carrier.....(\$1700-\$2100)
Rural Mail Carrier.....(\$2100-\$3300)
Clerk at Washington, D. C.....(\$1140-\$1860)
Income Tax Auditor.....(\$2040-\$3000)

Name.....

Address.....

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It.

Somewhere, through the undisclosed jigsaw puzzle of her ancestry, there had come down to her, besides, an inborn urge for dainty things, an artistic streak, a gnawing crave for a million colors and sounds and touches which her sordid existence made garish, ghastly. She kept pluckily on, but she never insulted her natural instincts by nursing any illusion that she was satisfied. She despised the scullery, the drudgery, the poverty. For the actual contacts she had a hot hatred; for the theoretical rules and preachments she had a cold contempt.

Her father had been an Italian. Her mother, I believe, had German blood, or Austrian. Handerson, of course, was not her right name—she had probably never heard of it when she lived in the rear of the third floor of a brick tenement on Peoria Street. Somewhere in her breed there had survived those sparks of what might be regarded as gentility. All the neighbors thought her "a queer one." She told me that, sick as she was, with a glitter of pride in her tired black eyes. She was out of tune with that world, even with her own mother and her sisters and brother.

Her schooling stopped abruptly with her father's death. So did her church-going. There was no nourishment except from within her own young, under-developed body and over-active mind for ethical, moral, spiritual growth. She just drooped along, like a lily in a muck-heap . . . and so she became fourteen, which was the eagerly awaited border-line when, according to the humane provisions of a watchful and protecting State, she could go forth and be a wage-earner without interference from the majestic arm of organized society.

Through a settlement-house employment bureau, Jane was assigned to a post as nursemaid to a young child in the home of a rich family, not far from Lake Shore Drive and the famed Gold Coast.

Until then she had never even seen the outside of such a house. What she knew of how such people thought and acted and reacted, had been picked up from an occasional newspaper story or one of the few movies she had seen. To her it came like a great bolt inspired from that mysterious realm above—she to be transferred from the slime of the slums to the half-mythical silks and perfumes and purples of millionaires! Even as a servant, this must be heavenly.

What was left in the cracked cup behind the stove in the home kitchen went for a neat uniform, a black knee-length dress with lacey little white aprons and caps to match. New shoes, too. For an hour, she told me, she combed and fluffed her black hair; that was how she fixed it for "society"; later she tortured it straight and "slick" for Broadway.

ANYWAY, she reported at the servants' entrance of the big house off the Drive, was taken to the mistress of the establishment, and, though she stuttered and stammered and gulped and flew pink and pale by turns, she made a satisfactory impression, for she was engaged.

Her charge was the grand-child of the woman who took her on. Its mother was off somewhere in Europe. The household at that time consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew (let us call them), he a financier and she an arrogant power in the oldest and foremost Chicago set; a daughter, about Jane's age, named Sybil; and a son, who was off at military school, several years older. There were a dozen or so maids, cooks, chauffeurs, butlers, etc.

Jane, bewildered by the splendor and the marvels into which she had been so suddenly propelled, dizzy with the tremendous transition, blundered for days, pop-eyed, through the myriad manifestations all about her of this fairyland on earth—

where there were dazzling lights and where there was magic music and where one sank ankle-deep into rugs and where all was splendor and pictures and pearls and millions.

Even now, as Jane Handerson, toast of the wildest and most prodigal spenders in New York's most bizarre post-midnight resort—Jane of the Follies—lay and talked of these things, her tired, slightly "hard-boiled" dark eyes crackled.

She was destined to see many men and women of the blue-book and the check-book in their less dignified and less stately gestures; she was to see the haircloth of their composition grate through the satin lapels of dress coats, and to see the pearls which at first so hypnotized her around the throats of half-tipsy debutantes and plump, over-indulged dowagers—yes, she was to feel them on her own Peoria-Street skin, and see them on the powdered necks of chorus-girls and hired loreleis.

YES, the world-famed "hostess" of the night club, whence Jane had waited to Broadway glorification at the New Amsterdam, had a hatful of pearls; and diamonds; and rubies and the rest of such gewgaws and gimcracks, thrown at her, for the most part; nabobs very similar to the Mr. Pettigrew who was the master of this Chicago castle which made her blink and pinch herself.

This same Mr. Pettigrew, it appeared as Jane proceeded, was a snob; a man of power and impregnable position; a grandfather, a civic monument, a financial Colossus. Naturally, his personality and his friends and family and residence and way of living and method of action made a stunning impression upon poor little Jane.

Yet, strangely, the Angel could descend. Indeed, not only did he and his myriad miracles flabbergast this child of the alleys, but, it seems, she had treasures which attracted him.

I must not recite too exhaustively Jane's own telling of the practised wiles which the old reprobate visited upon her. It struck me that he must have been a rotten-bad sport, this man of birth and education and fortune, in his own walls, turning against a frightened, confused servant—afraid to fight, ashamed to cry—the mighty batteries of his strength.

That part of Jane's story made me shed tears. The more drastic experiences of her later years, even the more critical misadventure which followed when Pettigrew's son came home from school on a holiday, did not affect me as much as the studied and sinister campaign waged against this panic-stricken child by that unmanly "gentleman."

At first, his advances took the guise of kindnesses—gratuities. He came to the nursery mornings and evenings, ostensibly to chuckle his grandchild under the chin, but actually to press his petting upon the nurse-girl.

At first she tried to seem unconscious of the significance of his approaches. That, of course, led him to make them more pointed. Presently, after she had blushed and flushed, retreated, even ventured to voice pleas, she recognized that a crisis must come soon—either she must surrender to the intrusions of her employer, against whom she felt by impulse rather than by direct reasoning or concrete moral teaching, an irresistible repulsion; or else she must run away from her position.

It is easy enough to say "If she were a decent, Christian girl, she would not have hesitated for a second. She would have given up anything rather than tolerate such conditions."

But—wait.

She was a baby. She had no set determinations, fortified by mature understanding; her resistance had not been cemented

by experience, by intelligent religion, by a good mother's constant faithful upbuilding through feminine childhood; her character had not been progressively developed—it was wonderful that she had any, at all.

Besides, to leave would mean that she must go back to Peoria Street, to the dump-piles and the grime and grisly miseries.

Besides, she was possessed of goose-fleshy fear. Perhaps the instinct of nature cries to us to run when we meet a bear, but some of us are paralyzed, frozen with fear.

And, from all that Jane told me of this Pettigrew, he was a bear in every sense of the word except the zoo classification.

So, with all this spinning her about between her doubts, her apprehensions and her frantic hope that something would turn up to save her from the need of forcing a final decision, she put up with his leering and his pawing.

She struggled, she ran, she sobbed, all without drawing the attention of Mrs. Pettigrew or any of the other servants. She parried, she fenced, she barricaded herself behind furniture, she contrived to elude the scarring wounds of his designing and clutching claws.

The money that he gave her, she took home to her mother. It was a lot of money, as figures went with her—a dollar every time he came to the nursery, often two dollars in a single day. She told her delighted mother that the millionaire was free-handed—as, indeed, this one was, and figure that whimsy any way you think best.

Once, when old Pettigrew caught her in a corner, held her arms down, pushed her head up and managed to get a kiss upon her tight-pressed, bloodless lips, he thrust a bill into her hand as she flew toward the door, intercepted her, opened the door himself and slipped out. When, after standing limp and sick for a minute or more, she opened her trembling hand, she found therein a yellow-back—a twenty! She changed that one and fed it to her mother in bits, fearing to stagger her with such a windfall in one gift.

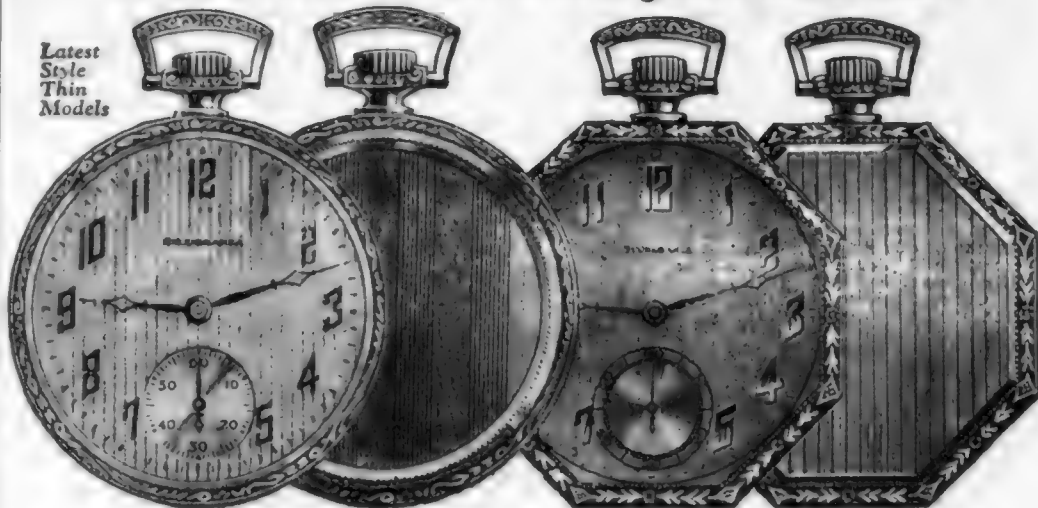
Again, let me say, most folks raised in sheltered, normal homes will throw their hands above and cry: "How could she do it?" Had you heard Jane tell it, you would understand, even sympathize. Pettigrew and his kind are no fools. Yes, it was an indignity. But twenty dollars is a whole lot to a half-grown guttersnipe, too. Kings have played that game with commoners through all the ages, I am told: and how many of the blessed peasantry stood out against the combined pressure of hope of great reward, threat of severe punishment, and the nature-made humility of the puny against the powerful?

ANYWAY, Jane, throughout her entire life, never revealed a particularly iron moral constitution. She always had a weakness for money or the things money would buy. At that stage, she brought the dollars of her humiliation home to her mother—she had not yet reached the stage of bravado where she would dare spend it on herself, or even hoard it away. Later, the same streak in her became the captain of her life. Not that Jane was "mercenary" in that she wanted stocks and bonds or accumulated wealth; she simply could not grow indignant when other people offered her luxuries or the means of luxuries, even though she realized that altruistic generosity in this world are rare.

Jane was never a heroine. Cross-bred, self-raised among the sorriest circumstances of our metropolitan dregs, she differed little from the run of the riffraff, and, with one or two different accidents of fate she would probably have finished as the wife of a teamster in a tenement flat or—within a stone's throw of her girlhood home in almost any direction were acres

"Buy a Studebaker Direct from the Maker"

Latest
Style
Thin
Models



\$1 Down!

Just \$1.00! The balance in easy monthly payments. You get the famous Studebaker, 21 Jewel Watch—Insured for a lifetime—direct from the maker at lowest prices ever named on equal quality. Send at once for FREE Book of advance Watch Styles.

21 Jewel STUDEBAKER -the Insured Watch

Choice of 54 latest, thin model, Art Beauty Cases in yellow gold, green gold or white gold effects; 8 adjustments, including heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions. Direct to you from the factory—the greatest watch value in America today!

Write for Style Book! Send at once and get a copy of this book—FREE! See the newest, beautiful, advance styles in Studebaker Art Beauty Cases and Dials. Read how you can buy a 21 Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch direct from the maker—save big money—and pay for it while you are using it. Write for our Free Book. It will post you on watch styles and watch values. Send coupon at once. Get Free Chain offer today while it lasts.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. N159 South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

Mail Coupon for Free Book

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
Dept. N159 South Bend, Indiana

Please send me your Free Book of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your \$1.00 down offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



LEARN RADIO

Become a big-pay man in the greatest industry of all time. Quickly, easily and right at home, you can fit yourself for highest salary positions, or you can cash in on your spare time. The call is urgent for mechanics, operators, designers, inspectors. Unlimited, fascinating opportunities on land or sea.

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME TO BE A RADIO EXPERT

Under my practical, easy to understand, instruction—you qualify in an amazingly short time. No previous experience is necessary. Every branch of radio becomes an open book to you. You learn how to design, construct, operate, repair, maintain and sell all forms of Radio apparatus. My methods are the latest and most modern in existence.

FREE Wonderful home construction tube receiving set of the latest design. **Write Today "Radio Facts" FREE**

A. G. Mohaupt, Radio Engineer, RADIO ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, Dept. S-12 4513 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago



Quickly Learn to Play Hawaiian Guitar

Play Like This Native



Bring the romantic, enchanting entrancing and melodious strains of the great instrument of the Hawaiian Islands into your soul. Become popular and successful. This short cut method of home instruction enables you to quickly master Hawaiian Guitar so you will play as well as Native Hawaiians.

Our staff of Hawaiian instructors have perfected a method of teaching, so simple, that without musical knowledge, you quickly learn to play real music from notes. Simple as learning your A, B, C's and it will not be long before you will play latest Broadway hits.

Only four simple motions to learn. You will then play any music, whether it be popular, dance or classical. Almost from first lesson, you play love songs like Aloha Oe.

To help you get started, we furnish free when you enroll as a student, a beautiful, full tone, genuine, \$18.00 Hawaiian Guitar. Only 1,000 free instruments given away. If you want to get in on free offer, write for particulars at once you must act quickly.

New Invention—Kno-All-Chart

Quickly Teaches You How to Play



The newest invention of our Hawaiian instructor, which is exclusively used by us and which we call the "Kno-All-Chart," quickly teaches you how to play and read notes. So simple is this device that anyone can understand it and begin to play immediately.

Picture Method Easy

We do not depend upon our printed instructions alone for your success as a student, but we also supply you with many pictures of our professors' playing. This enables you to imitate the pictures. Isn't this easy?

Phonograph Records Free

As an additional guide, we also furnish you with phonograph records of our Hawaiian instructor's own playing of the piece you are learning. This practically brings our professors from our studio to your own home and enables you to listen to their playing just as if they were actually in front of you.

Genuine \$18.00 Hawaiian Guitar Free

Enroll as a student, and secure free, a beautiful, full tone, genuine \$18.00 Hawaiian Guitar. We also furnish every bit of equipment so it is never necessary for you to spend an extra penny. When you graduate, you get a beautifully engraved diploma and after graduation, we also give you six months' free service and consultation. Send for free particulars now.

Send for Free First Lesson and Book

So positive are we you will become one of our students, that if you write at once, we will send you free, a first lesson which will enable you to see at what you can expect when you enroll. You will also receive our big book of full particulars. Write for your copy and free lesson today. You will be one of the lucky ones to have a free Hawaiian Guitar reserved for you—write at once.

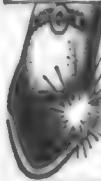
Hawaiian Studio No. 799
of New York Academy of Music
160 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

JAZZ

Your Way to Popularity and Success

No forming class to wait for. Start at once and join band wagon of success and popularity. Do it through Hawaiian Guitar.

BUNIONS



FEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The bump vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

SENT ON TRIAL

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I want you to know the pleasure of foot comfort. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of **FEDODYNE** to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try **FEDODYNE**." Address—

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. N-961
186 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois

21 Jewels!

Nothing less than 21 Ruby and Sapphire jewels is good enough for the **BURLINGTON** masterpiece.

Quality and Style

Adjusted to second-temperature — isochronism — positions, 25 year gold strata case, in 100 designs. Unsurpassed quality, rock-bottom prices. \$1 down brings your choice. Balance in small monthly sums.

Send for FREE Book

Write today for **FREE Burlington Watch Book**. Find out about this big special offer made for a limited time!

Burlington Watch Company
1924 El Street and Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 20-69 Chicago, Illinois

of the dens and dives which made that region notorious around the globe.

So, perhaps, it was more deplorable than strange that she did not tear the insidious bills up and throw them into Pettigrew's face, scratch his eyes out, expose him to his wife, run out and slam the door behind her, report him to the nearest policeman, then crawl home and say to her scrub-weary and life-weary mother:

"Mother, before I would yield one iota of my womanhood, I would spend my days here, with you, in respectable poverty."

HER mother wouldn't have understood a word of what she meant, in the first place, as you shall see she didn't under even more aggravated situations, and would have thrown her out into the garbage-heap in the second. You may not understand—but Jane did. Fine distinctions of ethics do not weigh against tangible dollars and steady jobs on Peoria Street, near Lake Street—or didn't at that time. When the grocer snarled for his silver and the landlord roared for his greenbacks, it was not substantial satisfaction of claims to answer:

"I cannot pay you in coin, but my daughter is a lady."

I never had that presented to me before Jane made it so unforgettably and unmistakably clear. My parents were comparatively poor—are yet; but we lived among trees and grass and fresh air, among church-going working people, amidst cleanliness of mind and heart and body—as such things go in this world, which is none too clean or fine in any part of it.

This moralizing is not entirely mine. Jane, who had lived much since old Pettigrew left her, quivering and aghast, crushing in her clenched hand the first twenty-dollar bill she had ever seen—yes, the first she had ever seen!—looked back upon the events and the conditions of those hours, and it was she who drew some of the morals that adorned her tale. If Jane was lacking in vision toward the consequences of her acts, she was not near-sighted in seeing the causes of many of those consequences. She was quite a little philosopher—when she talked of the past.

And so, despite the shock of the first kiss any man had ever given her—the brutally forced kiss of a stranger with money in his hand and his own grandchild playing in the same air he breathed as he panted in the struggle with this weak, immature girl—Jane did not quit.

There were a few similar episodes with the head of the house, none, luckily, more aggressive in form than the twenty-dollar kiss. When for a few days she evaded Pettigrew, her mother querulously demanded to know why the "tips" were so low. And the children always needed shoes—and books—and even candy; and Jane, while she never loved her younger sisters and brother ardently, sorrowed for them, for she still knew so freshly what it meant to hunger for the poor necessities of childhood against the never-ending repetition of "No—I ain't got no money to waste on such nonsense."

The Easter holiday period was coming on. Jane had been in the Pettigrew service since the middle of January. She had never seen Junior, whose photographs adorned the home, and into whose rooms she had peeped, to see school banners and trophies and athletic props and all such things which were like things in distant fables to her. From his pictures she saw that he was handsome; he was young, he was the Pettigrew Prince. A new, alarming, animating thrill trickled through her veins at the thought that this young Lochinvar (not that she had ever heard of Lochinvar) was coming—there—right in the house, where she would see him; where, maybe, he would even see her!

There was a great to-do when he did arrive.

One of the family town-cars had been sent to the depot. But Junior, without even telegraphing his change of plans, pulled up in his red roadster, having driven in the several hundred miles, and bringing with him a frat brother, another rich young scapegrace.

Jane, hearing the buzzing of the servants and the unaccustomed sounds of young voices echoing through the Pettigrew mansion, pussyfooted to the head of the stairs—and saw him.

He was even more attractive than she had imagined. In the smart uniform of the fashionable reform school for rich men's sons, he looked to this poor woman's daughter like a young god.

Even the stiff-backed Mrs. Pettigrew bent and became human when he rushed at her, called her "dear old mater," gave her a filial hug, introduced his crony, then followed a footman, three steps at a time, up the grand staircase to his rooms. Jane was so absorbed that she stood there, rooted, and he all but stumbled over her. He took one sideward step, shot her a second glance, then stood off deliberately and viced her from her beautiful young fluffed head to her dainty tiptoes, whistled, turned to the footman, and sang out:

"Hey, old Pie-pan, where'd the mater pluck this new pippin?"

Jane stood, her face allame, not knowing whether to curtsy, sink through the floor, jump out of a window or yell "Fire!"

Mrs. Pettigrew, following her son and his companion up, with more fitting poise in her progress, appeared above the landing at just that turn. It broke the strain. Jane turned and walked away—she never did remember just how or where to. Mrs. Pettigrew put an arm around Junior and led him into his rooms to see how the North wall had been decorated with his school banners.

For an hour, Jane told me, she sat in the nursery, letting the baby run riot, her brain spinning, her cheeks burning and her feet cold, trying to think—trying even to wonder with some degree of mental equilibrium.

She didn't know what had happened to her—then.

She knows now what it was, all right—

Nothing but the biggest little thing that can come to one of us in the span of our time on this funny earth; the meanest and finest, the most elevating and most depressing, the most thrilling and most gnawing and most ecstatic and most disheartening and most optimistic and most pessimistic bittersweet blessing—affliction that the human is heir to!

Yes, you have guessed it. Jane was in love.

THE poor, puzzled, palpitating half-woman had been hit where she didn't know she was exposed.

She sat in the nursery, trying to analyze it. Why was she sizzling and freezing at once? Why did she hear the music of weird birds ringing in the silent room? Why did she want to fly, yet sit there solidly sunk with body of clay and spirit of ether?

She knew that before her eyes stood the picture of that boy she had seen only for a moment; that his voice echoed about her; that something within her cried out to respond to both.

She knew that she had changed in that flash of a few seconds; that life never would or could be quite the same to her; that thereafter she must nurse new sorrows—and might embrace new and exultant joys. Might!

She was not blind or deluded or silly enough to fancy that this promised a conventional relation, such as a girl, even a

young girl, may anticipate when she chooses one boy out of the many and says to herself, within herself, that she prefers him.

The hiatus between them had been clear to her in its distant horizons and its bottomless abysses for months.

She gave herself no hysterical hopes. She reduced it down to no defined dimensions or approximate proportions. She only knew that she was reaching into the infinite, but reaching—stretching for the unattainable faraway, but helpless to restrain her stretching.

Not a minute did she sleep that night, she told me on another sleepless night.

Her whole life now centered about the Prince of the Pettigrews, she found that everything she had ever heard began to take on new significances. She hummed songs which had meant nothing but rhymed jingles, but which now vibrated with the romance and pathos and poetry of the new emotion.

She saw him next again at his breakfast, after noon. She had to pass the arched entrance to the dining-hall. He glanced around, saw her, took in all her lines and "points" in a single interested survey—then she passed on and out of his sight. But that one look she caught of his, and the one glance she got of him, sustained her all that day in a furious frenzy of nervous uncertainty, stimulation and excitement, part bliss, part despair.

She felt, instinctively, that his estimate of her as a "pippin," spoken frivolously in the presence of another servant and his schoolmate, was scarcely gallant. Not that Jane had been cultivated to exact from gentlemen the Chesterfieldian finesse of elegant usage. The few males who had ever "cracked" about her in her hearing had been ruffianly rowdies, lowbrowed loafers and banal boys. Yet, she sensed that, while he spontaneously admired her—which was something (all she had to rejoice over now)—he held her lightly.

But, after all, what mattered? Had she been black, she could not have asked that he think her white.

Lightly he would hold her, naturally enough. For he was who he was and she was who and what she was. Her very garments shrieked the livery of her status. And she could not resent that, either. They were not unjust—they showed her the servant that she was.

The cat who looked at the king probably did not mew to itself: "But, what's the use? He knows I'm only a cat." It probably was so awe-struck that it just purred "Meow! I have seen the king"—and, as the tale goes no farther, perhaps the cat was even cheated of the small portion of satisfaction which came to Jane, who could add "—and the king saw me, even though I am only a cat." She could hardly project herself into a self-hypnosis which would let her add further, however "—and he thought I was a peacock."

NO, JANE knew she was just an alley cat. But still he had called her a pippin. And he was more than an old king—he was a young prince. To a romantic girl that is a distinction of no minor moment.

Life ran on for Jane thus through several days. Once he met her in the upper corridor and lightly called to her "Hello, pretty!" That was a great event. At another time, quite unexpectedly, he came into the nursery to stick his finger in his little nephew's ribs and call him a fat young bambino. But they were not alone with the infant, for Mrs. Pettigrew came with her son. Yet, she gleamed another look or two, and that gave her material for many hours of speculation, trepidation, palpitation.

It was not until the end of the week

FREE!

for mailing cost



© 1925

60,000 Half-Pound Boxes of Delicious Normandy Chocolates

Here is an amazing offer to readers of *Smart Set*. To the first 60,000 girls who send us the coupon below we will give free a big ½-lb. box of assorted Normandy Chocolates, filled with luscious fruit centers, meaty nut centers, delicious caramels, cooling mints, etc. Just send 10c for postage and packing. That's all. Don't delay. Write for this wonderful candy treat right away.

—and a plan whereby you can earn one of these wonderful Platinum Finished Bracelet Watches for helping us distribute advertising samples

DID you ever hear in all your life, of such a startling offer as this one! Take just a few seconds to fill in and mail the coupon below and you will be given a great big box of Normandy Chocolates—half-a-pound of the most delicious candies you ever tasted. You pay nothing—not a cent—for this fine candy. Only send us 10c for wrapping and mailing. At the same time you can learn of our wonderful plan to give you free a gorgeous platinum finished Bracelet Watch with full-jeweled movement simply to distribute samples of Normandy Chocolates among your friends and acquaintances. Already over 100,000 girls have won watches and other valuable rewards from us for doing this easy, pleasant, fascinating work in their spare moments.

Mail Coupon Now

This free offer is made because we want more people to know the tasty deliciousness of Normandy Candies. That is the only reason why we will give you a ½-lb. box free, and why we offer to give you free a beautiful Bracelet Watch to introduce our famous candies in your neighborhood. But hurry, if you want to take advantage of this offer. Remember only 60,000 boxes of candy can be given away and only one box to each person. So tear off the coupon, fill it in. Enclose 10c for postage and mail it to us AT ONCE.

HOME SUPPLY CO.

Dept. 6912 131 Duane St., N. Y. C.



Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Home Supply Co.,
Dept. 6912,
131 Duane St., N. Y. C.

Please send me a ½-lb. box of assorted Normandy Chocolates. I enclose 10c to pay for postage and packing. Also tell me how I can earn a platinum finished, full-jeweled movement, guaranteed Bracelet Watch for introducing Normandy Candy to my friends and neighbors.

Start a Movie Show

SMALL CAPITAL STARTS YOU
Big opportunity to become independent. No experience needed. We show you how. Our easy payment plan makes it easy to start. We equip you complete. Our machine is used and endorsed by government institutions. Write today for free catalog.
ATLAS MOVING PICTURE CO.
536 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 78, Chicago

DIMPLES

It is amazing what a difference dimples make. Women appear ten years younger. Plain girls acquire a distinctive charm. Men are fascinated by their mischievous beauty. Yet dimples may be yours now for the DOLLY-DIMPLER is a simple, harmless device that quickly produces dimples. Invented by a woman. Patent applied for—nothing else like it. Used by beauty specialists and movie actresses. Easily used at home. Results positive. Complete outfit, including instructions for use, mailed sealed in plain wrapper, for only \$1.00 or sent C. O. D. for \$1.25.
Sold only by **DOLLY DIMPLER CO.**, 266 McDaniel St., Dayton, Ohio

SEND NO MONEY

Genuine Full Cut Diamonds

Terms If Desired—6 Months No. 6132—Solid to Pay. Outside U. S. Cash with Order

This Reg. Trade Mark guarantees you genuine diamonds. Any initial (raised gold) or Eastern Star, Rebecca, Mason, Shrine, K. of C. emblem instead of initial if desired. Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired and ring will be sent for inspection.

Ask for Free Catalog
Buffalo Jewelry Mfg. Co.
"The Mail-Order House"
Dept. 102
501 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 6132—Solid Gold Men's Initial or Emblem Ring 2 Genuine Diamonds—\$25
4 100 Each

14-Kt. White Gold Top. Gold Emblem (any Lodge) or any Initial (Old English), yellow or white gold, inlaid in Genuine HOPE RUBY Also, in Black Onyx

No. 6598—Ladies' Ring Genuine Black Onyx with Genuine Full-Cut Diamond. 14-Kt. White Gold. \$15

No. 6598

The Story of a FAT WOMAN Who LOST 50 POUNDS—and WON— Success, Beauty, Love and Wealth



Dear Fat Girls:

This is not a fairy story although it sounds like one but it is a true up-to-date record of a miracle of science. Once upon a time I was fat—very fat at least 50 pounds too much, made me look old and unattractive—No friends for me—no love—no parties—no smart clothes! Day after day only brought on heartaches and disappointments, also I suffered with headaches, pains in my back and limbs, puffing—and a constant dreadful tired feeling—Most of my time I spent home rather than appear ridiculous in clothes that never could fit me and feel that people looked at me with pitiful glances—I certainly know what it is to have been a wall flower! Well girls, today all that is changed—thanks to SAN-GRI-NA, the discovery of a French physician, I transformed myself into a different woman—now I weigh 130 pounds. I am well—healthy—don't know what headaches and puffing means—I look ten years younger and can go into any shop and buy a smart ready made model and look the part—SAN-GRI-NA did it! Nothing magic done over night—no dangerous drugs—no strenuous exercises—no diets—no painful garments—

This remarkable French discovery called SAN-GRI-NA did what I consider a miracle—because before I found out about it nothing

I had tried ever helped me to reduce—and with SAN-GRI-NA here I am, healthy, slender, young-looking and a success—more parties than I care to go to—more friends than I can take care of—All that I owe to SAN-GRI-NA—*If you are too fat—if it is 10 pounds or 100 pounds you can be slender—the same chance I had is yours now—Go today to the nearest drug store, buy a package of SAN-GRI-NA (be absolutely positive that you are getting SAN-GRI-NA) and start using it as per directions—It will not be many weeks before you too can tell "The story of a fat woman who lost excess fat and gained success, health and beauty"—and who knows, maybe love and wealth as well!*

Yours sincerely,
A former fat woman now slender

If your druggist does not carry SAN-GRI-NA in stock, he can get it from his wholesaler or you can send a money order or check for \$1.50 direct to the Scientific Research Laboratories, 1841 Broadway, Dept. 323, N. Y. City, and one full box will be mailed you prepaid.

that relations drew any closer for her. Junior was "pitching" a party for a number of his frat-brethren and some flappers, their own sort. It was at the paternal, not fraternal, home, therefore only such as were entitled to entree beyond that threshold were bid. Of course, Chicago is a broad-gauged city. And the children of the best families are not always saintly, despite their inherited positions in society. So it was a somewhat wild young set that gathered and made merry in Pettigrew palace.

It started with dinner. Those were the days before prohibition. It is the fashionable thing these days to blame all the carousing of the adolescent on the allure of the forbidden. In those times alcoholic "shots" were forbidden only by selection, but it seems to me that even "hard" drinks had about as much of that same tempting appeal then as now.

ANYWAY, as Jane told it, the champagne gushed and was guzzled rather freely under the Pettigrew roof, on a "foundation" of cocktails and highballs.

And the music—though executed by a string orchestra behind the palms instead of a "hot" colored jazzband, swaying and gyrating and gesticulating—had the same stimulating effect upon the young people of both sexes as it seems to develop now.

The conservatory was cleared for dancing. Uniformed servitors passed about with trays of ices—and more wine—and there was spooning in the nooks, petting in the corners, and not infrequently the couples strolled out into the Spring night air and under the moon, to find retreats on the Pettigrew grounds.

Jane had been ordered into service through the evening, to tend the punch-bowl. (That is one institution, perhaps, which has passed since then.) It was pink punch, and not as innocuous as it might appear. Jane ladled it into the little cut-glass cups with handles which were the accepted goblets for punch. Some of the guests came frequently to her fountain—that, too, was the fashion: champagne was brought, but punch was "come after."

Not only the guests, either. The host—Jane's demi-divinity—seemed to prefer the punch to the bottled giggles of the sloe-eyed maidens of old Brittany.

Amid the noise, the gaiety, the music, the high spirits, it was quite easy—it seemed almost the thing to do—for him to bridge without any introductory ceremonies, the strict proprieties which, according to the book, should have restrained him from addressing a servant except in the stilted limitations of their established intercourse.

Each time that Junior made pilgrimage to the bowl, therefore, he smiled to Jane—smiled much differently than he had before. It was an intimate sort of smile now—oh, as though they had known one another for a long, long time; and known one another well.

An older or more sophisticated girl might have read at a flash the psychological signal in his new looks, made the more legible by his heightened physical exuberance—for, as Jane had already discerned, her punch had a kick.

Not alone did Junior smile and even wink, but he addressed her in low tones, whispered that she looked whatever the collegiate vernacular for the present-day "hotsy totsy" might have then been. She could only smile faintly back, for she was delirious with the whole situation.

The brilliant party, such as she had never seen or dreamt of before; the clothes, the lights, the wine, the music, the dancing, the spooning—and, above all, the amazing, thrilling new demeanor of her Prince, all coming so fast and feverish that she could not weigh them; dissect



Diamonds Here at 60% of Market Price

See this 1 less 3/32 carat absolutely correctly cut, snappy, brilliant solitaire diamond in handsomely designed mounting, at just \$142. Also many other bargains in our big lists.

Never in three-quarters of a century in the diamond business, have we offered such bargains as we do now compared with prevailing prices. Diamonds right now at rock-bottom even in regular market. Yet ours are but a fraction of market prices. The opportunity of a lifetime. Buy now—the trend is already upwards, but, our cash prices for unpaid loan diamonds left on our hands are but a fraction of their real value.

Why Pay Full Prices Costs Nothing to See

This diamond banking house, 1/2 century old, rated more than \$1,000,000.00, takes this way of turning into cash the diamonds on which money was loaned and not repaid. Also other special advantage buys—many from big cash deals direct with European diamond cutters.

Send for Latest Bargain List

Radically different from a catalog. Every gem fully and minutely described. Any gem sent you on approval without slightest obligation to buy. Write now. The very stones you wish may be in this present list at a price that will amaze you. Send this coupon now.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS
Only Opposite Post Office
4139 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

References by permission:
Bank of Pittsburgh—N. A.
Marine National Bank—
Union Trust Co. Pitts-
burgh, Pa. Your bank
can look us up in mer-
cantile agencies.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS
4139 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gentlemen: Please send me absolutely free and prepaid, your new bargain list of diamonds, watches and other jewelry. It is distinctly understood that I assume no obligation of any kind.

Name _____

Address _____

As Low As \$60 a Carat for Diamonds

SAVE YOUR BODY

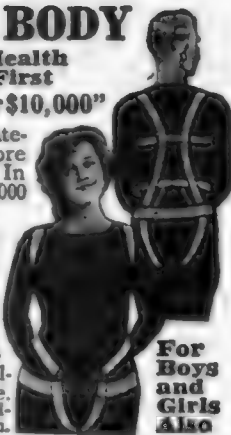
Conserve Your Health
and Efficiency First

"I would not part with it for \$10,000"

Sowrites an enthusiastic, grate-
ful customer. "Worth more
than a farm," says another. In
like manner testify over 100,000
people who have worn it.

The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS
and ORGANIC AILMENTS
of WOMEN and MEN. Devel-
ops erect, graceful figure.
Brings restful relief, comfort, abili-
ty to do things, health, strength.



For
Boys
and
Girls
Also

Wear it 30 Days Free at Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and
walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs;
reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the
back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and
bust; relieves backache; curvatures, nervousness, ruptures,
constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable, easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit Write today for illustrat-
ed booklet, measurement
blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres., Natural Body Brace Co.
166 Rash Building - SALINA, KANSAS

LAW

Personal Instruction
By Mail Be a lawyer
or law trained
business man. Qualify
to earn \$2,500.00 to
\$15,000.00 a year.

University methods. TUITION LOW. EASY TERMS. Text books
furnished. Practical and authoritative non-resident course.
Endorsed by bench and bar. Prepares for bar or business.
Over 60,000 students. PERSONAL INSTRUCTION. Guarante-
tee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar exams.
SPECIAL REDUCED TUITION OFFER now in force. Write
today for particulars and book on law FREE.
AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 2069 3601 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

Enlarged Nosepores, Pim-
ples, Blackheads, Red Nose,
Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and
other miserable local skin affec-
tions will be quickly remedied and
overcome with M. Trilet's A. B. A.
Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean,
clear and natural healthy condition.
No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing
and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz bot-
tle sent on receipt of \$75. Address M.
Trilet, 62 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

Your choice of the World's best
typewriters - Underwood, Rem-
ington, Oliver - full size, lake
model, completely rebuilt and
reconditioned brand new. Prices
smashed down to half. Act quick.



\$2 and it's yours

Free
Trial

Just send your name and address and we will mail you our
complete FREE CATALOG prepaid, fully describing and showing
actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors. Tells
every detail of our direct-to-you small-payment plan. Write now for
tremendous saving. No obligation whatever. Still time if you act now.
International Typewriter Exchange
136-158 W. Lake Street, Department 1250, Chicago, Ill.

Stop that ! ITCH !

Are you a sufferer from skin
diseases, ulcers, pimples, scales,
crusts, or eczema in any form?
Do you long for that calm, cool
sensation that comes when itch is
taken away? Then try the soothing
D. D. D. Prescription.

Trial FREE
Bottle

This famous antiseptic prescription is
a wash, composed of well known
healing ingredients - thymol, oil of
wintergreen, etc. Gives instant relief
from that burning, itching torture.
The very moment it touches the skin, the itch is gone!

D. D. D. Prescription

Send your name and address for a generous trial
Bottle of D. D. D. The first touch from this trial
will give you instant relief no matter how long you
have suffered. Trial bottle is free. No obligation.
Write today. A postal will do.

D.D.D. Co., 3845 Ravenswood Av., Dept. 1919 Chicago



them, even realize them—was now on.

She saw, of course, that her Prince
fancied and favored her. Just how, how
far, she did not presume to calculate.

Mrs. Pettigrew, chaperoning the func-
tion, never deigned her a glance. It was a
young people's frolic, goings-on were gay
and light, some latitude was to be per-
mitted, of course; and weren't they all
high-bred children, from families listed
in the gilt-edged directory of the elite and
the elect?

Junior was getting quite obviously what
we nowadays call "lit." His mother tapped
him with her fan now and again and
beamingly cautioned him not to get giddy—
and that was all of her reproof or chas-
tisement.

The punch-bowl, drained by the con-
stantly recurring and constantly increas-
ing demands of the merry-makers, ran
dry shortly before midnight.

Jane carried it out to the butler's pantry
to be refilled.

More of the mysterious mixture had to
be prepared, and the bustle back of the
scenes was rather frantic, so she withdrew
until her bowl should be ready to be car-
ried back.

As she crossed through the dining-hall,
intending to slip up to her own room to
primp up a bit, she felt rather than saw
that there was someone standing in a dimly
lighted corner which she must pass; and
she felt that the someone was not there
idly, but was waiting—waiting for her!

It was Junior.
His cheeks were red with the tingling
tang of the alcohol; his eyes sparkled; he
swayed just a trifle, it might have been
an expression of his youthful energies,
pleasure-inspired.

But his lips were parted in an expression
that Jane recognized—she had seen it last
about the seamed mouth of his father!

For a moment she hesitated—to fly past
him, to turn and seek the sanctuary of the
servants' workrooms, to stand and wait,
or to go on and see.

Being so young, so heart-over-head in-
fatuated, the choice came without being
sent for: she tripped on, nearer and nearer
to her Prince.

He put out an arm.
"Just a minute, pretty," he said, not in
the thick tongue of intoxication, rather
in the just-a-little-loose articulation of a
youth who has sipped. He did not stagger.
If either of them did, it was Jane.

"Just a minute, dearie," he followed up.
"Where are you—were you—going?"
"Wh-why—up-p-p-s-stairs-s, s-s-sir-r-r."

THEY were the first syllables she had
ever spoken to him!

"Oh— isn't that just dandy? Go ahead—
I'll be up d'rectly."

"Up—up—wh-where?" asked Jane, her
pulses pounding and her brain buzzing with
a million crowding sensations and emo-
tions.

"Up—wherever you're going, pretty."
"B-but I'm—I'm going up to my—to
my—"

"That's all right. I know just where
'tis. I was born in this hut—know every
back stairway and every square inch . . .
Go on, pretty—and wait—for me."

A thousand clubs were beating upon the
poor skull of Jane. What was this that
he was saying? What was it she was
being told to do? What was it he pro-
posed?

"Step on it, pretty," he whispered.
"Someone will come by and—and catch us
here, and there'll be—well, there'll be
kidding, if nothing more. So trip along—
and wait—understand?"

She understood.
Her brain had cleared enough for that.
"Oh, please, sir," she warned, pleaded,
"don't think of such a thing. Why—"

2427 "Ads"

ARCHITECTURAL DRAFTSMAN—Thoroughly com-
petent draftsman and designer for large apartment
house work in Philadelphia; at least one year's work to
start immediately; salary \$75 to \$85 per week. In reply
state briefly experience, age and soonest date available.

Like this for

Draftsmen

Within three months 2427 concerns
have advertised for draftsmen. Where
are the men to fill this shortage? Only
skilled men are wanted. No chance for
the man who wants to learn "on the job!"

More and more men will be needed.
YOU are needed. RIGHT NOW is the
time for you to learn this fascinating,
money-making profession. Earn up to

**\$300⁰⁰ Per
Month**

Many are earning \$4420.00 a year and
more who knew no more about drafting
a few months ago than you do now. Very
little schooling is necessary to learn. I
will go the limit to help earnest, ambi-
tious men to fill the jobs that are being
advertised everywhere. I have trained
thousands.

I Will Train YOU

until you are ready to hold down one
of these steady, well paid jobs. My
training is the practical kind. It fits
you to make good right from the
go. I know what other Chief Drafts-
men want because I have hired and
employed draftsmen for 25 years.

No Extra Charge for Drafting Outfit

As soon as you decide to take my training, I
send you a complete Drafting Outfit, just like
the one I use myself. It comes as part of your
course. No extra charge. Everything is just
what you need, both for your course and your
BIG JOB later: The "Chief's Own" Drafting
Table, fine set of Drafting instruments, 24-inch
T square, triangles, French Curve, drafting
board, rule, pencils, ink, paper, thumb tacks.
These are all necessary in my course, because
I teach practical work. That's the way to
learn drafting.

Write QUICK for Special Offer

I'll give you a chance, if you wish, to earn
your training without cost. Write for details
of this rare offer. Money doesn't count. If
you have determination, I'll give you your
chance to get ahead. Put it all up to me.

Get My Free Book

Mail This Coupon or Write Me Today

Chief Draftsman Dobe, 1951 Lawrence Ave.
Div. 20-69, Chicago, Ill.

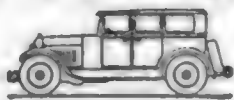
Send me your Great Special Offer open now to
ambitious men. Also your book, "Successful
Draftsmanship." No obligation on my part.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

Post Office.....State.....

Can You Fix It?



Repair any auto fault, learn how NOW. You can do it easily in this new simple way.

These FIVE Big Books are up to the minute on automobile engineering subjects; chock full of little known facts about construction, operation and repairs. Electric wiring treated in complete detail—illustrations and diagrams make everything clear and easily understood by anybody. The most interesting and most practical set of books ever written on modern automobile engineering. Whether you want to fit yourself for garage owner, repair expert or merely wish to know more about your own car, you will realize the value of these splendidly bound volumes.

No Money Offer

An amazing new plan of distribution brings these books to you for examination without one cent of payment to us. We don't ask a penny of you, but ship the books to you FREE. Look them over—read them as much as you want to; note the splendid photographs and drawings and then if you decide you want them, send us \$2.00; then only \$3.00 a month until only \$19.80 is paid. That is all; nothing more to pay us. If you send NOW we will include

Consulting Membership FREE

Yes, we actually give you a certificate which entitles you to free consultation on any subject related to automobile repairing. 18 specialized experts are at your disposal—ready at any time to help you. With this library and this consultation membership you ought to be able to soon know all there is to be known about autos. Don't miss this special offer. SEND NOW.

AMERICAN TECHNICAL SOCIETY,
Automobile Division A9193, Chicago, Ill.

You may send me your complete Automobile Engineering library, 5 big volumes bound in flexo covers, with the understanding that I am to have ten days to decide if I want to keep them. I will either return them then or send you \$2.00 then and \$3.00 per month until the special low price of only \$19.80 is paid.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Employed by.....

**"Nor Serpent's Tooth
Nor Arts of Man
Avail Against
Yon Talisman"**

SACRED SALAMANDER RING

Glories and Mysteries of the Magic East weave their weird spells around this marvelously beautiful Talismanic symbol of safety among enemies and evils. The ocean's secret vaults at O-Japan yield their most brilliantly colored Concha Pearls to adorn this antique Sterling Silver ring. SENT ON APPROVAL. When delivered, deposit only \$2.00 and postage with postman. Wear it a week, and return it if not admired by all. Ladies' and Gentlemen's sizes (tie string around finger). **ORIENTAL EXCHANGE, Importers,** 98 Park Place, New York. Dept. S.S.-7

Free to Agents

—these beautiful two-tone Boudoir Slippers. In addition to your big profits taking orders in spare-time or full-time for

CASTLE - BLAIR FASHION SHOES \$3.95

and up to \$7.95. Styles selected personally by Miss Helen Blair, fashion authority. Amazing values because we sell direct from fashion centers to the home. Sell every body, in every home. Our representatives earn \$50 to \$150 a week. If you can furnish 2 character references, if you can assure us you mean business, even if you have no selling experience, we will send you our wonderful sample outfit free and grant you valuable exclusive territory rights. Write today! **CASTLE-BLAIR, Inc.** 315 S. Michigan Blvd., Dept. 112, Chicago



what would your—Mrs. Pettigrew say if she—

"Oh, don't bother about the dear old mater. She's all fussed up dancing with Stan Wallington, the handsome old football gladiator. No one will miss us—go ahead."

Jane stood there. She had found it difficult enough to repel the father. But the son! He had been her deity—her first Prince. She had fancied that he was fine and lovable. He had fascinated her so. She had put out of her mind his cavalierly attitude toward her, when he showed any attitude at all, as manifesting the careless informality of youth—spoiled and pampered youth.

But now—it was all to unmistakable.

AND if an atom of doubt remained, it was sent reeling immediately, for, before she suspected or feared such a thing, his arms were flung about her, she was half lifted from the floor in a powerful, impassioned embrace, and tipsy hot kisses were being showered on her cheeks, her lips, her eyes, her neck. And something was in her hand—she knew it by touch. It was a paper bill!

Then something inside her broke loose. With one cataract of raging revulsion that ripped through her veins, her great love was drowned without ever coming up again for a breath or a gasp, and there rose a fighting, infuriated little demon.

With all the strength of her lithe body and her bitter fury, she tore herself from his clutch. She stood before him, blazing, burning, battling. She looked at the bill—a twenty!

"You—you fresh bum," she shrieked.

It would have been fine had she let forth upon him the vocabulary of heroic literature. But Jane had none. When she was gently disposed, she could talk the few words of everyday communication without the gutter-slang or the crude colloquialisms of her home environment. But when she grew angry, she reverted to the fighting-talk of Peoria Street—and there, when a girl was grievously insulted, she called "names"—and "fresh bum" was one of the superlatives.

"What? What's that?" he demanded.

"Why—you lowdown rat. Where do you get that stuff, to grab me and rough me?"

She tore the bill to bits and rained them at him.

He switched from anger at her assault to admiration of her charms and the allure of her bristling animation.

"Say," he interrupted, "you're even prettier when you're all peppered up. Say, I bet if you cared for a chap, you'd—"

That was the last barrier.

Cared? If she cared? He would never know, he could never understand, how she had cared, and how much—and what he had already done to her for that, he the only one for whom, in all her driven, hungry, harrassed, suffocated and sordid life, she had ever cared!

As he shot those words, his eyes again, and more alight with that sneering sparkle of the hunter after her kind of game, the gentle heritage of her barber-father's strain, evaporated, and to the fore sprang the brutal, raw line of her scrubwoman-mother.

Where Jane was raised, when people grew angry, they struck out.

Like a bolt, came the flat of her hand against the flaming cheek of the Prince of the Pettigrews.

It was a resounding, echoing, reverberating slap.

The music was not on at the moment. A dozen people in the nearby conservatory heard it—and heard the un-choked-back oath that Jane let fly with it.

As young Pettigrew, first shocked, then

infuriated, sprang forth to seize her, several of his guests rushed to the spot; and, close behind them, came Mrs. Pettigrew, herself.

"What—what does this mean?" she asked, puffing and raising her lorgnette.

Junior pursed his lips as though to start an explanation—something to break the situation and dismiss it as an accident—a misunderstanding—an unfortunate something—anything.

But the scrubwoman's daughter, standing there, her lips twitching, her hands clenched, her slender shoulders quivering with rage beyond restraint, cried out:

"I'll tell you what it means. It means that this—this fresh bum, your son, rough housed me, grabbed me, slobbered kisses all over my face, had the gall to shove money in my hand—and that wasn't all—he—he told me to go upstairs—"

"Of course," interposed Mrs. Pettigrew. "A servant in an ugly temper. Why shouldn't he have ordered you upstairs—"

... But I am grieved, Junior, that you should have so far forgotten your breeding and your training as to strike a servant."

"Who?" screamed Jane, jumping up and down in her tempest of temper. "Who—strike who? That poor heel hit ME!"

Say, where I was turned out, they'd crown your bum prince king if he pulled any of his raw work. 'Him—smack me? I'd like to see him."

"What? How? It was—it was you—you who—"

"Me an' nobody else. I slapped him one on his kisser... an' another wheeze out o' you, an' I'll wallop you, too, you grey-headed, fourflushing old schoolboy vamp. I got a good notion to take one at you for luck, anyhow—"

And Jane advanced on the unspeakably frustrated millionairess, who recoiled and covered her face with her plump arms.

Two or three of the youths stepped forward, between their swooning hostess and the bristling brat.

"Get her out," wailed Mrs. Pettigrew. "Have her removed—call the servants—"

"I'll get out," sneered Jane. "The whole gang of you ain't big enough to chuck me out—while I got a drop o' blood left... But I'll go... if nobody tries to lay another hand on me."

I'M tied up on this dive, anyway. Between that husband o' yours and his busy stuff upstairs, and that son o' yours and his propositions an' his grab-act, I lost my appetite for high s'ciety... an' that goes for your fat mug, too, Mrs. Queen... I want to get out o' here, where I can breathe fresh air."

She tore off her apron and threw it at Mrs. Pettigrew. The cap had come off in her struggle with Junior—she kicked it toward the hostess.

"Good-night," she tossed at them, with unsubtle irony. "I guess I wrecked the party, anyway."

And, with a heart beating high with blind anger, where only a few minutes earlier it had hummed and clicked to the sweet symphonies and mad crescendos of a great love, she swung past them as they opened a lane for her, stumbled up the stairs, threw her few belongings into her canvas telescope, and ran out—out into the night.

Ran out—but where was she to run to?

It was past midnight.

In her pocket she had a few coins.

Behind her were the dreams, the illusions, or the delusions, of her first thrills of life away from the alleys and the rookeries from which she had fancied herself emancipated. All behind her—everything behind her.

And—before her—what?

[To be continued]

To introduce "Fleur de Nuit"

FREE

This imported Dresser Bottle, crystal clear and sapphire blue
(Actual size illustrated)

FILLED with Fleur de Nuit Perfume, the new, fashionable odor—exotic, charming, distinctive.

Bottle is of crystal clear glass with vertical stripes of sapphire blue; gold-finished cap; ground-glass stopper and special dropper; regular price \$1.00.

Send us this ad. with name and address plainly written, and 25 cents (silver or stamps) to cover packing, postage, etc., and we will send promptly, prepaid, with safe delivery guaranteed. (Outside U.S.A. add 10 cents extra.)

Only One to a person at the above special introductory price. Additional orders to same person \$1.00 each postpaid. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full. Order now.

BABBITT, Inc., Perfumers
DEPT. 192
4049 Market Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

ACTUAL SIZE

Don't Destroy Illusions

[Continued from page 69]

have been one of these tarnished ones, be extra careful now to be reticent and refined. Do not lavish all caresses the moment he demands one. Give only enough to leave him desiring more.

Everyone must realize that the conditions of the modern world have made any lasting love very difficult to hold. And there is very little use in being too romantic. Girls must face this and try to have some interests in life which do not depend upon the satisfying of their longing for one particular man, because he may show the "pink ribbon" quite unconsciously and the girl may become disillusionized, or she may show some mental or physical "pink ribbon" herself, and disillusionize the man, and the actual love not being so deep as love used to be when conditions were different, the whole affair may end. It requires a mighty lot of intelligence, and an array of resources, to enable any woman, tarnished or pure, to hold a man in these days! And I would advise them all to try and curb their emotions when the man seems to be growing into the sun, moon, and stars for them.

Try to use moderation. Laurette and Sylvia, because here is a terribly cruel fact about love between the sexes. When on either side it becomes a burning passion it seems to lose the power to draw a return. The tarnished ones who have at last learned to love are often capable of this inordinate passion—and if repulsed by one man they are quite likely to feel the same sort of wild longing for another. This is the result of their promiscuity for the first years of their adolescence. They got into the way of changing in a light vein, so that now when they have grown serious, passion holds them in the abstract, expressing itself toward whatever male magnet is near—who then becomes the man for the time. Their case is very sad, and they know more unhappiness than balanced people can imagine.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD has a maxim which says, "Women for the first time they love, love the lover; for the second and the rest, they only love LOVE!" It is a hideous truth. The wise course for all girls and young women to take, from the youngest flapper to the experienced maiden of five and twenty, is for them definitely to decide *what they really want* and then consider by what methods they can obtain it. If the flapper does this she will be in time to prevent herself from laying up for herself limitations—and so she may more quickly secure her goal.

But never forget that no matter how yielding and docile a man may appear to be, your hold over him is only while your fascination for him lasts. The male spirit is essentially insubordinate and demands freedom, and if it begins to feel the curb, a great force of subconscious resistance is aroused which eventually chases away love.

So, girls, never ask your lovers or husbands questions—or make them give a minute account of their time when absent from you. If you do they will certainly lie to you after the first or second occasion, and nothing bores men more than to be obliged to lie. Do not boss your fiancés or turn them into menials to obey your requests. You were not such fools as to do this while the chase was on. So, why suppose it is all right when you become engaged? You have to be even more careful to be attractive than before, because some of the male hunting instinct is appeased, and in consequence he may become less keen.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. INC.

Diamonds Watches

Cash or Credit Christmas Gifts Send for Catalog

Over 2,000 bargains in Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Pearly Silverware, etc. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money back.

TERMS: Goods delivered on first payment of one-tenth of purchase price; balance in equal amounts, payable weekly, semi-monthly or monthly, at your convenience.

17 Jewel Elgin
No. 15—Green Gold Watch, 25-Year Case, 17 Jewels; 12 Size, Gilt Dial, \$30; \$3 \$100 A Week
No. 49—Wrist Watch, Solid 18-k White Gold—17 Jewels, \$35.00. Delivered on first payment of \$1.00 A Week \$3.50, then

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. 1636

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers
DEPT. G595
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

RADIO FANS — Listen in on WIT every Tuesday night from 7 to 7:30, every Friday night from 10 to 10:30, central standard time. Loftis Bros. & Co.'s hour of music.

BIG AWARDS!

Solve This Puzzle

ENVCADLE

The above letters when properly arranged form the name of a late President. Mail in the correct solution at once and you will be awarded a beautiful building lot, size 20 x 100 feet, FREE and clear of all encumbrances in a superb development in New Jersey.

We will pay
\$1000.00

to any person sending in the correct answer to the above puzzle who can verify that they have not been awarded a lot, FREE and clear of all encumbrances for the correct solution.

Solve puzzle and mail today with your name and address. This offer expires December 19th. Act now!

BEACHWOOD PARK CO., Inc.,
299 Broadway, Dept. 211 New York

Why Stay Fat?

Blanche Arral, Famous Opera Star, takes off 34 lbs. in 30 days by drinking Tea made of Javanese Herbs.

No Drugs - No Diet No Exercise

Brewed as Tea or in Tablet Form

Write for free book on reducing, telling how Madame Arral discovered, on the Isle of Java, a wonderful health-giving, Reducing Tea, and how to obtain some to use yourself. Results are immediate. Address, Blanche Arral, Inc., Dept. 273 E. 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

ELECTRICITY

COMPLETE COURSE FOR HOME STUDY \$10

HAWKINS ELECTRICAL GUIDES, 10 Numbers \$10. Complete study course with questions and answers. Ten complete subjects of practical, modern electricity. Plain language, clear diagrams, 3500 pages, 4700 illustrations. Authentic, highly endorsed—helps you to better position and pay. Free examination. \$1 a month if satisfied. Send today!

THEO. AUDEL & CO., 65 W. 23d St., New York City
Please send me examination free coupon and full particulars about Hawkins Electrical Guides

Name
Address

Ring Watch

RICHLY engraved in solid white gold effect. Set with 14 gorgeous blue white gems of startling brilliancy. Blue synthetic sapphire crown jewel.

SECRET ROUGE COMPACT AND MIRROR hidden under dial.

Send No Money. \$2.45 Complete
Just name, address, and strip of paper for finger size. Pay postman \$2.45 plus postage on delivery.

J. M. HUGHES CO., Dept. 712-E
85 Sprague St., Providence, R. I.

DO YOU WANT?

An Oriental Crystal Ball such as is used by the Hindus? This Solid Ball is so arranged in a mysterious and fascinating game-like receptacle that ANYBODY can use Horoscope instructions included.

8 inches round at \$3.25
9 " " " 5.25
11 1/2 " " " 7.25
15 " " " 12.25

send \$1.00 pay postman balance.
Book on Crystal Gazing 25c. each

CRYSTAL BALL CO., 901 Broadway, N.Y.C. Dept. 702



ARTIFICIAL EYES IMPROVED

Reinforcement prevents easy breakage. Properly fitted, prevent detection or irritation. LOWER PRICE.

Can be fitted anywhere by mail, and three days trial allowed. No fit, no sale. Customers in every state of the Union. Assortment always exceeds 50,000 so we can suit anyone. Eyes blown to order. Send your name and names of all you know who wear an Artificial Eye, for free booklet that explains everything about eyes. Do it NOW as this ad. may not appear again. Our low price will surprise you.

DENVER OPTIC CO.
606 Barclay Block, Denver, Colo.

Big 3 ft. Telescope

Has unusually powerful lenses—magnifying over 8 times. Makes people and objects miles away seem close. Brings new pleasures to home, farm, camp, travel, sport. See moon and stars as never before. New Ferry "Wonder" telescope has 6 sections—opens out over 3 ft. long, measures 12 inches closed. Light, strong and powerful yet light, compact, easy to carry. Body and draws fully brass bound with knurled edges. Body covered with black leatherette, draws made of special, smooth finish fibre, easy to slide in and out. Brass safety caps at each end to keep out dust. Powerful lenses are special clear achromatic European optical glass.

Free

YES ABSOLUTELY FREE! Handsome leatherette covered carrying case, light, strong, complete with strap. Case is 12 in. long, 2 1/2 in. in diameter. Protects from dust and damage. Handy for farmers, auto tourists and hunters.

Read These Letters

Thousands of Delighted Users

"I am delighted with the 'Wonder' telescope. Today I have been watching submarines 3 miles off the coast."—Phillip Brush.

"I can see across the Mississippi 3 miles and see people fishing."—M. L. Thorn.

"I am nearly 80 years old and if I could not get another would not take \$10.00 for it."—A. R. Walker.

"I can tell time on the church clock 5 miles away."—Edward Foster.

"Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away."—Mrs. L. M. Yarbrough.

"I saw a Light House 18 miles away."—Clyde Scribner.

"Can see men working 7 miles away."—M. Gearhart.

"I could see windmill more than 4 miles away."—Raymond Cosanova.

Send No Money

Sign and mail coupon below and Ferry Wonder 3 ft. Telescope with free Carrying Case will come by return mail. Pay postman special bargain price of \$1.85 plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Send coupon today!

FERRY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Ferry & Co., Dept. 8919
3224 N. Halsted St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me 3 ft. Ferry Wonder Telescope and Free Carrying Case. I will pay postman \$1.85 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied you will refund my money.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

FAMOUS 'COAST TO COAST' MIRACO GUARANTEED RADIO'S-FACTORY PRICES GET SPECIAL OFFERS

Users everywhere report Miraco Radios get programs coast to coast on loud speaker; outperform sets three times as costly. Many hear foreign countries. Radio's most amazing values in guaranteed factory-built, factory-tested long distance sets—let testimony of users convince you.

Powerful New Multi-tube Miraco gets long distance on loud speaker. Set, ONLY \$27.35. FREE! Literature on latest model, new low prices, testimony of users and SPECIAL OFFER. Write AGENTS DEALERS Write!

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Sole Builders of Sets
493-C E. 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Bargain SALE!

SOLID gold effect case guaranteed 25 years. Richly engraved. Railroad model with famous Leonard Regulator. Adjusted for absolute accuracy. Backed by million dollar factory. SEND NO MONEY Pay postman Sale price \$3.87 and postage on arrival. Money back guaranteed. BRADLEY, F-442 NEWTON, MASS.

The Two Hour Stop-Over

[Continued from page 60]

attractiveness makes me afraid of her. I am more shy about any close contact with her than about any woman I know, though of course our social relations are those of neighbors and friends. You see, I am Benny's friend. He helps me when I have tire trouble, and I help him putter around his motor, and all that. His wife would be the last woman in the world I would flirt with. Yet this is not because A. B., as Benny often calls her, has any such aloofness.

Alice and I are good friends, of course, because the two families are good friends. But it has seemed, a few times that we have happened to be alone together, that we were then closer friends than usual, almost intimate friends. She then called me "Jimmy," but at other times "Mr. Judd." That is a little peculiar to start with. And she has shown in other ways that she is—well, not exactly afraid of me.

THERE was the day we took a little motoring tour, and the two women wanted to pick some daisies in a field. I vaulted over the fence first, and A. B., without waiting for Benny, climbed up on the fence and reached one hand out to me to steady her. When she stood on the top she reached out the other hand, so that I could help her jump down. She has very nice hands. Benny grinned, in fact, he actually beamed upon us. Then I helped Julia over, though she gave me a look. But Alice was discreet. On the way back she climbed the fence but called Benny to help her over. Julia disdained my help this time.

Another thing that stumped me was the church social and supper, in the church parlor. I went straight from business and was late, hardly finishing my supper, when they cleared the place for a concert. There was a crowd at the door when everybody started for home. There was always a lot of handshaking at these socials, anyway. While talking to people I had lost Julia, and I was stretching my neck to catch sight of her when suddenly I felt a soft, warm hand take hold of mine. I turned in surprise and there was Alice smiling into my eyes, with Jimmy, grinning, just beyond. I hailed them in a matter-of-fact way, but I was a little embarrassed, and somehow I had a guilty feeling in realizing that I enjoyed the touch of her hand.

It was one of those things that mean nothing, and yet that might mean something—you understand. I don't mean that she was bold. There was nothing she ever did but what, if anything came of it, a man might be easily accused of misinterpreting. Perhaps it was only in my own mind. Yet it seemed enough to indicate that if I were to take the initiative there might have been a flirtation—probably harmless, yet perhaps enough to give a man's wife reason for being jealous. That was the vague feeling I got about it, and it made me uneasy—and afraid of Alice. Or perhaps afraid of myself, in relation to her. Anyway, it amounts to much the same thing.

And there was the time her water pipe burst, and she called me in, just as I was getting home. She didn't know enough to turn the whole works off in the cellar, and didn't know where when I asked. I found the place by tracing the pipes, near some old wood, and got a nasty sliver in my hand turning the spigot. Then Alice insisted on taking the sliver out, with needle and tweezers. I was uneasy about her holding my hand. Why? Because I liked it. It seemed—slightly personal.

Then she touched the spot with iodine. But I was embarrassed. I was certainly not trying to flirt with my neighbor's wife.

When Julia came home from the grocer's she found me cleaning the car. She mentioned the iodine spot, and I said it had been only a sliver. Just then Mrs. Cox hailed Julia from her back-yard, telling her about the burst water-pipe, and how I had turned the water off, and how she then had to take a nasty sliver out of my hand, to put it back on her wood-pile. I heard from it afterward. Altogether there were several such little instances, none serious, but enough to show me privately that Alice might be not quite the paragon that Benny thought her.

One day not long ago I came home to find a sewing machine salesman, a fellow named Smith, talking to Julia about an electric portable machine. He wanted to put one in on free trial. He said our neighbor, Mrs. Cox, was undecided, and he would see her a couple of days later. But he not only saw Mrs. Cox again, but a number of times, leaving a portable, then taking it away and leaving a cabinet machine, then calling to fix it, and all that. Benny told me he didn't want a sewing machine, for A. B. never did any sewing anyhow. Julia said to me that it didn't look good, Smith calling on Mrs. Cox so much. I had the same hunch, but I only said to Julia that she was too easily suspicious, and that started an argument.

I was in the midst of my work at the office one afternoon when my telephone rang. I was anxious to get away, and was impatient over the interruption.

"Is this Mr. Judd?" It was a woman's voice on the wire.

"Mr. Judd speaking. Who is it?" My mind was still on my work.

"Oh, I thought you would know my voice. I can't tell you my name over the phone. And please don't you speak my name."

How very mysterious! Instantly my work was forgotten. I strained my ear. The voice had a far away sound; the woman seemed nervous.

"Well, I'm sorry, but your voice doesn't sound natural, if you are anybody I know."

"Oh, you know me well enough—as well as you know the alphabet. Do you know the alphabet?"

"Do I know the alphabet?"

"Yes, I'll bet you don't even remember that. Can you say it?"

What kind of a fool game was this, I wondered, some silly woman bursting in on a busy man's busy day, asking him if he knew his A B C's! And then, like a flash it came to me. A. B. C. Alice Beatrice Cox. Benny's wife.

NEVER mind; I got you. But what can I do for you?

"There, I knew I could call on you."

"You surely can. What is it?"

"I—I'm in trouble."

"Dear me, what is it?"

"I am telephoning from the railroad station at Harmon—you know—Harmon."

"Oh, yes, that's where they take off the electrics, and put on the steam locomotives. What are you doing there?"

"Oh, I lost my pocketbook, and my ticket. I had to get off the train here."

Which was plausible. Harmon is the first and only stop on the through express trains. And I knew that Mrs. Cox occasionally visited relatives up North.

"I see," I said. Then I almost blundered. I was on the point of asking whether or not she had tried to call up Benny, and

perhaps could not find him in his office, but the mysterious nature of the call checked me. She did not want her name mentioned, over the phone.

"Have you called up Thirty-seventh Street?" That is where Benny's office is located.

"No, it is something I can't tell him. I thought you would help me. Please don't ask me any questions."

More mysterious than ever. What could it all mean? I must be careful. I wondered if the telephone girl in our outer office might be listening in. Probably not, since it is a busy switchboard. Yet one can never tell. Then I wondered if Alice might be afraid to let Benny know that she was stupid or careless enough to lose her handbag. That didn't seem plausible. That man Smith bobbed into my mind, but I promptly put him out.

"That's all right, you can depend upon me. Shall I come and get you—or bring some money?" Meanwhile I was doing some fast thinking.

"I'll be here in the station, at Harmon. I didn't know who else to ask."

"It's all right. I've got the car down town. I'll drive up—er—in two hours. Good-by."

As I hung up the receiver I experienced the sense of adventure. The very idea of me, staid and respectable James Ambrose Judd, driving up to the Harmon railroad station to rescue a lady in distress, perhaps to carry her home with me in the dark, and of all women her of whom I was afraid because she was attractive. Well! The prospect was exciting enough to an old plugger like me—too much like a situation in the movies.

And yet that was not all. What was the nature of this mystery? Why could Alice not call upon her husband? Perhaps I would entangle myself in some affair that would wind up in serious trouble. No matter. I had made an appointment. There was only one thing I could do now.

And what would Julia think? Well, my wife would be very curious indeed to know what business I had in shouldering any of the personal troubles of my neighbor's wife. Indeed! What was Mrs. Cox to me? Yes, what? Should I not just hunt up Benny and tell him where to find his wife? Yet Alice had said that it was something she could not tell him. If I were going to be her friend, since she had appealed to me for help, I could not betray her. I must go through with it now.

BUT suppose Julia should find it out? I wondered if I should telephone her that I would be home late. But she would ask questions. She knew that I was going to get the car. Perhaps Julia would assume that I was delayed in getting it. The car was to be ready at four. It was now ten after five. Could I make Harmon in two hours? How far was it? Perhaps I could be home by nine o'clock. I would better do the thing and explain after. Perhaps there would be nothing to explain, that is, something easy to explain frankly.

I pulled my work together, to tackle it the first thing in the morning. I guess it is still there, on my desk. But as I got ready to leave I kept wondering about the telephone girl, Miss Flynn. Had she heard? Of course there was nothing incriminating, and yet after all it was a mysterious call from a woman, obviously not my wife. Miss Flynn knows Julia's voice on the wire. I thought I would take a good look at the girl on going out. But Miss Flynn was innocence itself, almost too innocent.

"You're leaving early tonight, Mr. Judd?" she asked, cheerily.

"Yes, I've got to get my car at the service station—" and then I added—"if it's ready," as if to suggest the possibility

Amazing New Method Destroys Hair Growth —Forever!

Free book tells how to apply Dr. F. C. Irwin's wonderful new treatment for the PERMANENT removal of superfluous hair—and how to accomplish in your own home at insignificant expense as effective results as achieved by the biggest electrolysis specialists. No charge for this book—send for your copy TODAY!

Lifts Out Hair Roots Easily—Safely

Just think of spreading a soothing balsam over your skin and removing it in a few seconds to find every single objectionable hair lifted right out by the very root—and the skin left exquisitely smooth and white!

Just think of saving yourself the time, trouble and expense of electric needle treatments—and acquiring the clear, velvety, hairfree skin you so much desire right in the privacy of your own home and with very little effort or cost!

Almost sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? Yet it IS true! Hair on chin, on cheeks, on arms, on legs, can now be positively removed—roots and all—in an amazing, scientific way that actually destroys the growth for good!

Dr. Irwin's astonishing new Treatment for the Permanent Removal of Superfluous Hair is unlike anything you have ever seen or heard of before. It is not a sulphide paste, powder, cream or lotion, not a pumice, not a razor, not an electric needle. It is an entirely new discovery—extraordinary—yet so simple that any woman can use it with ease and comfort.

There is nothing messy about this new method. No fuss—no irritation—no danger—no disgusting odors. The whole process is quick and gentle, absolutely safe and harmless, almost as easily applied as cold cream and marvelously effective the very first time it is used. Beauty experts recommend it. Women heartily acclaim it. In case after case it is proving that here, at last, is one safe and sure way to real and lasting relief from disfiguring, superfluous hair.



The reason for the marvelous results achieved is simply that Dr. Irwin's Treatment provides a thoroughly scientific and effective method of attacking the real CAUSE of unwarranted hair growths. It gently but persistently eliminates the very roots with the hair and thus acts to destroy the growth itself and bring new beauty to the skin.

FREE—"The New Way to Remove Superfluous Hair Permanently!"

The whole fascinating story of this new method, what it is, how it works, what it will do for you is told in this interesting booklet, illustrated with actual photographs. We will be glad to send you a copy absolutely free and without obligation. See for yourself how easily, quickly and inexpensively superfluous hair troubles can be removed forever. Send for your copy of this FREE book TODAY! F. C. Irwin, M.D., Dept. 3312, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

F. C. Irwin, M. D., Dept. 3312,
730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

You may send me, free and without obligation, your interesting little book, "The New Way to Remove Superfluous Hair Permanently."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

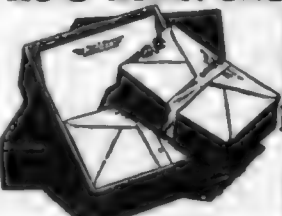


Crystal Gazing Balls

An interesting, illustrated treatise on the amazing phenomena of crystal gazing, together with prices of balls and lists of books on psychic phenomena, will be forwarded to any address for 10c. This charge will be refunded on any purchase.

West Quartz Co., Box 501-D, Rochester, N.Y.

200 Sheets \$1.00
100 Envelopes 1.00
POST PAID



High grade, clear white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6 1/2 x 9 inches with envelopes to match. Line that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it to everyone as superior quality stationery.

Name and Address
Printed Free

on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 6 lines. Type in Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste.

Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3 letter monogram if preferred.

Just send \$1.00 (west of Denver and outside U.S., \$1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or print clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

National Stationery Co., 1919 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois

HEALTH Without DRUGS

Elco Electric Health Generator
Generates High Frequency Violet Ray, Mechanical Vibration, Medical Electricity, and Ozone. Four of Nature's Greatest Curative Agents. For Home Treatments at less than 50 cents per year.

FREE BOOK "Health, Power, Beauty" describing this Great New Invention. Re-vitalize yourself. Bring back energy. Be wholly alive. **WRITE TODAY.**

Lindstrom & Co., 30 W. Lake St., Dept. 26-69 Chicago

SLENDER ANKLES \$3.25
CAN BE YOURS

PEOPLE ADMIRE DAINY ANKLES

Thick or swollen ankles can quickly be reduced to dainty slender shape by new discovery of special processed reducing rubber.

LENOR ANKLE REDUCERS

Ankles actually look thin while getting this. Different in reducing action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go to bed and note amazing results next morning. Reduces and shapes ankle and lower calf. Slips on like a glove. No strips of rubber to bind and cause discomfort. Nothing to rub in or massage. Enables you to wear low shoes becomingly. Worn under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. Send \$3.25 and we will send you Lenor Ankle Reducers in plain package subject to your inspection. Give size of ankle and widest part of calf.

LENOR MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 12 H. C. 563 Fifth Ave., New York.



THICK ANKLES
SPOIL
YOUR
APPEARANCE

JEWELLED and REGULATED



Send
Only **10¢**

For This

**Jeweled and regulated
Wrist Watch studded with
Deelite Diamonds
and Sapphires.**

Only a down payment of 10c required and we make immediate shipment of this beautiful engraved Wrist Watch.

**WE TRUST YOU
Shipment Same Day
NO REFERENCES NEEDED**

For a genuine diamond watch of this kind, you would be required to pay elsewhere upwards of \$150.00. For ours pay only \$12.00 and you may pay it \$1.00 per week. Make first payment to postman when he delivers package. Send name and address and receive your Deelite Watch by return mail. A guarantee with each watch.

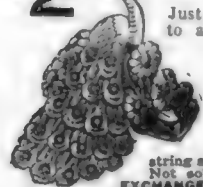
J. H. DEELITE CO., 530 Broadway, New York

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$18 to \$60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUT-FIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today.

Artcraft Studios, Dept. 35, 3900 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

\$2 Chinese Peacock Ring



Just what you want to draw attention to a pretty hand. Fashion calls for Oriental rings, particularly Peacock Designs. The loveliest creation of the silversmith's art. Sterling silver, emeralds and sapphires, only \$2. Gold plated on Silver \$2.75. C.O.D. orders 15c extra. Send ring size (tie string around finger). Return if not delighted. Not sold in stores but direct from ORIENT EXCHANGE, 98 Park Place, New York. Dept. 58-2

\$1000.00 Travel Accident Insurance Policy FREE

Here is your chance to get absolutely Free \$1000.00 auto accident policy with every order of 3 tires and 3 brand new tubes. Standard Policy issued by the \$7,000,000.00 Federal Life Insurance Co.

6,000 to 12,000 Miles
(Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Pirelli, etc.) Thousands of satisfied Chicago motorists getting from 6 to 12 thousand miles—A. J. Weber, Galeana, Ill., got 12,000 miles satisfactory service. We have been in business 16 years. Only slightly used tires treated by our secret process.

GUARANTEE
If any tire fails to satisfy you after you have used it we will replace it at one-half purchase price. Send only \$1 deposit for each tire ordered. Pay postman balance on delivery. Deduct 5 per cent for cash with order. Orders filled same day received. Keep this ad for proof of guarantee. Not necessary TO ORDER 3—you can order 1 or 2 tires and tubes at prices listed above without policy.

EAGLE TIRE & RUBBER CO.,
3448-7 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1942, Chicago, Ill.

LOWEST PRICE LIST		
Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3 1/2	\$2.75	\$1.50
30x3 3/4	2.95	1.75
32x3 1/2	3.25	1.95
31x4	3.45	2.00
32x4	3.75	2.25
34x4	4.00	2.50
34x4 1/2	4.25	2.65
32x4 1/2	4.75	2.95
32x4 3/4	5.00	3.00
34x4 1/2	5.00	3.25
32x5	5.75	3.50
35x5	5.75	3.75
37x5	5.75	4.00

\$1000 Policies FREE!
Automobilists should be protected, so for a short time you can get this policy with every order of 3 tires and 3 brand new tubes. Send name, address, birthplace, age, date of birth, beneficiary's name, relationship and address. Policy protects you in bodily injury or loss of life.

the car I was trying to console myself by saying, "All's well that ends well," but even as I said it to myself there flashed into my mind the thought of Miss Flynn, the telephone girl at our office. Had she listened in. The thought suddenly made me almost sick. But I straightened up. Why borrow trouble?

I went boldly into the house and there found Benny sitting in the dining-room, talking to Julia. I was glad he had come in. I told them I had been delayed with the car, then had some fun trying it out, driving around. It was now fine as silk. Julia showed complete indifference to my tardiness, and I breathed more easily.

The telephone rang while we were talking, and Julia answered it. She was a little startled, and looked at Benny. "Yes, he's right here," she said. Benny took the phone, full of joy, and I was glad, for his sake. He promised to meet Alice, said he would be there waiting for her.

But no sooner had the door closed behind Benny when the storm broke. It was like a sudden crack of lightning.

Julia wheeled around and looked me through and through. "Just where did you go tonight, James Judd?" she demanded.

Well, just how much Miss Flynn, dear little busy-body, had caught and spilled, I could not guess. But it was enough to start Julia with the knowledge of some mysterious woman, somewhere. It did look bad.

Of course there was no dodging the issue, now. There was bound to be a storm. I could only stand my ground. Certainly I could not betray another human being, perhaps bust up a friend's home. If it came to a showdown, and as a matter of honor, I was almost bound to suffer my own home to be broken up first. I could not betray a confidence like this one; I could also not hurt Benny. All of these things I was thinking to myself, before I answered.

DON'T stand there staring at me like a lunatic," cried Julia. "I want to know where you went this evening."

"Julia," I said quietly, "I am sorry you ask me that—because I can't tell you." Well, the effect of that was something like throwing benzine into a fire, to put it out. She was only the more suspicious.

"Oh, you can't tell me, eh? Well, you've got to tell me. You can't fool your wife. I'll get the truth out of you."

"I don't want to fool my wife," I said, still trying to restrain myself and to speak softly. "But if you think things that you should not think about me, out of your imagination, you will only fool yourself."

"James Judd, you've been up to something tonight, and I've got to know what it is. I've a right to know."

"Julia Judd," I said, "I have been up to nothing that concerns you at all. It was a private errand, concerning another person. I must simply ask you to let it go at that."

"Who is it?"

"I can't betray a confidence."

"Oh, high sounding talk," she cried sarcastically. "But you can't fool me. I know all about it."

"But you can't know all about it. Besides, if you know all about it, why ask me?"

By this time she was half hysterical. I was all perspiration myself. She said she was my wife and was only demanding her rights. If I was unfaithful it was her business to know it. I was a dog. I could not wipe my feet on her. She stormed on in fury.

"Please, please, Julia," I pleaded. "Will you listen to me just for a moment? This is a time when you absolutely must have faith in me—and believe in me."

GRAY HAIR

IS NOT NECESSARY

You are only as old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's
Liquid

**EAU DE
HENNA**

**Hair Color
Restorer**



will cover hair in 10 to 15 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

ANY ONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off. You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving.

Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Price \$2.50. C. O. D. \$2.72. In ordering please state color desired; order through your Department Store, Druggist, Beauty Parlor or direct from us. Accept no substitute for Wm. J. Brandt's Eau de Henna.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 93, 112 East 23rd St., New York

Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage.

Art Corner Your Pictures—Album
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel
5 Styles [Art Corners] 5 Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A ding brings 100 and samples to try. Write **ENGEL MFG. CO.**
10¢ Buys 100 Dept. 52, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago



**40,000
Opportunities
in Hotels**

YOU can have one of these well-paid, pleasant, executive positions—40,000 of them in the big hotels of the United States—now America's Fourth Largest Industry. Statistics show that ONE IN EVERY TEN HOTELS WILL HAVE AN OPENING FOR A HOTEL-MANAGER THIS YEAR. Thousands of other positions are also open to those who qualify through training.

The Lewis Schools guarantee to give you the valuable knowledge that it has taken some of the most successful hotel men years to obtain—men who are now making \$5,000 to \$50,000 a year. All of your training will be under the personal direction of Clifford Lewis—a hotel expert of national reputation. A few spare time hours a week given to the simple, clear lessons of the course will give you the training for a good position, a fine living, and a handsome salary. The training will in no way interfere with your present work or recreation. Send today for Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Don't wait a minute—you may lose the opportunity of a lifetime. Mail the coupon NOW. Your whole future may depend on it.

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS

CLIFFORD LEWIS, Pres.
Room Z-Z 103 Washington, D. C.

FREE COUPON

Lewis Hotel Training Schools
Room Z-Z 103 Washington, D. C.
Send me without obligation the Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY."
Name (Please Print).....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Finally I saw the opportunity to pass them, and accelerated for all my little car was worth. But this time they did not fight me off. I gave them the horn and went by, wide open. I wasn't quite sure that I saw the driver put out his hand. They hung back, and then I noticed that we were going a little down hill. Both cars had the bright lights turned on. Then I heard them honking the horn several times, violently, as I coasted on down the incline at racing speed. They did it again, honking repeatedly. Only the second time did I catch on that this was intended as a warning to me. They knew the dangerous turn in the road, while I did not, and they were trying to save me. Then I put on the brakes, as my lights showed the turn in the road.

But the turn in the road came flying up in front of me quickly. Like an intoxicated driver, I did not know how fast I was going.

I felt the car going off the road at the turn. I felt it sideswipe the fence, felt the obstruction give way and then I felt myself leaving the car and flying through the air in the darkness. Then I was falling I knew not where. Just how it happened that I was thrown clear of the car as it turned over to roll down the bank I cannot quite figure out—probably by some trick of centrifugal force. I recall a sensation of crashing through the leaves and branches of trees. Then there was a gigantic flash, like bursting fireworks.

MY MIND is clear now, and I have been piecing the story together from memory. I think I had enough speed that night, whenever it was, to last me the rest of my life. I don't know when I will be able to buy another car now—but I don't care.

The other day, when I was still pretty weak, Julia came to see me. I guess she had seen me before, but this time, the nurse told me, she wanted to talk to me. The nurse first asked the doctor, and he told her to tell me. I just groaned. The very thought of Julia, with her suspicious eye, her unfounded, unreasonable jealousy, her insistence that she knew me through and through, and that she knew that I was mean and unfaithful—the very thought made me groan. With a quick perception the nurse went out and told her that I was not yet strong enough to see even her.

It seems that Julia came every day, asking about me, trying to see me, and did see me when I was unconscious. A few days later the nurse again told me that my wife was outside, and asked if I wanted to see her. I tried to shake my head, but it only rolled over weakly on the pillow. I couldn't quite hear what the nurse was saying, but I got the idea that Julia wanted to tell me that she was sorry. Sorry for what? I couldn't quite understand it. I opened my eyes and looked up and Julia was standing there, quietly. I saw tears in her eyes. And I was pleased to see her. Julia, my friend, my wife—somehow at this moment a different Julia from the one I had seen so much of in recent years, and who disapproved of me in every way. Why, this Julia standing there now was the same Julia that I courted and married, years ago. Apparently there were two Julias. I was glad to see this one, all sympathy. She took my hand. I gave her hand a little squeeze with what feeble strength I had. Then she bent over and kissed me.

"I'm sorry, Jimmy," she whispered in my ear.

"For what?" I asked. Probably for my being here, weak and broken.

"It was all my fault," she said. Then she realized how weak I was, and said, "Now, just go to sleep and rest; I'll come again."

A Genuine Underwood No. 5

The ace of standard writing machines! The best business machine is best for you. Read our offer!

\$3
—and
It's
Yours!



**Pay
Like
Rent**

Own a Typewriter!

A Bargain You Can't Ignore! Every Member of the Family Will Use and Enjoy It! Try it Free and See!



GET YOUR typewriter now. A genuine, Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood—"the machine you will eventually buy." Don't send a cent, but do get our special offer—valuable book on typewriting—**free**.

You can learn to write on this standard-keyboard Underwood in a day. In a week, you'll feel lost without it! The free trial will *prove* it. Our rebuilt plan gives you the *best* machine and a big saving.

Act NOW If Ever!

Speak up, if you want one! Underwood No. 5 is so popular this lot we're completing now won't be long in selling! Rebuilt from top to bottom—*every single worn part replaced*. New typewriters are guaranteed for a year; we guarantee this one *five* years! That's our Better-Than-New Guarantee. And we guarantee a big saving!

We don't want a penny now. Nor any money at all, unless this proves the typewriter bargain of

your life. The trial is *free*. If you buy, our easy terms make it a pleasure to pay. There's no excuse now, for not owning a typewriter—and the finest make! We include all tools, cover, etc., all complete, all ready to write. Write us now. Deal direct; we are the largest factory of the kind; we offer the right machine at the right price; we sell the largest business houses.

Typist's Manual

FREE

Get our catalog free; quotes lowest prices and most liberal terms in existence. We'll send a manual free, too; it contains valuable instruction for learning rapid typing, useful pointers for all who use a typewriter, examples of business forms, social correspondence, work for others, etc. Clip coupon now!



Mail This NOW For Free BOOK

SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO.
3829 Shipman Bldg., Chicago

Please send **FREE**, full offer, catalog, typing manual, and outline your free course in Touch Typewriting, without obligation!

Name _____
Street or R. F. D. _____
P. O. _____ State _____



A Permanent Wave for 10¢

Just imagine! 15 permanent wave treatments in a bottle for only \$1.49! At last you can save the high cost of electric waving. **NATURAL** vegetable liquid leaves your hair in lovely, shimmering, permanent waves or teasing curls, simply radiant with health! Pretty hair deserves this treat, just as much as dull hair needs it.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply pay postman \$1.49 on delivery (plus a few cents postage) for the complete curling outfit. Regular \$2.00 value.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—that you will be astonished and delighted with this marvelous discovery. (NOTE: Do not use for boyish bobs, as curls are not easily combed out again.)

PREMIER SALONS DE BEAUTÉ, 145 Nassau St., New York, Dept. SS.

A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE

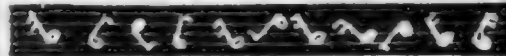
Can Easily be Yours



Trados Model No. 25 corrects now all illshaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently, and comfortably at home. It is the only adjustable, noseshaping appliance and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 90,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 18 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service.

Model 25 Jr. for children. Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist
Dept. 2488 Binghamton, N. Y.



Play this ~ ~ JAZZY UKULELE!

The very simplest instrument in the world to play. No lessons necessary—strum all the latest hits. Great fun—Sing—Dance—Make Merry. Become the most popular one in your crowd.

Beautiful professional instrument, very finely made. Not a toy. **Worth \$8.00.**

FREE: Instant Lesson and Song Book sent with ukulele. Pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.

SINCERE STUDIOS
24 East 21st Street
Dept. 65 New York

FREE LESSONS

\$2.98

Reduce

A pound a day—
Nature's Way...



Be Slim—Be Popular!

No need to envy gracefulness any longer; you, too, can become slim this external, harmless, natural, easy way! Slenderness means beauty, fashion, health.

No Exercise; No Diets; No Drugs!
(NOTHING INTERNAL)

This great scientific European gland discovery makes it possible to reduce weight by nature's own method. Don't risk your health with starvation diets, heart-straining exercises, internal drugs. Florazona actually washes away excess flesh through the pores. Simply dissolve Florazona in your bath. Stay in for fifteen minutes; and from 1/2 lb. to 1 pound of weight melts away.

FLORAZONA

Absolutely Harmless

Physicians, nurses, and thousands of delighted users recommend this natural way to reduce. Florazona is guaranteed not to contain arsenic, salts, alum, or anything injurious. Absolutely pure and harmless. Simple, safe, sure, natural. Convince yourself that Florazona will reduce your weight. Package containing three concentrated bath treatments, only \$1.00 postpaid. Guaranteed to reduce you, or your money back.

Money-Back Guarantee

FLORAZONA Corp., Dept. 162, 100 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

I enclose \$1.00 for 3 Florazona bath treatments. If I do not reduce with these treatments you will refund my money.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

KUTE KARDS Latest Craze



1921 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

BOYS & GIRLS Earn Xmas Money

Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No work—Just Fun. St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 101, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOYS & GIRLS \$2.00 Given JUST FUN

Simply sell 50 Sets of Our Famous Christmas Seals for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. Trust you'll Xmas. American Christmas Seal Co., Dept. 97, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stop Using a Truss

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being mechanico-chemical applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or spring attached—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases conquered.

Reduced Gold Medal
Reduced Grand Prix

Soft as velvet—easy to apply—Inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on Coupon and send TODAY.

Plapao Co., 886 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis Mo.

Name _____

Address _____

Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao

The Pagan Bargain

[Continued from page 71]

masked man who moved gracefully through the orange dimness—a man who had about him all the reckless charm of that dusky race of Romany.

He might have been Jim for all of his wide shoulders that a gold-and-red trimmed black vest could not camouflage. But he was not my husband. Jim could never have made me catch my breath as this man did when he shut the door behind him and came toward me through the orange dimness.

A SWEEPING bow, and he was sitting beside me on the yielding divan, indolently twisting tanned fingers, as he explained that I was his partner for the ball because of his good fortune in drawing the mate to my earring.

"And you, I believe, have the mate of mine," he finished, taking the larger one of the two I dangled before him. Just that grazing touch of his hand and fire leaped in my veins. The Gypsy song that had throbbed through the dusk echoed deep in my heart.

We got up together, oblivious of the poured cocktails, and hung the rings from each other's ears, laughing softly at our efforts which, because of his nearness and touch, started an unknown little pulse racing in my temple.

"You are a Spanish Gypsy," he said, looking down at me through the slanted peepholes of his mask, "and though I may never see your eyes I would wager that they are deeper than the dark night of Andalusian hills—"

He took the silver glass, staring down at me as if trying to penetrate my disguise. "I am not doing any such thing. I am only trying to get you to tell me that they are as I think they are—deeper than the dark of night in Andalusian hills—"

"It is a romantic way to say that I have black eyes. I—I rather like it since I spent several nights in the Andalusian hills on my last trip to Spain—"

"Then you know Spain and, of course, realize why I say that you are a Spanish Gypsy?" he asked, lifting his glass upward in the gesture of a toast.

His voice had a deep richness, like the tones of a cathedral organ. I found myself without an answer.

"To you—and the spell of Spain that I have known in Seville; Barcelona: in the hills at night! For you are the same—the light that peers out of passion-eyed girls in the grape country; the enchantment of dawn flaming in Mediterranean skies!" he said. We drank his toast in the cocktail that had suddenly become nectar for me.

"There are certain rules, you know, that even we Gypsies have to abide by tonight," he began a few seconds later when we were comfortable on the couch. "We must appear at table twelve on the balcony at eight o'clock sharp. There we will dine with a party, none of whom we are to openly recognize until we unmask at midnight. You and I are not supposed to tell each other our names until the hour of twelve. But I don't like this rule. It would be tragedy if—well, suppose a man has such a partner as you and some unforeseen thing happens to separate them before twelve? He'd be miserable the rest of his life if he failed to find you again."

"Ah! but wouldn't it be lots more fun and romantic, too," I told him, bubbling inwardly, "if we did stick to the rule. We can give each other names, real sounding Spanish names, and surely if anything should happen before twelve and we wanted to find each other again—"

"Suppose, then," he smiled, tilting his clean-cut chin, "suppose I call you by a

name that has for years intrigued me—

"Please do," I begged him, impulsively taking his hands in mine for the moment.

"Then for tonight, at least, you shall Carmencita," he answered.

"Carmencita," I repeated over and over. "It is a pretty name and I am glad. Now let me see, you must be Don somebody... mustn't you? Dons are always having some young Spaniards, aren't they?"

"But, Señorita must remember that I am only a poor Gypsy of Spain. Why not call me—just plain Pedro?"

"Then it shall be Pedro."

We helped ourselves to another cocktail apiece. Then, Pedro, studying his wrist watch for a brief instant, said we must be going. We had spent our allowed fifteen minutes in the chamber. We must give way to the next couple. "What a romantic way to acquaint partners with each other," I remarked.

"Yes, and what a risky way! Suppose I had not been lucky enough to receive the mate of your earring?"

I looked at him through the slits of my mask for an answer. We drifted through the wide lounge to a tiny balcony that overlooked a formal garden. Beyond the sleeping flowers lay the Sound, purple in the falling shadows.

"Once I stood on a balcony of old Barcelona and watched night come to the sea. The shadows drifted in from vague horizons like purpling sails. It was my imagination of course. It is now, for standing here by you I feel I am back on that Barcelona balcony. I wish it were true, and not mere imagination."

"Because Barcelona was quaint and romantic; because it brought dreams and desires to you, and because this is only the balcony of a modern club—and I am only an American woman. That is why, you wish you were back in Barcelona—"

"You forget, Carmencita, that you are a Gypsy girl of Spain tonight."

"Then let us forget that the water out yonder is only Long Island Sound. It is the sea beyond a balcony of old Barcelona, and you are really Pedro and I am really Carmencita," I whispered.

We leaned against the balustrade, our arms touching, and in this manner Pedro and I watched the shadows become purple sails and drift shoreward while mad Roman music throbbed through the mystery of gathering night.

Dinner was over. We had danced twice to the sobbing of violins, the twanging of banjos and guitars, and the rumble of Oriental drums. Not once had I caught a glimpse of my masquerading husband. But, then there were over five hundred revelers, and, anyway, I probably would have passed Jim without notice, so intense had become my interest in Pedro.

THE music started again. When I arose to dance for the third time I was sure I understood what it means to own a Gypsy heart. We drifted out of the ballroom to a rear verandah, and from there down steep stone steps, and over a flagged walk to a grove that veiled the moon-lit water. We strolled, my arm thrust through his. The woods seemed scented; the stars danced overhead; and the swish of water against the shore became murmurous Gypsy voices whispering of love and dreams.

We had passed out of the woods and were standing on a sort of point that seemed enchanted when he took my hand and pointed to two masqueraders on the shore. The man was Jim. I recognized him without so much as a gasp or start.

He was only my husband, who had somehow, it seemed, failed to offer me romance. I did not seem to mind his kissing another woman. They had unmasked.

A canoe was gliding across a narrow stretch of water, heading toward a little island whose trees seemed like feathery giants asleep in the magical night. A kneeling man plied the paddle while a woman strummed a guitar.

Pedro's fingers strayed over my upturned face, tugging slightly at my mask. At their touch I deliberately lifted my lips to him. For a tiny instant I saw the stars reeling like drunken fire-flies against the heavens. My kiss was not one that a woman gives lightly to a man. And, Pedro's was one in which I found all the fascination of romance.

We wound our way back to the club, without a word. The magic of silence was still between us when we reached our little balcony, mute proof of the feeling our kisses had aroused. It was not until the orchestra struck up, and I suggested dancing so I might feel his arms around me again, that we dared speak. And then our voices had lost something of their former gayness. For even then, under our masks, Pedro and I had ceased to play at Romance!

A clock chimed a quarter to twelve as the dance ended. Fifteen minutes more and we would reveal what little we had been able to hide from each other beneath a pair of black masks, and two fictitious names. It would be thrilling to learn his name—to hear him say that my eyes were really as deep as the dark of night in the Andalusian hills. But, before this happened I must go to the dressing-room and be sure of looking my best for the moment of revelation. I excused myself, promising to meet him on our balcony at midnight.

IN THE lounge I inhaled sharply at the sight of Jim being assisted toward the door by a fellow masquerader. He recognized me, saying in a sort of tortured voice that the chauffeur was expected any moment to take him home. Jim was feeling desperately ill from the effect of something he had eaten. Of course there was only one right thing for me to do. I took his arm, thanking the masquerader for his kindness. Jim tried to persuade me to remain, insisting that the chauffeur could take care of him. But my place was with him.

We dashed through the night, my eyes constantly filled with the vision of a tall man in Gypsy clothes waiting for me on a balcony we had made-believe overlooked the sea at Barcelona. It was Fate, I said, that had taken me away. But, surely, this same Fate would some day bring us together again. There would be another dance at the club next week-end. Perhaps my Pedro would be there!

If you belonged to the elite—which was of course the swiftest—set at the Roundrock Country Club, you invariably went to the Siward's luxurious suite Saturday evenings before dinner. There, according to such snatches of frothy gossip as I'd overheard since the Gypsy dance, you exaggerated your true capacity for absinthe-dashed cocktails—and got a leaping start in the general direction of whoever, or whatever, promised to turn the night into one wow of a party for you.

Consequently, I was quite thrilled when Jim burst into our room at the club from golf with the news that we had just been invited to the Siwards. First of all, it meant a chance of getting in with the crowd that appealed most to us. Again, I had a strong premonition that Pedro ran with the Siward crowd, and that I would find him at their cocktail party. For six days I had treasured the romantic memory of that man, brazenly eager in my

Falling hair is the forerunner of baldness. Don't wait until most of it is gone. Stop falling hair now, while the roots are still active. This remarkable new discovery will positively stop it, or you get your money back.



Immediately after you start this remarkable new treatment, you will notice an amazing difference in the looks and "feel" of your hair. Falling hair will stop; dandruff and itching scalp are gone and your hair is live, lustrous and healthy.

MEN: Stop falling hair!

This remarkable new discovery is guaranteed to check falling hair, eradicate dandruff and itching scalp and promote rapid, luxurious hair growth. Results are positively guaranteed.

If your hair is coming out, getting thin in spots; if dandruff and itching scalp are making you uncomfortable and bringing you face to face with the thing that all men dread—baldness—then here's the best news you've had in many a day. For Science has at last discovered a product—a marvelous liquid—that will quickly stop falling hair, do away with dandruff, itching scalp and—provided the roots of your hair are not totally dead—speedily bring your hair back to rich, luxurious growth.

From the very first day, when you begin to use this remarkable new discovery, called Hairgro, you will see and feel new "life," new vitality in your scalp and hair. Before you have finished the first bottle the difference will be apparent. Your scalp will be clean and healthy; your coat collar will no longer be "decorated" with dandruff; your hair will gradually quit falling out, and soon stop entirely; your hair will become thick, lustrous and full of life.

Hairgro is the most potent product of this nature that Science has ever known. It is an ethical preparation, based on simple, harmless ingredients that cannot affect the hair or scalp in any way, except to benefit them. It is absolutely neutral in color and will not affect the shade of the hair in any way. It merely gives back to the hair and scalp the things that modern life has taken from them. It is to this virtue more than anything else that its remarkable success is due.

Hairgro is easy to apply—just pour on the hair after the morning bath or before going to bed and rub the scalp and hair a few minutes. Hairgro immediately stops itching and other discomfort and leaves the scalp delightfully clean and refreshed. Indeed, even if Hairgro didn't have such remarkable properties as a hair-growing agent you would get more than your money's worth from it as a general cleanser and eradicator of dandruff. But please don't confuse this exceptional product with ordinary tonics or shampoos. It is as different

from them as night from day—in action, in application, in results.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

There is no formality for you to go through; no "red tape" or long delay. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just fill out and mail the coupon. In a few days the postman will bring your bottle—and then simply deposit with him \$1.87 (plus a few cents postage). Then your hair worries are at an end. If Hairgro does not do all we say it will; if it does not quickly stop falling hair, make your hair much thicker and better looking; if it does not eradicate dandruff and stop itching scalp—then the cost of the treatment is on us. Merely return the unused portion and we will cheerfully

refund the purchase price.

But don't put it off. The longer you wait, the harder it will be to get your hair back in perfect shape. Falling hair is the forerunner of baldness—and once the roots of your hair are dead it will be too late. Don't take a chance; don't put it off. Act now and save your hair and good looks! Mail the coupon today.

M. J. McGOWAN, Chief Chemist
McGowan Laboratories Chicago

COUPON

THE MCGOWAN LABORATORIES
710 West Jackson Blvd.,
Dept. 123, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I am willing to let you prove at your risk, that Hairgro will stop falling hair, thicken and revitalize it, eradicate dandruff, stop itching scalp and promote general health of my scalp and hair. You may send me a bottle at once and when it is delivered I will deposit with the postman \$1.87 (plus a few cents postage). It is understood that if I am not delighted with results in every way I may return the unused portion and you will refund the purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

NOTE: If likely to be out when postman calls you may remit \$2.00 and Hairgro will be sent postpaid.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL - MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

THE NEW INKOGRAPH SELF FILLER
IMPROVED GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

We Want AGENTS

The Perfect Writing Instrument \$1.50

Writes with ink free and easy as a lead pencil, without a miss, skip or blur. Its steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your hand writing. Won't blot, scratch, leak, or soil hands.

Makes 3 or 4 Carbon Copies With Original In Ink. Anyone can write with your Inkograph, no style of writing or pressure can bend, spread, injure or distort its 14 kt. gold point.

Patent Automatic 14 kt. gold feed prevents clogging. Made of best grade, highly polished, hard rubber, highest class workmanship. Pocket clip attached makes it an instrument of refinement. You'll never use a fountain pen once you try an Inkograph. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman \$1.50 plus postage. Year's guarantee certificate assures absolute satisfaction. Write name and address plainly.

INKOGRAPH CO., Inc. 179-17 Centre St., New York

That hard smooth round ball like point, which glides with ease over the coarsest paper and makes possible writing in ink as rapidly as with the softest lead pencil.

AGENTS Sell Inkographs make bigger profits, more sales, without investment. Quicker commissions, popular prices, no collecting, no competition. Send for an Inkograph or write for special sales plan booklet.

WRINKLES GONE IN 3 DAYS



*They vanished
so quickly I
was astonished
at the wonder-
ful results ~*

By Miss Karsten

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles, frown marks and crowfeet which marred my beauty, hindered my pleasure in social life and made me look old before my time, but without results.

One day I met a friend who just returned from abroad and gave me this wonderful secret, "Ruga Creme," discovered in Egypt which preserved the youthful appearance of the fairest Egyptian Beauties. I tried it—the results were astonishing—I could not believe my eyes. After a few applications the wrinkles and worry lines began fading away. Within 3 days my skin became firm and youthful freshness was restored.

THIS WONDERFUL SECRET CAN NOW BE YOURS

Why allow wrinkles to add age to your face? Why allow deep frown lines or crowfeet to mar your appearance when they can be harmoniously removed as if by magic? No tedious massaging—no painful electrical treatment—no harmful lotions. You'll be amazed at the New Youth "Ruga Creme" will bring back to your face.

Special \$5.00 Jar Offer

(Only one jar to a person)

Our laboratories have secured a limited supply of these costly ingredients. 10,000 \$5.00 Jars of "Ruga Creme" at this special offer for quick distribution. Simply pay postman \$1.33 to cover laboratory expense plus a few pennies postage. Results guaranteed. If after the third treatment you do not notice a decided improvement, return balance in jar and we will refund your money. Don't Miss this Amazing Offer. Just Send Name and Address TODAY!

JEAN LABORATORIES

612 S. Paulina Street CHICAGO, ILL.

RADIO

EXPERT

STUDY AT HOME
Radio, the wonder of all ages, has grown with scientific strides. Radio experts are needed to keep pace with the growth. Thousands of good-paying positions are open to trained men. The radio expert—earn big money—travel—get into the limelight. Thousands of power and fortune ahead for men with vision now just as there was when Henry Ford got started on his auto. The greatest chance absolutely to learn **YOU EARN WHILE YOU LEARN**

Our home-study course in practical radio can be mastered by you in 6 months. Bureau a radio engineer. Write for free booklet "Millions Untouched". **FREE TWIN** if you enroll now. Send letter or postal to **RADIO EXP. 1, 2, 3** Write—how to make \$100 wk. **AMERICAN RADIO ENGINEERS**, Dept. 41 Huron Bldg., Chicago, U. S. A.

Special Offer—



RADIANT fire flashes from this gorgeous Reproduction Diamond Blue white in color. More perfect than most diamonds. 32 diamond cut facets reflect diamond brilliancy. Set in engraved platinum effect Tiffany mounting.

Send No Money Wholesale \$2.49

sample price and postage on arrival. Guaranteed

BRADLEY A21, NEWTON, MASS.



Peel Off Your Skin

If you don't like it, and have a beautiful new skin.

Youth-Ami Liquid Skin Peel

A Scientific Discovery, harmlessly and painlessly peels off the old skin and removes surface blemishes; tan, discoloration, sunburn, blackheads, whiteheads, large pores, pimples, freckles, etc. Not a clay or cream but a liquid free from acids and mercury. Booklet, "The Magic of a New Skin" sent free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. C.F. 30 E. 20th St., New York

STOP GROPING IN THE DARK

Do Yourself—Get
Into Your Stride—
MAKE GOOD!

Mark with an "X" position or positions you'd like. Write your name at bottom. Cut this ad out and mail to us AT ONCE.

- | | |
|--|---|
| () Postmaster
() P. O. Clerk
() Watchman
() Typist
() Seamstress
() File Clerk
() RFD Carrier
() Secretary
() Gen. Clerk
() Matron
() Chauffeur | () Special Agent (Investigator)
() Forest Ranger
() Steno-Typist
() U. S. Border Patrol
() City Mail Carrier
() Railway Mail Clerk
() Auditor-Bookkeeper
() Skilled Labor
() Immigrant Inspector
() Meat Inspector |
|--|---|

Mr. Ozment, Dept. 409, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me particulars about Gov't Positions open to men-women, 18 to 65, paying \$1400-\$4800 yearly; also locations, opportunities and how to qualify.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

secret heart to be with him, and to make sure that never again would we be utterly lost from each other.

My first objective at the Siward party would be to find Pedro, or to make some casual inquiries that would reveal his identity. As to Jim's, I knew it in advance. Mrs. Margaret Sutcliffe, the bronze-haired young widow who had been Jim's partner at the masquerade would be at the Siward's. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. Siward's. Secretly, I suspected it was her influence that had secured the invitation for us. She and Jim had been tearing around together ever since Tuesday when Doctor Blake let him up.

If the shocking truth must be told, and it should as it is part of my story, an almost pagan contract had existed between us for two years regarding our pleasure-seeking activities. Like many other young couples of our acquaintance, we went out to parties mutually agreed not to interfere with each other's freedom.

Freedom is always one thing for the man involved—and quite another for the woman. That is, of course, if she is at all true to her fundamental nature. She has always gloried in having one man.

Shortly after seven we were ushered into the Siward's gorgeous bedlam. Such parties seem purposely given at times for the encouragement of better and bigger voices. This was one of those times. We shouted our acknowledgment of introductions, and were shouted at with great gusto. Then a committee that seemed especially empowered to separate husbands and wives, parted Jim and me.

I quickly searched the crowd for some sign of my Pedro. One thing was certain. The frothy gossip I'd heard concerning the Siward sessions had not been manufactured. Already the crowd was getting a leaping start toward its sundry objectives. I suddenly found myself the objective of three thinnish young fellows who reminded me of cake-eaters who had not eaten enough cake. If there are two types of men to be found around country clubs that I detest, one is the slick-haired cake-eater, and the other is the handsome young bachelor who conceitedly imagines every married woman recognizes her romantic ideal in him.

Of course the callow youths had to be suffered. They barricaded me in a corner until I seemed utterly cut off from the rest of the party—that is, if I expected the woman in cerise, a woman who frankly amazed me by her ability to drink and talk at the same time without suggesting she was gargling. It was this same party in cerise who quickly impressed me that men's locker rooms are not the only places to get the "low-down" dope on a club and its members.

ABOUT Hal Edgecomb," she was saying in a voice of slaughter, "don't ask me anything about that particular egg. He's *persona non grata* with me. O-U-T-out! That's where he stands with me. Someone said he was in Europe. He could be in—well—"

"Ye gods! Peggy, you're in a sweet mood tonight. What's wrong? Been mixing drinks again?"

"No—it's not liquor, Rodney. You know I can take a little bit of everything aboard before it hits me," the cerise gowned one came back. "I always get profane at the mention of Hal Edgecomb."

"Sorry I asked about him. Great Scott! A man never knows when he puts his foot in it these days. Sides change so fast. It's one man and woman one day. Somebody else the next! You were having a heavy affair with him last season—"

"Well, my dear, that's all over. I admit he is a fascinating, handsome, devil. But—" she paused to dramatize her next

words, "I learned that Hal Edgecomb is one of those conceited bachelors who plays around with married women because he says we're easy victims. It's simply a game with him!"

Some new men began milling and swarming around us at that moment and I lost the balance of Peggy's outburst against Edgecomb. But I'd heard enough to know that if the fascinating gentleman in question ever came back from Europe, or elsewhere, and made any advances my way he would be in for the bump of his life. Already I could vision him. He was my detested type of handsome, conceited bachelor who just knew that married women couldn't resist his manly charms! He was—

"Ah! Mrs. Huntington!" exclaimed Mr. Siward, interrupting my fast forming conception of the Edgecomb person. "I hope these boys are making you at home. Here, I've brought two more men to your shrine. Mrs. Huntington, may I present Dick Finn and Hal Edgecomb—"

I BOWED to the first man cordially, inwardly preparing to freeze over my acknowledgment of Edgecomb. I was determined to take some of the conceit out of him from the start, but I did not exactly freeze at the sight of him. It was as if I had suddenly looked upon the wreck of something that had been very beautiful—a dream. For Hal Edgecomb was my Pedro of the Gypsy ball! You know how things can flash through the heart and mind in the twinkling of a second. Well, it was that way as I nodded to Edgecomb. Every moment we had spent together... every word... every gesture between us flared up like a flame of poignant mockery inside of me. He had played at romance with me, conceit and ugly conspiracy in his heart.

Whether it was a part of his game with women, or whether he was trying to play the role of gentleman for the moment, I could not say; but the man, handsome, debonair and poised like a shaft of flexible steel, made no sign that he recognized Carmencita in me. It is possible, of course, that my frigidity warned him recognition would not be welcome. However, I had not expected his kind to play such a role. It would have been more in keeping if he had immediately reminded me of what I was now bent upon forgetting.

Perhaps, this and the fact that he soon bowed himself away were responsible for the sense of pique that overcame me at dinner. If Edgecomb had only given a sign or a word that he knew I was Carmencita things might have been different. As it was I became acutely aware of having to suppress a rebellious mood all during dinner, for paradoxically enough I rebelled at the way he had ignored me. Immediately after finishing the first dance with one of the cake-eaters, I excused myself. I wanted to be alone. Pique was still eating into my pride like raw acid when I reached my little balcony. Anger, too, was rampant in my heart. He had carried on his game with me—made somewhat of a fool of me. Then and there I decided to strike back at him—to let him play his game then turn upon him with the ugly truth.

Nor did my pique and anger lessen as I leaned upon the balustrade and drank in the silver glory of the summer night. My thoughts filled helplessly with memories of a week before—memories that I still yearned to link with Pedro, but which became poison when associated with Hal Edgecomb. I turned away from the vision of gardens, trees, and silvered Sound, and found myself face to face with Pedro—no, Hal Edgecomb!

His eyes that I had never seen were brown and they focused wistfully upon me.

How the Luxite Diamond Looks in a Beautiful Setting



FREE

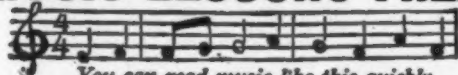
Yes, We Are Positively Giving Away Absolutely Free, Without Any Red Tape

A Full Cut One Carat
Luxite Diamond

Only one to each person. No delay—nothing to sell or buy. Send at once, for we want new friends and admirers of these wonderfully Beautiful Luxite Diamonds, which experts can scarcely tell from genuine ones, costing 100 times as much. None but genuine diamonds can match them in fiery blue-white brilliance and perfect cutting. Take advantage of this most amazing offer NOW. Just send your name and address with 10c in stamps or coin (to help defray cost of handling, postage, packing, etc.) and your Luxite Diamond will be shipped prepaid to you by return mail.

GARFIELD IMPORTING CO.
3839 Roosevelt, Dept. 873-T, Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE



You can read music like this quickly
IN YOUR HOME. Write today for our FREE booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. Your only expense about 2c per day for music and postage used.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of MUSIC, 43 Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO



WHY BE UNLUCKY?

Be one of the lucky thousands to wear the marvelously hued Sun Stone, symbol of the sun's mysterious power for health, wealth and happiness. Strange tales abound of lucky strikes, sudden good fortune in love, in games and various undertakings. The first 1,000 imported since 1914. Set in weird beautiful Gold Acid Test Ring. Reminiscent of powerful Hindu Charm and Talisman. For men and women. \$2.95 and 4-coils. Postage, Money-Back Guarantee. Wear them sent FREE. Send No Money. Pay When Delivered. **MAGNUS WORKS, Box 12, Varick St., New York, Desk S. S.**

50c a Week!

No deposit—no papers to sign—no references! Just ask for No. 18—our choicest blue-white Prizma Diamond, in the famous Deauville design, guaranteed for 25 yrs. Rich, true-blue sapphires on sides. All the flame and flash of genuine diamonds. Pay only \$2.45 when delivered, and 50c a week (\$10.45 in all). Satisfaction guaranteed. The string around finger for size.

PARK ROW CO., 38 Park Row, New York, Dept. SS-10

30x3 1/2 \$2.95

LET US SEND YOU

Goodyear, Goodrich, Fisk and other standard makes, slightly used tires which have been returned and treated with our secret process and are giving thousands unusual mileage and service.

ALL TUBES POSITIVELY NEW You Run No Risk

Size	Tire Tubes	Size	Tire Tubes
30X3 1/2	\$2.75 \$1.40	32X4 1/2	\$4.75 \$2.25
30X3 1/2	2.95 1.50	32X4 1/2	5.00 2.50
32X3 1/2	3.25 1.80	34X4 1/2	5.00 2.85
31X4	3.45 1.70	35X4 1/2	5.00 2.75
32X4	3.75 1.80	36X4 1/2	5.25 2.85
33X4	4.00 2.00	33X5	5.75 2.95
34X4	4.25 2.10	35X5	5.75 2.95

Should any tire fail to satisfy you after using it we will replace at 1-2 purchase price. Send \$1.00 deposit on each tire ordered, we reserve the right to substitute one make for another. If you send full amount with order, deduct 6 percent.

CHICAGO TIRE & RUBBER CO.
3100 S. Michigan Ave. Dept. 72, CHICAGO

Cynically, I realized that he had that intriguing gift of the eyes. He could look wistful, the surest way to arouse a woman's interest. I am sure we must have stood there in strained silence for several moments, long enough, at any rate, for me to realize that his fascination had not been a spell cast by Romany clothes and music.

"Back there at the Siwards," he began, gesturing with his fine head, "I was just as sure as I am now. But it was, and still is, for you to say whether or not I am to—"

WHETHER or not you are to recognize Carmencita in me," I cut in, suddenly realizing danger in the charm of his voice. "Well, what do you think?" I asked, laying my first trap. If his answer proved he believed I was eager to continue where we left off last Saturday I would launch my first attack. But the man fooled me, impressing me with the fact that he was a strategist in his game of women.

"When a promise is broken as you broke yours last Saturday night, one does not know exactly what to think," he answered.

"My husband was ill. I had to rush away with him," I explained.

"I am sorry," was all he said for the moment, his eyes drifting dreamily beyond the balustrade. Isn't it queer how a woman can feel the romantic fascination of a man, and tell herself in the same breath that she hates him?

"Carmencita," he breathed, "I wish that this was still old Barcelona—that last Saturday night had stood still—"

"So do I, Pedro," I found myself saying, meaning I wished I'd never learned the truth about him.

"We aren't Spanish Gypsies. Our masks are gone. But, to me there is no difference. You are still of the spell of Spain—"

"There is no difference, Pedro," I whispered, knowing there was no difference in the attitude of his heart. He was still toying with what he looked upon as an adventure with "safe prey." Well, he could play his game until he gave himself away. Give him time enough and he would. His kind always do sooner or later. In his moment of assumed triumph, my lash would fall.

We were leaving the balcony to dance when he swept me into his arms. For one exalted moment I shut my eyes and gave Pedro my lips. Then I slipped from him.

* * * * *

Two weeks passed—two weeks that had brought Hal Edgecomb close to the position I eagerly wished for at some time, and desperately wished postponement of at others. You can understand this complexity of wishes when I confess he seemed so obvious on occasions until I seethed with the desire to confound him with my hate of him, and my knowledge of his ugly intentions. Again, he enchanted me with a memory that I did not want to die—a memory of our night as Carmencita and Pedro.

Now it was Monday of our third week together. We had been seeing each other daily on the beach; the golf course; the dance floor. We had taken rides together, and loafed in the moonlight.

He had planned a round of golf; a swim; and dinner at the Club for this Monday... At nine we arose from the table and sauntered toward the beach. Jim passed us on the way, a strange little expression on his face as he bowed. I had seen very little of him lately on the joint account of Mrs. Sutcliff and Hal Edgecomb.

"I like your husband very much, Margie," said Hal. "He's regular to the core—"

"Most men like him, Hal," I answered, another one of my premonitions warning

LET ME SAVE YOU

1/3 to 1/2



W. S. Dewing, President

FREE Book of Factory Prices



Get my FREE book just out. Many color pages. Full of new ideas, new features and latest improvements in heating stoves, gas stoves, oil stoves, porcelain enamel coal and wood ranges, porcelain enamel combination gas and coal ranges and furnaces—both pipe and register type. 200 styles and sizes.

\$1,000,000 Saving

I will save Kalamazoo customers \$1,000,000 this year.

Furnaces

\$59.95 Up



Cash or Easy Terms—

30 Days FREE Trial

Greatest SALE in our 25 years is on! Now book tells you all about my easy terms, as low as \$3.00 monthly. It explains my 30 day FREE trial and 360 day approval test. 24 hour shipments. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money back guarantee—the strongest ever written. Kalamazoo FREE furnace plans and FREE service eliminate entirely any difficulties of installation.

560,000 Customers

Buy the way 560,000 Kalamazoo customers know is the right way. Someone must buy from the factory first—why not you?

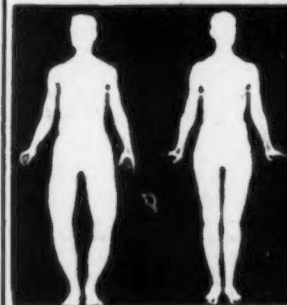
The Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.

80 Rochester Ave.

KALAMAZOO

MICHIGAN

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"



PERSONAL Appearance

Is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business life. Bow-legged and knock-kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new appliance will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort.

Worn at night. My new "Lim Strainer," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will soon save you from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last three years by physicians everywhere.)

Write today for particulars, testimonials and my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST

1325-L, W. U. Building,

Binghamton, N. Y.

WANTED

MAIL CARRIERS (City—Rural)

\$1700 to \$3300 Year

Postal Salaries Just Raised

Steady—Common Education sufficient

MEN—18 up

Mail coupon today sure



CUT HERE

Franklin Institute
Dept. J-330
Rochester, N. Y.
Send me, WITHOUT CHARGE, list of places at which I may get a position as Mail Carrier—Tell me how to get the position and send free sample examination coaching lessons.

Name.....

Address.....

PLAY INSTANTLY
WITHOUT PRACTICE

Johnson's SUPER-SAX

Never before has the music world been offered such value! The SUPER-SAX is not a toy but a full-throated quality-built reed wind instrument, sweet and snappy in tone — amazingly easy to play. The tremendous demand for this beautiful finished instrument is the sole reason why we can now supply it, for a limited time, at the ridiculously low price of only \$5.95 and make you this big FREE OFFER.

FREE NEW METHOD 90 SONGS and SAX-CARRYING BAG
enabling you to take your Sax with you wherever you go

PLAY INSTANTLY!
You play the SUPER-SAX at once — the minute it arrives. No knowledge of music required. No tedious lessons or long months of practice. For with the Super-Sax — even at new rock-bottom price of \$5.95, you get our wonderful new method of instruction. You will actually play popular jazz the first time you take this handsome Super-Sax in your hands. No method like ours. "Amazing!" say our pupils, men, women, boys and girls, everywhere.

BE POPULAR. The Super-Sax is great for Solo Work, Vocal Accompaniments, and DANCE ORCHESTRAS AND BANDS.

This is a no profit offer for advertising purposes only. Order your SUPER-SAX and get our wonderful New Method, 90 pieces of music and Sax-Carrying Bag FREE while the \$5.95 price lasts.

Send No Money! Just pay postman \$5.95 plus a few pennies postage when the instrument arrives. You must be satisfied. Our Money-Back Guarantee protects you. Send your order at once while we are able to make prompt shipment.

C. F. JOHNSON & CO., Dept. M-394
19 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, U. S. A.

NOW ONLY \$5.95
FREE
Fine Sax Carrying BAG and 90 Exercises and Songs
"SUPER SAX" Trade Mark Reg.

50 cents a week!

LOOK PROSPEROUS! Surprise your friends by wearing this blazing Cluster Stick Pin. Genuine Solid Gold mounted, with 9 blue-white Prisma diamonds. Has all the fiery brilliancy and blinding flash of genuine diamonds. Stands acid test. 25-year guarantee. 50c delivered, and 50c weekly. (Cash price \$5.50.) Satisfaction or Money Back.

PARK-ROW CO., 38 Park Row, New York, Dept. SS-5

Clutch Given

Develops Bust Amazingly Quick and Easy!

Just what every woman has been waiting for at a price everyone can afford.

"BEAUTIBUST"

for real bust and neck development. No pumps, vacuums, extreme exercising. No foolish or dangerous systems, but a real tried and very successful natural method that WILL be extremely pleasing and beneficial. You can't fail if you follow the simple instructions. Everything mailed (sealed) for only \$1.00. Do not miss this opportunity. It may not be repeated.

BEAUTIBUST CO., 911-HX LEXINGTON BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD.

IT PAYS TO WRITE

Short Story Writing—Photoplay Writing—Stage Play Writing—Newspaper Work—offers money, fame, power. A Literary Career through Expert Assistance by Distinguished Authors and well-known Editors and Newspapers. Also a Manuscript Sales Department handling the work of new and established writers.

Pict Chart and 70 page Copyright Book Free.

THE HARVARD COMPANY
222-232 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY TWO \$5.98

Get This Wonderful RING COMBINATION!
Wedding Ring with choice of other, only \$5.98—Think of it! Most beautiful 1925 Basket Designs in genuine Sterling Set with famous Elite Diamonds known for their lasting fiery brilliance. Compare them with the genuine, if you can tell the difference, send them back.

Money Back Guaranteed Order Quick, One Ring or the Combination—**DON'T SEND A PENNY!** Just name, address, Number of Rings wanted with finger size. Pay postman price shown or if combination \$5.98 on arrival. If not delighted, Money Refunded.

Elite Jewelry House, Dept. 149, 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

me that Hal and I were standing on the brink of that inevitable moment.

We were sitting on the sand when Hal began talking, his voice deeper and more serious than ever. For a few moments, what he said was negligible. Then suddenly he stopped beating around the bush.

"What are you doing tomorrow afternoon, Margie?" he asked.

"Nothing of particular importance. We had not planned anything you know—"

"Margie, there is something of vast importance to both of us that I'd like to talk over with you—tomorrow afternoon. I—I can't very well explain it all here—now. But you know I have a studio apartment over on Park Avenue. Will you meet me there at three tomorrow afternoon, Margie?"

I HAD been trembling ever since he mentioned the word "apartment." Now, with his question ringing in my ears, I felt as if some invisible power were throttling me. It was the suppressed desire to turn upon him, and tell him how his despicable game had failed, that sent me to my feet quaking in every limb and fibre.

There is no use of my repeating here verbatim what I said to Hal Edgecomb down there on the beach. But if ever a woman's tongue has been a stinging lash, mine was. I know that I stabbed him with the word "cad" several times. I know I told him that he had not stalked "safe prey" in me. I remember I left him standing somewhat like a suddenly stricken statue, his arms half-outstretched.

A few moments later, my nerves in an uproar, I started my roadster and bowled over the white ribbon of road for home. Of course I had expected what finally happened—the break between Hal Edgecomb and myself—but it had come about a bit more brutally than I anticipated. I never thought he would have dared invite me to his apartment on the pretext of talking over some matter.

"The despicable cad," I grated, swinging the car up our driveway.

Nervous excitement sent me flying up the stairs to my room where I hoped to calm myself in the event of a meeting with my husband. A half-hour passed and there was no sign of Jim around, and the big house seemed deserted. A sudden impulse sent me to his door. I knocked. There was no answer. Still the lights were burning. Jim could not be asleep. I opened the door softly and entered. A scene of disorder met my eyes.

High-boy and bureau drawers were half-pulled out, all manner of clothing and haberdashery dangling from their edges. The bed was littered with apparently discarded clothes. It was indeed a scene that suggested the packing of some clothes, and a hurried departure.

My husband had gone away! The conclusion was like electricity in my veins. I gasped, then half-ran to the high-boy, my thoughts filling with a vision of Jim and the bronze-haired Mrs. Sutcliff going off some place—together! My dancing eyes glimpsed an envelope addressed to me. I snatched it from the top of the high-boy, and tore it open. A strange sinking sensation assailed the pit of my stomach as I began reading:

Dear Margie:—

I am going away. Most likely to Paris. It will be best for all concerned. Edgecomb seems to be a mighty white sort of chap. The way he came to me about the whole thing makes me feel certain that you will be very happy with him. Unknown to you, I accidentally came upon Edgecomb holding you in his arms last Thursday night, overhearing both your protestations of love. He discovered

my accidental presence and came to me the next day, confessing the truth of things. He asked me point-blank if I would thwart your request for a divorce, saying that in view of my attentions to Mrs. Sutcliff he thought it would be to the advantage of all concerned to give you your freedom. Naturally, under the circumstances, I promised no intervention on my part. It was his plan to have you meet his lawyer at his apartment tomorrow (Tuesday) at three o'clock and discuss the situation. In view of the fact that he intended acquainting you with all of this tonight, I thought it advisable for me to check out. Doing this will save all concerned, especially you, the embarrassment such a situation generally creates.

With my best wishes for your happiness,

Jim.

The high-boy mirror showed that my face had suddenly gone white. The note fluttered to the floor emphasizing the fact that another spell of trembling had seized me. Dazedly my mind realized two stark things.

Hal Edgecomb had made love in all honesty to me, and I had damned him unjustly. Jim, my husband, was going away to give us both freedom so that he could marry Margaret Sutcliff, and I could marry Hal.

Somehow I stumbled to my room, overshadowed by these two realizations, and fell across my bed, unable to free the sobs that stuck like dry torture in my throat. I lay there, wide-eyed until the dawn began stealing through my windows like a gray ghost. Then I staggered to my feet and wandered out into the garden.

They say a woman really never knows her own mind and heart. I had never known mine until that morning in the garden when the gray dawn flamed and sprayed the shadows with dancing crimson; until the bird songs enraptured the trees. But knowledge came to me then, miraculously, you may say. And you may be right. For it is indeed a miracle when a blind woman sees and understands.

I knew then that I really loved my husband; that I had been as deliberately blind to his appeal as I had been to the truth of Hal Edgecomb's feelings toward me. I knew that I had shut my eyes to Jim because he was my husband, even as I had shut my eyes to the real Hal because a woman's tongue had damned him. Hal was due an apology from me. He would get it, I decided.

THEN pain spread through my heart as I remembered all that I had refused to recognize in my own husband as the things I had sought in some other man—Pedro, for instance. There was Jim's big good-looking self; his boyish enthusiasm for life; his infectious laugh; his bigness of heart; his tenderness at times. They were all things that I could love in a man, and now they were being taken from me. They were being given to another woman—Margaret Sutcliff!

I went inside and penned Hal Edgecomb an apology for my tirade. It was an honest confession of everything, and I begged him to accept it as I was giving it, in all sincerity. Then I called Jim's New York club. He was not in his room. It seems he had not been in it all night. The bed was untouched. . . . A bronze-colored mist swam before my eyes for a few seconds. I think Margaret Sutcliff's name sneered itself into my consciousness. Then at a question over the wire my vision cleared while a bomb seemed bursting in my ear. "This is Mrs. Sutcliff, isn't it?" asked the voice at the club.

I said, "Yes." There was no hesitation in my answer.

"Mr. Huntington said you would call early. There's a message from him. He said he had secured accommodations on *The Paris*, sailing at noon today, and that he would meet you at the regular place at ten—"

"Thank you," I cut in, hanging up the receiver without so much as saying good-bye.

So they were sailing together on *The Paris* at noon, and were to meet at ten in their regular rendezvous! I could not prevent the latter for I had no idea where their rendezvous might be. But I could prevent them from sailing together on *The Paris*, and I was going to if I had to pull every strand of bronze hair out of her impertinent head.

* * * * *

The chart near the purser's office gave me Jim's stateroom. It was forward on the promenade deck. I hurried to his accommodations, bursting in without so much as a moment's hesitation. I was all set to sail right into Margaret Sutcliff. But she was not inside, and I found Jim looking up at me in a bewildered sort of way from his business of putting away clothes.

"Margie!" he cried as if I were a ghost. He actually seemed to be shrinking away from me, as if in the presence of the supernatural.

"Where is she, Jim? I mean Margaret Sutcliff," I said, going right to the point.

"Margaret! Oh!" he exclaimed, straightening up. "Why, I guess she's home by now. I—I—left her at the Hotel Roosevelt after saying good-bye—"

"She's not going to France with you, Jim?" I demanded.

"Good Lord, no, Margie. Why should she?"

"If your attention to her during the past three weeks hadn't put the thought in my mind, your note of last night would have turned the trick—"

"But I never said anything in it about her going with me. And I've done nothing more than dance, golf, and dine with her these last few weeks—"

"You kissed her the night of the Gypsy ball. I saw you down on the beach—she was the woman—"

"Margie, I am going to tell you the truth, although I'm still baffled at your coming here like this. I only kissed Margaret that once. She allowed me because she's a good sport, but right afterward she told me about her husband. I knew him in France before he was knocked off by machine-gun fire. She buried her heart in his grave. That's the answer to that. We were good friends,—and—well, you were busy. So it was something to do. Then he came and told me everything. Is he with you now, Margie?"

NO, HE'S not with me, Jim. He'll—he'll never be with me again. I—oh, Jim! I've been such a blind little fool all the time," I blurted.

"Blind, Margie?"

"Yes, Jim; blind to the truth about you—about myself—" My voice was breaking and I could hardly go on. But I was determined that he should hear the truth from my own lips. "I—love you, Jim. I came here to keep you from going away with her. Now, I'm going to keep you from going alone—"

"Margie!" he was saying. "Then, we've both been blind, although I've known all the time that I really loved you. I only agreed to our bargain for freedom because you proposed it. Come on, Margie, let's go away together—to France—to Spain—where we can open our eyes and our hearts to each other again. Please, Margie," he begged, unaware that *The Paris* was already away from her pier.

New Self-Massaging Belt Reduces Waist—Easily!

Produces same results as an expert masseur, but far quicker, easier and less expensive. Substitutes good, solid, normal tissue for that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there.

Science has found a delightfully easy way to quickly remove fat and obtain a normal waistline—without straining your heart with violent gymnastics or weakening your system by starving.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method effectively dislodged the fat and brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and so few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

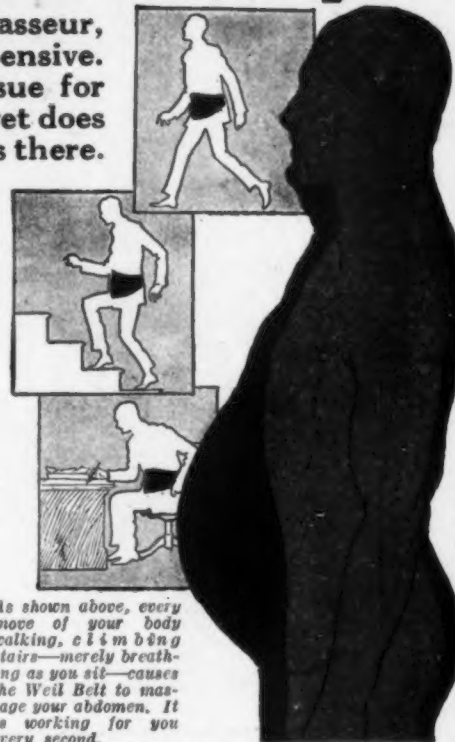
But now a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt uses this same massage principle, acting by means of its specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that as you wear it, every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant gentle massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you this way every second, day and night, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath disappear, as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. Man or woman, you are filled with a wonderful new energy, and both look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Weil Belt is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. Highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back without question.

Write today for full description. If you write at once you will also get in on a Special 10 Day Trial Offer. Mail Coupon today to THE WEIL HEALTH BUILDER COMPANY, 8712 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.



As shown above, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.

The Weil Health Builder Company,
8712 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10 Day Trial Offer.

Name

Address

City

State



THICK LIPS REDUCED!

FREE FOLDER TO WOMEN

The lips make or mar the face. If you value a beautiful mouth, let us tell you about "Clorée" for reducing thick, protruding lips, making them shapely and adding beauty to the mouth. No plasters, rollers or cutting; just a harmless, painless lotion. Begin using "Clorée" today and watch results. Particulars free. Send today.

CLOREE OF NEW YORK
25 West 42nd Street (Dept. 619) NEW YORK

Lose a Pound a Day This New Easy Way

AT last an absolutely safe and easy way to reduce.

No drugs—no diet—no exercises—no thyroid extracts—no baths—no rubber garments—no salves, soaps or lotions—no trouble, inconvenience or danger. Makes you feel better and look better. Gives strength, energy and vitality. Write today for FREE booklet and guaranteed trial offer.

ELLIOT LABORATORIES,
7503 Westport Sta., KANSAS CITY, MO.



Develops Bust Like Magic!

During the past 17 years thousands have added to their captivating glory of womanhood by using

GROWDINA

for bust, neck or arm development. Great Discovery of Parisian beauty expert. Harmless, easy, certain results accomplished quickly. Marvelous testimonials of efficiency. Confidential proof and literature (sealed) on request. Write now. Mile, Sophie Koppel, Suite 43 503 Fifth Ave., New York



ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

(Patented) Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is a Genuine and most Comfortable Nose Supporter. Absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by Physicians.

Write for FREE booklet, "Nature's Way To Happiness"

The ANITA Co.
Dept. 1295, Anita Building,
529 Springfield Ave.,
Newark, N. J.

Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23



Any Two Rings for Only \$2.48

Startling offer to quickly introduce brilliant **Ralite Diamonds** set in new, beautiful Feraloy mountings. Ralite gems have all the dazzling sparkle, the living rainbow fire, the blazing flash and perfect cut of genuine diamonds. Feraloy mountings have the soft, velvety sheen of real platinum, and are engraved and pierced in the very latest designs. Ralites deceive even diamond experts. Your friends will believe them genuine—if you, or anyone else, can tell Ralites from genuine diamonds send them back! Prove it yourself with no risk!

Send No Money Just choose the two rings you want and send us your name, address, ring numbers and sizes (send strip of paper fitting end to end). We'll send you the rings at our special introductory price of only \$2.48. We guarantee or deposit money refunded. Don't miss this sensational ring offer! Don't delay—send today. FERRY & CO., 3224 N. Halsted St., Dept. 1919, Chicago, Ill. (Catalog Free.) Ralite and four Sapphires.

143

Who will be next to try my Piano Lessons? Free

HOW TO
LEARN
PIANO

PIANO
LESSONS



and Learn How to Play Music by Notes in Three Lessons

Every lover of music should send for these lessons. They are absolutely free—they will teach you more in one hour than you can learn in an entire week studying by any other method. Prove to yourself that you can become an accomplished pianist—or organist—without spending a single penny for the test. The lessons are for beginners or advanced players—they start you from the very beginning. No previous training necessary.

Why These Lessons Are Sent FREE

A great many music lovers who are anxious to learn piano or organ hesitate to start because they fear they are unable to learn. Every normal person is naturally endowed with some musical talent. The proper training can develop this talent to the utmost. There are a comparatively small number of teachers gifted with this art. Many would study music, but dread the many years it ordinarily requires to become an accomplished musician. Others cannot afford the hundreds of dollars it ordinarily costs to become an accomplished musician.

I have been teaching for more than thirty-five

years—by the written method, and in the last five years have enrolled more than seventy thousand pupils for my course. Thus I have been able to analyze the various types of music lovers and adapt my course accordingly.

Because I use scientific methods and inventions—which no other teacher can use—it takes only one-quarter the time to learn my way, and the cost is only a few cents a lesson.

If you will fill out and mail the coupon below—I will send you by return mail the first two lessons of my course. After you have studied them, you will then know why I can teach you the piano better and in one-fourth the time ordinarily required. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. The lessons are yours to keep, put them to any test you desire. I know you will be surprised and delighted to know how easily you can learn piano studying my way.

Free Book "How to Learn Piano"

With the lessons I will also send you an interesting free book—"How to Learn Piano." This booklet contains a lot of information valuable to every music lover. It also fully describes my methods, and will tell you of many people—giving their names and addresses—who have succeeded by my method. Among my pupils are children as young as ten years and adults as old as seventy. Many who are engaged in business during the day have found by studying only fifteen minutes each day they were able to realize their ambitions to become accomplished musicians. Many of my graduates are now teaching or playing professionally. My booklet will give you other valuable information on how you may benefit by being an accomplished pianist. Be sure to mail the coupon to-day.

Why My Lessons Are Interesting

Unlike most methods, I do not give you tedious exercises to play. Beginning with the third lesson I actually start you playing a popular piece of music. Not only will you play it in the key in which it is written, but in all other keys. Ordinarily a pupil is required to study at least a year before being given a piece of sheet music to play. Thus, by my method, you actually begin to see results in less than a week's time. See for yourself how I make this possible by sending for the trial lessons at once.

M. L. Quinn Conservatory of Music
Studio SA12, 598 Columbia Road
Boston 25, Mass.

FREE LESSON COUPON

M. L. Quinn Conservatory of Music
Studio SA-12, 598 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," free sample lessons and full particulars of your method.

Name.....

Address.....

Mail This
Coupon
To-day